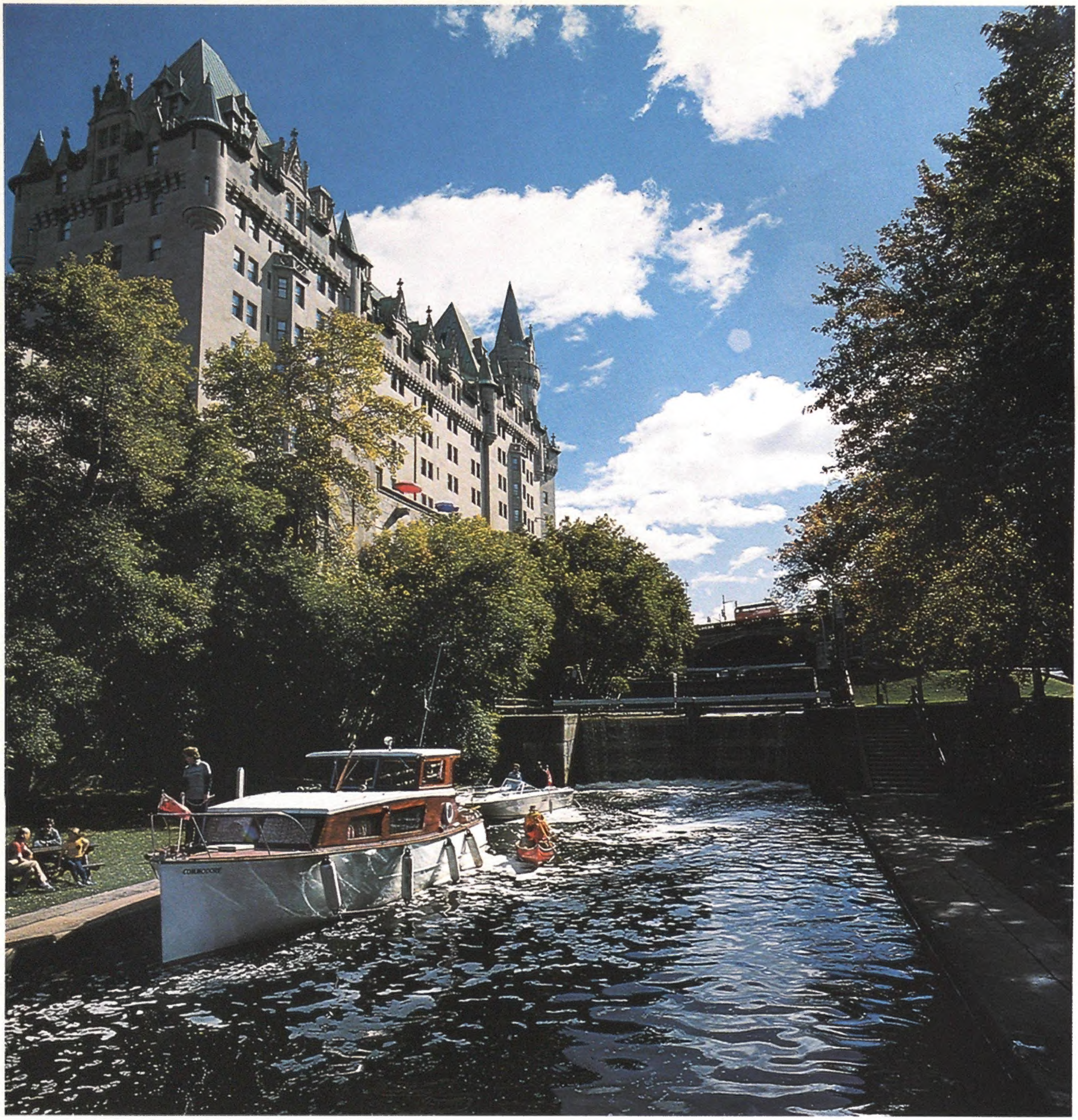
Smithsonian

May 1984

Red Hand of Ulster,
a baronet's badge:
how heraldry works (p. 86)



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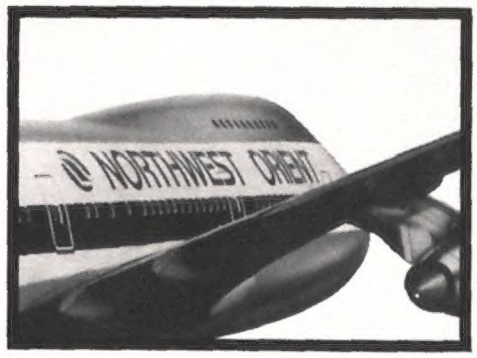

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NORTHWEST ORIENT

SM1

Introducing Julia… A Victorian Bride

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Shown smaller than actual size of 12" in height.

Julia

The first doll in a charming new series devoted to the American Bride – from colonial times to the present day

Now, in the tradition of the most highly-prized collector dolls of all time, the Danbury Mint is proud to present *Julia* – the first doll in a series devoted to the American Bride from colonial times to the present day.

This doll is important to collectors for a number of reasons: It is the first collector doll ever issued by the Danbury Mint. And it combines exquisite beauty with historical authenticity. Like the legendary collector dolls of the past, *Julia* is representative of a particular time and a particular place.

Costume dolls are among the oldest and most beloved forms of collecting. Queen Victoria was a collector. So were millions of Americans in the 19th century. And today, doll collecting is more popular than ever. Some of the finest French dolls of the 1800's are now worth thousands of dollars. But you cannot put a price on many of the most cherished collector dolls. They are handed down from mother to daughter with love and tenderness. Such dolls not only beautify the home, they serve as a bond between generations.

A collector doll of incomparable beauty and meaning

You could not ask for a more perfect theme for a doll collection than the American Bride. If ever there is a day in a woman's life when she looks her most beautiful, joyous, and radiant, that is her wedding day. And there is no more beautiful costume than a young woman's bridal attire. This is why we chose the theme.

And bridal attire has changed throughout history. So a collection of American bridal dolls will be more than beautiful – it will portray the change in dress from colonial times to the present day. The collection will have great *meaning* as well as beauty. (By acquiring *Julia*, though, you will not be obligated to purchase the other dolls in the series.)

Each doll's costume will be historically authentic and tailored by hand

Julia's gown will be authentic down to the smallest detail – as will the costume of every other doll in the series. Our doll designer has had access to the Victorian bridal gowns in museum costume collections. She has recreated the bridal attire of the period. And it is a *full* attire – not just the gown itself but the veil, petticoat, and pantalets.

Each doll's gown will be tailored by hand with the most meticulous attention to detail. Notice in the photograph all the exquisite features: the fine satin, the elegant lace, the ruffled flounce, the floral appliques on the front of the gown . . . and the corsage pinned to the bride's wrist. You can almost hear the sound of "Here Comes the Bride!"

Each doll will be made of fine imported porcelain – individually painted by hand!

Head, hands, and feet will all be crafted of fine imported porcelain – for that same delicate look of the famous collector dolls of the 1800's. The facial features will be beautifully sculptured and individually hand-painted to complement the color of the hair. Notice *Julia's* hair – it's hand-styled into a Victorian coiffure. And look at that fresh, youthful, glowing apple blossom complexion – you'll fall in love with her at the very first sight. She is a delight to touch, too – the porcelain is so flawless and smooth, the fabric on the gown is so fine and so crisp. And like each doll in the series, *Julia* will come with her own stand – so you can not only display your doll on a bed or chair, but also stand her on your mantle or in a cabinet with your other prized collectibles.

A remarkable value

When you can find collector dolls of comparable quality and size, you can expect to pay up to $100 at retail. But the Danbury Mint is making *Julia* available to you at the remarkably low original issue price of just $55, payable in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. And there is no extra charge for the stand. To reserve *Julia*, send no money now. Simply complete the attached reservation application and return it promptly.

Please note that *Julia* (and other dolls in the series) will be available only directly from the Danbury Mint; none will be sold in stores. As a registered owner of this first Danbury Mint collector doll, you will enjoy the privilege to acquire the subsequent dolls in the American Bride collection at the same low price – *if you choose to continue your collection.* But you are under absolutely no obligation to do so.

An heirloom to be passed down with love from generation to generation

Julia combines everything you could wish for in a collector doll – at a price you can easily afford. She has beauty, individuality, personality, and historical authenticity.

Whether you choose to own additional dolls or just *Julia* alone, this doll will be a source of lifelong pleasure and pride. She will also be an heirloom to be passed down with love from generation to generation.

This is an opportunity not to be missed – please send us your reservation today.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

M34

Julia

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5290
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return by June 30, 1984.

Please accept my reservation for *Julia*, a collector doll with a beautifully sculptured, hand-painted porcelain head, porcelain hands and feet, and authentic hand-tailored costume. A display stand will be included at no additional charge.

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May 1984

Smithsonian

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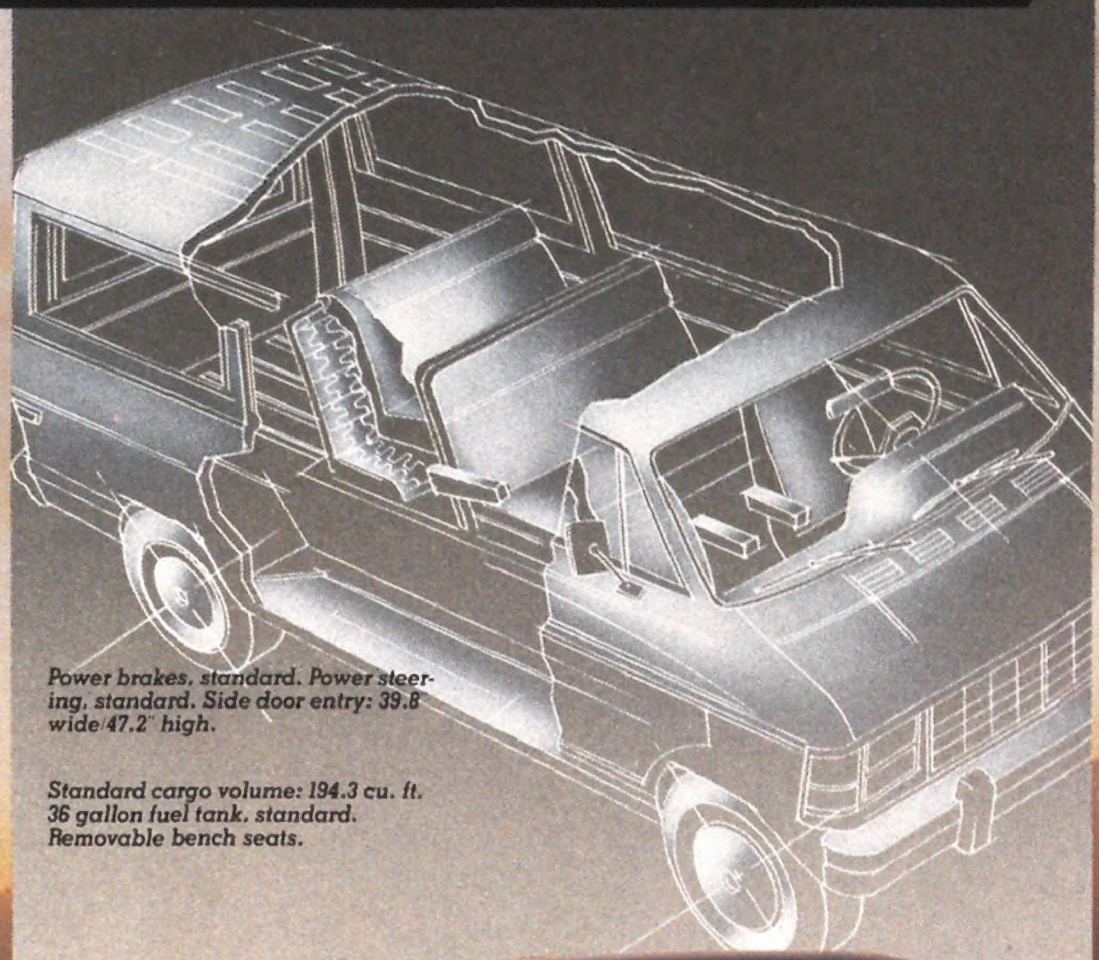

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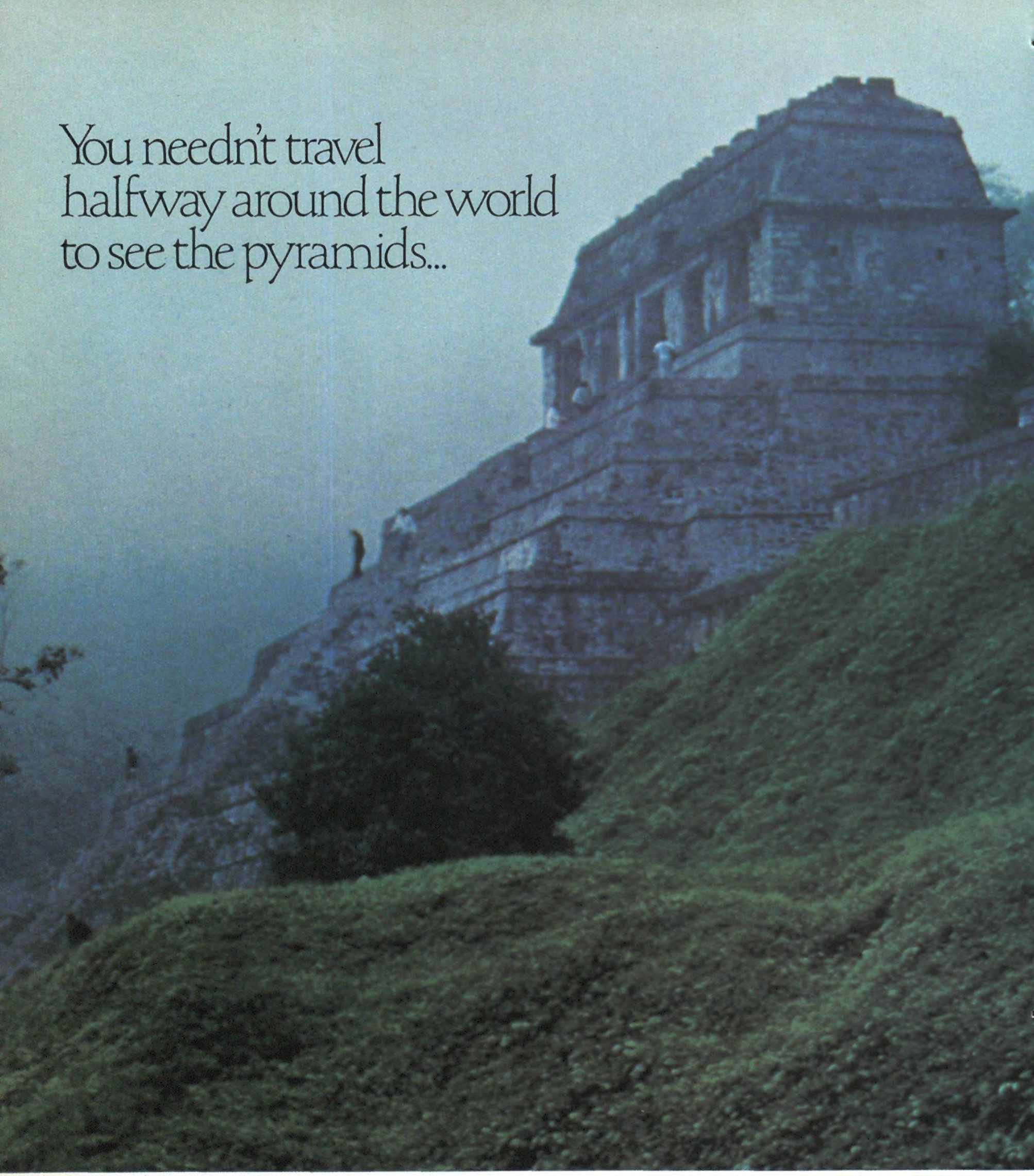
Dodge Trucks



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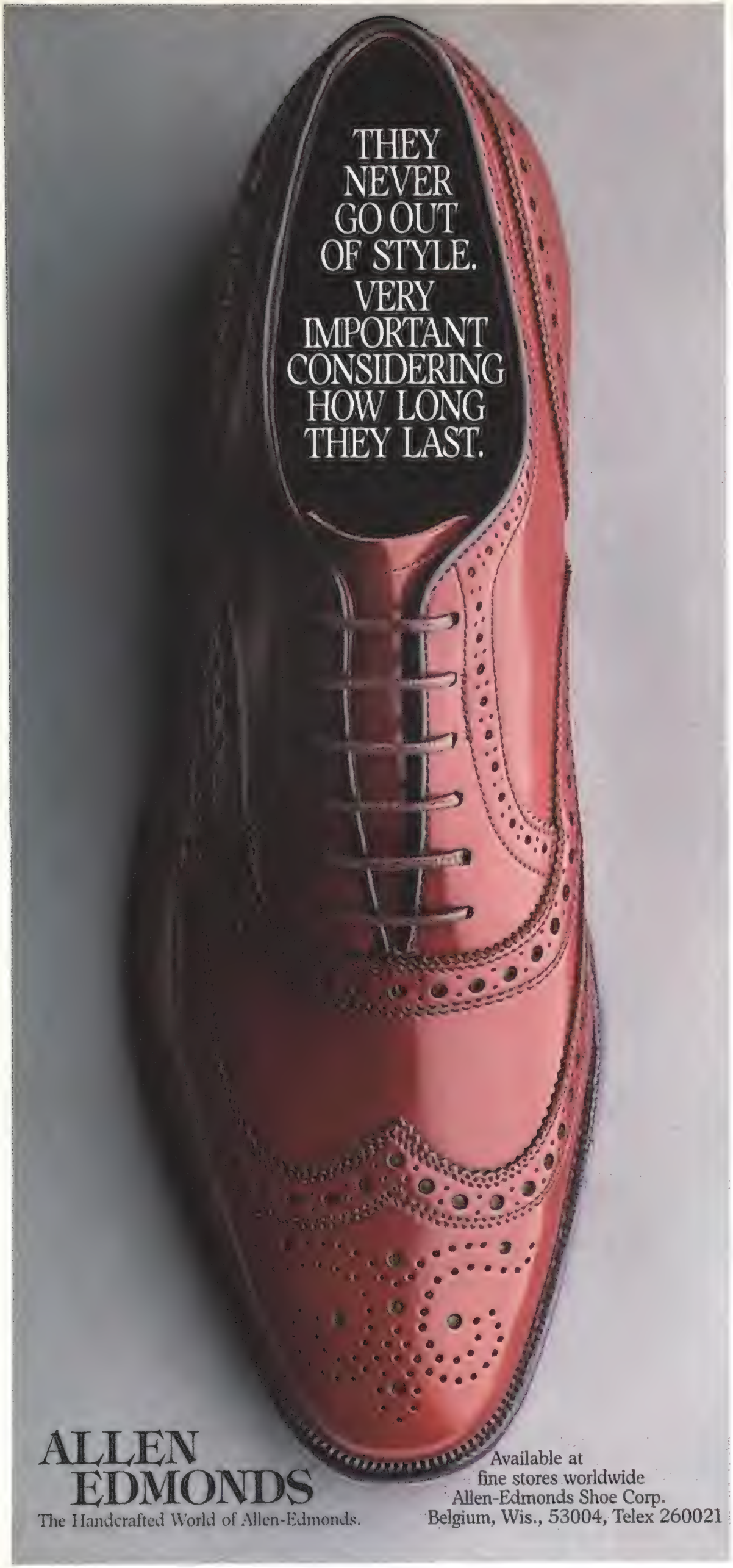

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The view from the castle

An exotic animal that shows up in suburbia is not only a rarity—it may well become an endangered species

On a golden afternoon in northwestern Connecticut, four of us were sitting on our terrace in Litchfield. I cannot recall hearing any sound, but I was suddenly aware of a looming shape to our left, coming around from behind the garage. It was a full-grown moose with palmate antlers, minding its own business and trotting southwestward down the slope of the lawn.

A young woman who works at gardening for my wife was just turning toward the gate down there. I stood up, feeling a bit silly, and shouted: "Mary Ellen, look out! A moose!" She turned around, unbelieving, but ducked through the gate quickly enough.

The moose continued its stately progress until it came to a pasture fence and, seemingly without changing its pace, lifted its ungainly bulk easily into the pasture. I thought to myself, good—there's a swampy brook with a marsh and many trees; if it will only stop there, it will be safe.

Our game warden reported that, to his knowledge, this was the third moose to appear in the past ten years or so, the other two having been chased about with jeeps and police cars until, as a result of stress, they died of heart failure. We could only wonder what would happen when we had to leave to return to Washington.

On the news two days later we heard that a bull moose had been cornered just off a shopping mall in Southbury, 30 miles south of our farm, after causing great confusion as it trotted across the parking lot. A state policeman and a uniformed member of what is euphemistically called the state's Department of Environmental Protection, both armed, approached the moose, which they thought was about to charge them, and shot it. The first report was that the moose appeared deranged—perhaps "mad"? Certainly to any normal human being, only madness could persuade a wild moose to forage across a shopping mall.

Once the moose was killed, a small storm of protest began to well up among the citizenry. A pathology test on the moose's brain showed no evidence of madness. The commissioner of the Department of Environmental Protection ruled that in the future his agents should not shoot moose unless all attempts to deal with them otherwise proved fruitless.

What can have happened to Connecticut? Well, it is called "succession." The higher ridges and much of the bottomland are now covered with forest. This was mostly farmland 85 years ago. Forest succession has brought us a plague of white-tailed deer, plenty of great horned owls, more black bears, bobcats, coyotes and coydogs (hybrids of dogs and coyotes). Wild turkeys have reappeared on the scene. Our golf courses are threatened, especially near the coast and the large ponds, with hordes of Canada geese, unsettling everyone as they pay no attention to cries of "Fore!"

Moose, I hear, are getting out of hand in Maine. Mountain lions will reappear in the near future, I suspect, and will have to be extirpated once again as they were years ago, along with the wild turkey. We may have to erect a fence across the state to protect ourselves from these waves of wildness from the north. these reminders that even suburbia is not a static condition, any more than nature itself is. What will it all come to, I wonder?

S. Dillon Ripley

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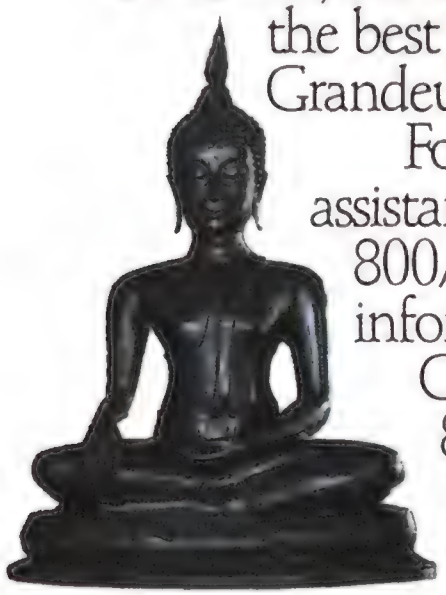
But, quite honestly, the sun doesn't shine all the time. Take nighttime, for instance. That's when it's particularly nice to know you're staying in the Hyatt Regency Grand Cypress—with its towering, ivy-decked atrium, cascading waterfalls and seven hundred and fifty impeccably-appointed guest rooms and suites, an altogether fitting centerpiece for Grand Cypress.

Indoors is also the best place to appreciate the wonder of being surrounded by a million-dollar collection of fine art. Or the wonder of being in a resort that has more places for great seafood than it has souvenir shops.

Of course, the true wonder is that here you can enjoy the best of both worlds. Inside and out. In the Grand Cypress style. Grandeur, re-defined.



For reservations or meeting assistance, call Hyatt toll-free: 800/228-9000. For more information on Grand Cypress Resort, call 800/323-1717.* And discover the difference grandeur makes.

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Letters to the Editor

Twentieth-century monuments

Dear Sir: Mr. Chiles' article in your March issue is a part of one I have been wanting to write for years. Title: "Skyscrapers will make terrible ruins!"

As a founding partner in Skidmore Owings & Merrill, I have watched the monstrous growth from our Lever House to whatever is coming after the Sears building in Chicago. My worry is more about the impact of the social degradation involved in high-rise densities, but the technical failures—electrical, mechanical, and so on—will hit New York, Chicago and the rest in about 50 years.

Nathanial A. Owings, FAIA
Big Sur, California

Dear Sir: Your article gave me hope that the World Trade Center towers in Lower Manhattan are vulnerable and can be destroyed by one good hurricane. They stick out like sore thumbs in the skyline of that part of the city, a skyline once pyramidal and all fitted together. It was beautiful. Architect Minoru Yamasaki took no notice of this background in designing his towers, looming over all.

What is the sense of 110 stories? One way or another, it will be wonderful if we can be relieved of such monstrous monuments.

Jacqueline M. Ritchie
Brewster, Maine

Dear Sir: I have always felt that an old structure like the Empire State Building would outlast many newer buildings of much cheaper construction. That is, if some fool does not think it is *too* old and blow it up—like the Madison Hotel in

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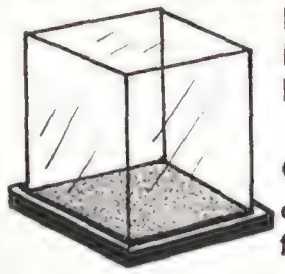

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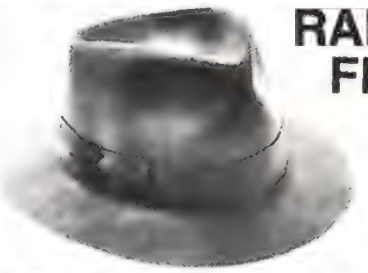

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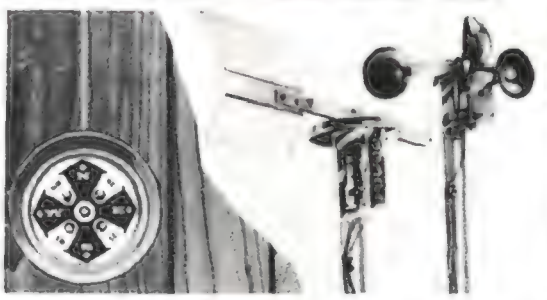

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Now, Tenney has turned his talents to a medium that collectors especially prize: fine porcelain sculpture. The result is a work of pure magic, called "Temptation." Crafted in fine, hand-painted porcelain, this delightful work of art will be issued at the very attractive price of $90—which may be paid in five convenient monthly installments of $18 each.

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To reserve "Temptation" by Eric Tenney, you should act promptly. To be valid, the accompanying Reservation Application must be returned to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091 no later than the date it bears: May 31, 1984.

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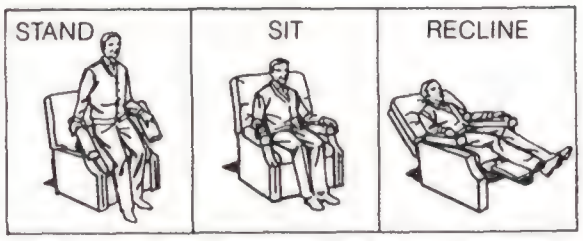

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Donald Bisbee
Boston

Dear Sir: Your thought-provoking story failed to mention the Great Wall of China. It has survived since the second century B.C.
Eldred J. Robinson
Dallas

Prodigies

Dear Sir: Several years ago, I was invited to give a sperm donation to the Repository for Germinal Choice. (I am a member of Mensa, an international society whose members score in the 98th percentile on an IQ test.) However, I was not able to help them out. I'm a female.
Randi Bender
Greenbelt, Maryland

Dear Sir: While the services of the Repository for Germinal Choice are vulnerable to the whims of overambitious parents, I think we can all support, in principle, an institution dedicated to the upgrading of human intelligence.

The Repository, as well as the prospective parents who give their children the gift of being gifted and those who have, without compensation, donated priceless reproductive material to the sperm bank, deserve our wholehearted encouragement and support.

Furthermore, your article does the gifted child no favor by suggesting a life fearful of depression and problems. Most of us at some time or other question the value of our lives and accomplishments. Compared to the marginally retarded, a shade too intelligent for welfare, who live largely unappreciated lives, the life of a prodigy is welcome and happy.
Richard C. Ward
Greensboro, North Carolina

Dear Sir: During half a century I have collected the curricula vitae of prodigies of many countries. Among innumerable others are youthful miracles like Handel, who, when 11, wrote six trios for oboe, or Pergolesi, who left a long list of compositions when he died at age 26—among them the charming, still-performed opera *La serva padrona*. Or the poet George Büchner, author of *Danton's Death* and *Wozzeck*, on which Alban

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Paul Elbogen
San Francisco

Dear Sir: Rod McLeish's article hit close to home. I narrowly escaped being a prodigy. I entered public school in a small Midwestern city at age four for an enforced year in kindergarten—which I loathed—progressed through the first four years of elementary school by age seven and was a high school sophomore at 11. Considered somewhat of a whiz kid in math, languages and the art courses, I was of course the class nerd—over-young, myopic, small and "too smart." (I am told that as a child my IQ tested about 170.)

Like many of my ilk, I learned quickly not to seem too intelligent. I compensated by diversity—doing many things well, but not too well, thereby being able to use my abilities without parading them.

Ultimately, I found a comfortable career as a professor in a university where it is not frowned on to appear reasonably intelligent and where I find many like myself. At age 69 I'm still busy teaching, researching in biology, and editing a major book on protozoology.

I have always been appreciative of the efforts of my parents to prevent my being exploited as a potential prodigy. It's a much happier life not being one.

In discussing birth with other intelligent people, I find that many were born more than a month prematurely, as was I. Maybe we just can't wait to get going.

Eugene C. Bovee
Lawrence, Kansas

Jean Henri Fabre

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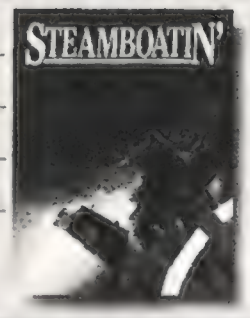

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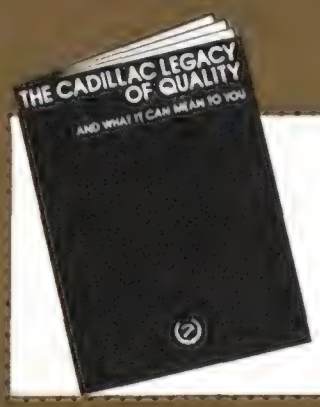

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lived with my parents at the old Naval Hospital at 23rd and E Streets, N.W., in Washington.

I attended Sidwell Friends School, then located at 18th and I. Some long-ago teacher aroused my interest in entomology—a small boy, isolated on a large government reservation, had to develop outside interests—and, in response to my request, my father bought me the newly-issued *Fabre's Book of Insects.*

Now, a lifetime later, I have the book open before me as I write. Interesting as is the text, the illustrations by artist E. J. Detmold are superb and make the book a treasure I have kept through all the years and a multitude of moves.

John H. Kaufman
Rear Admiral, USN (ret.)
Coronado, California

Aerial photography

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Herbert E. Meinema
Escondido, California

Dear Sir: My father, Col. George L. Eckert, was involved in the 1962 detection of the "Star of David," as the Soviet missile pattern in Cuba was called. Since then the photograph you reproduced on page 157 has hung in our living room, and not once has anyone taken a close look at it without being prompted. It is mistaken for modern art—and who's to say it's not?

Carol Eckert Van Ginhoven
Tacoma

Origins

Dear Sir: Is it possible that the legend of Wilfreda, the British saint who left her hand to her ardent suitor, King Edgar, while she escaped into church, is the origin of the American Midwest's quaint,

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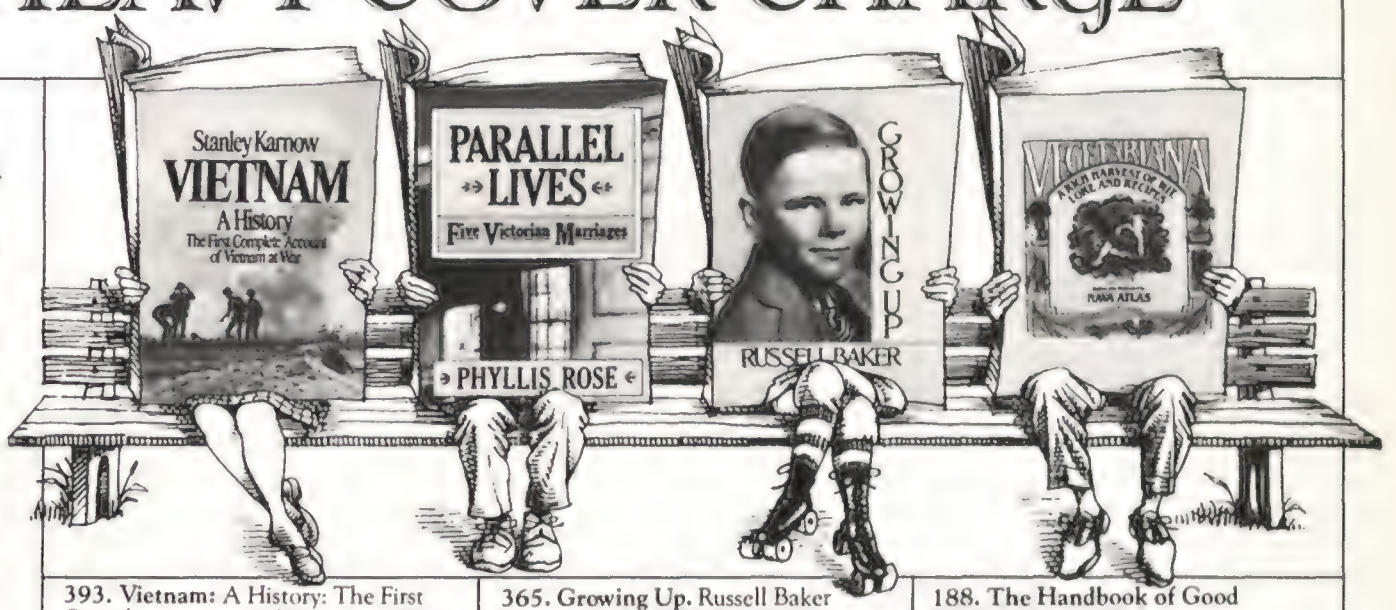

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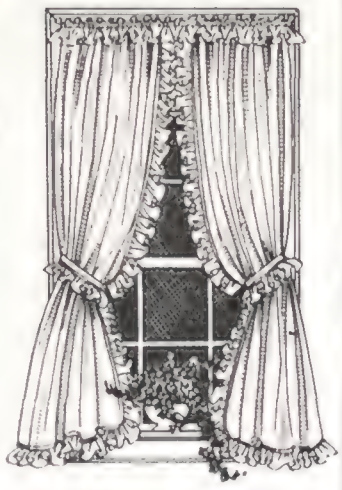

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long-ago practice of "mittening" a suitor?

The custom was recorded in the *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois*' volume on Fulton County: "It was fun to see those long lines of boys reaching from either side of the church door, extending sometimes to the middle of the street; and then see the girls come out and run the 'gauntlet.' First one boy and then another would sidle up to a girl, his arm bent like a V, and he would punch her in the ribs, signifying 'Can I see you home?' If the girl saucily jerked away from the boy, the whole platoon of fellows would yell, 'You've got the mitten!' and guy the poor devil till he wanted to jump into the creek. But if she grabbed his arm, he was a hero."

Gary C. Vitale
Springfield, Illinois

If a machine answers . . .

Dear Sir: Mr. Fincher mentions that Linda Marroquin sells answering-machine tapes featuring a fake Humphrey Bogart saying "Play it again, Sam." Ironically, Bogey never uttered this line in *Casablanca*. He said "Play it, Sam." It was Woody Allen who originated "Play it again, Sam."

Ethan S. Goldstine
Beverly Hills

It had been for years a common misconception that Bogey said "Play it again, Sam." Then, in the 1960s Woody Allen appeared in a play entitled Play it again, Sam, *later made into a film with the same title.* Ed.

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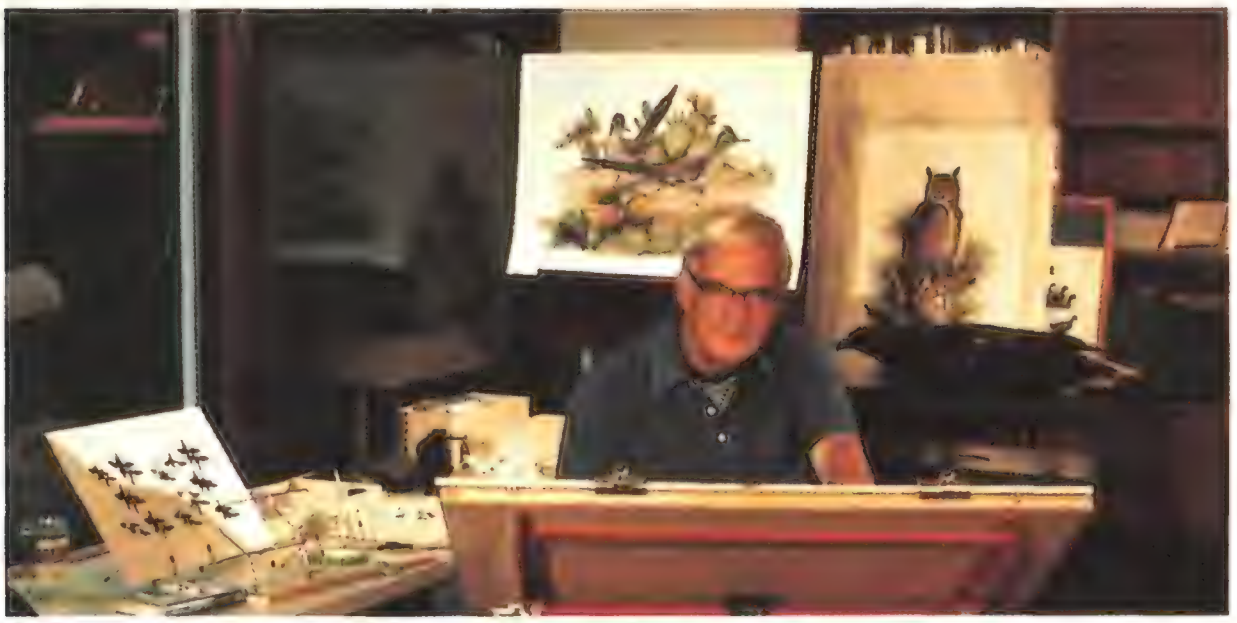

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The Museum of American History is justly proud of its weathervanes—a fish wrought in copper, a carved wooden eagle, a number of other creatures fashioned with the directness and unique elegance of folk art. But I always look for whirligigs. Everyone has seen them somewhere, those toy birds or boats or planes or windmills that rotate atop a rod and then whirl wings or oars or propellers or vanes with the wind. The people at the museum say they were often made during the Depression—bits of folk craft that the unemployed carved out of orange crates and sold to tourists.

I've always liked these things. An old friend who lives on Cape Cod has one that he swears is unique to the shop where he bought it: a dory with a fisherman who rows like mad as the onshore wind rises. During a recent winter vacation down under, I bought one, too. I doubt if there's another like it in this country, for it's an Australian black-and-white pelican with rotating wings. There's a story of sorts behind it, naturally, best told perhaps in a second "Letter From Noosa Heads" to follow the first one which appeared in this column in October 1982. Here it is:

Kangaroos still loll in the shade of the gum trees at the Noosa golf club, as they did when we were last here. Three of them gathered beside the 14th tee as our foursome approached. They hunkered down on their long hind legs and watched in silence as the first three golfers teed up and drove off, clubs flashing in the sun, balls whistling down the fairway. Each time the animals, so often strangely human, turned their heads in unison to

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watch, exactly like the gallery at last month's Masters tournament.

Then it was my turn—for some arcane reason having to do with rules of the game, I am always last to drive—and the kangaroos glanced at each other the way theatergoers do halfway through the second act of a very bad play. By mutual consent they hopped away to investigate the action at the 17th tee. Annoyingly, their instinct was quite correct. They missed nothing. But *I* did.

Trees and blossoming shrubs are alive with those Queensland birds I got to know 18 months ago. Every morning before the rise of the hot sun, flocks of lorikeets flash across the Noosa River to a clump of flowering eucalyptus trees to spend the long day probing for pollen and nectar. The bird, one of several similar small parrots of the family Loriidae, is roughly the size of an American robin, but faster and noisier. The low sun catches wheeling, darting formations of them, glinting first on brilliant green backs, then on bright, varicolored breasts.

The nectar ferments in the heat, and the birds get quite drunk on it by day's end. In the evening they fly back to their roosts, weaving erratically above the river and screeching happily back and forth. My Australian hosts barely take notice of this sight, so exotically beautiful to me. But Poor Old Fred does. He's the cat, a battered veteran of much warring and wooing, and as he limps around on garden patrol he glances up and swears under his breath at the lorikeets, reeling raucously home from their pub crawl.

One species of bird has deserted Noosa this year. The great pelican, which so delighted me by sometimes goofing up its landings, has gone to breed at an inland lake. Normally dry, the lake bed has proudly given birth to water which, in the mysterious manner of the Outback, contains ready-made fish. The prospect is enough to lure these big, friendly, endlessly curious birds away from the river.

We replaced them with the whirligig—a wooden pelican, skewered on a pole which is lashed to the garden fence. When the wind blows, the contraption swings toward it and its wings windmill. In a summer gust it seems to be flying frantically past the house.

We got the pelican at the Eumundi (sounds like "You-Monday") market, about half an hour away by car. Eumundi

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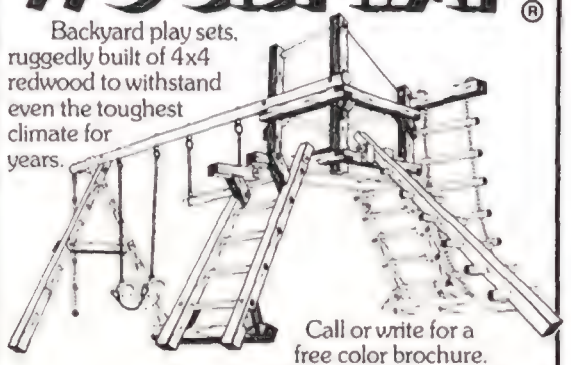

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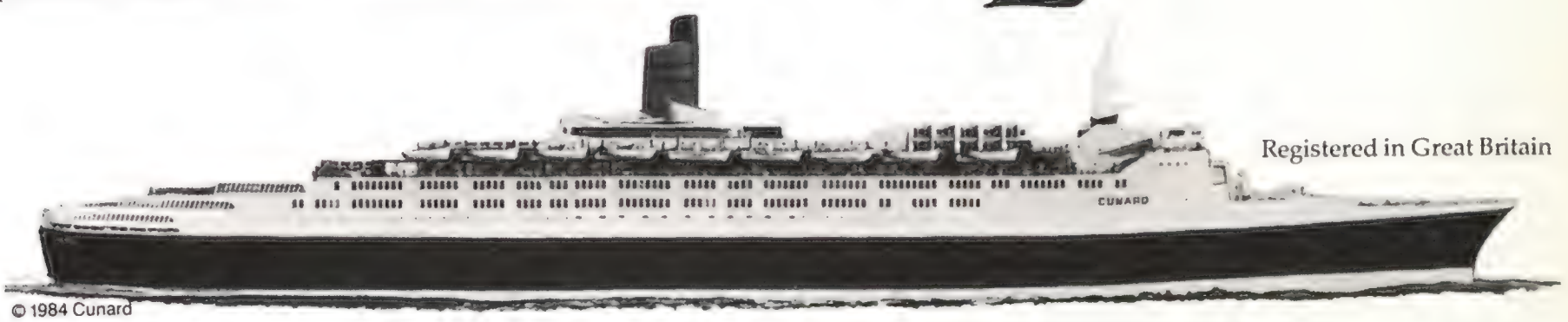

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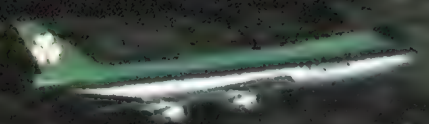

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is a farming town with a broad main street endowed with two spreading fig trees. Awninged shops flank the street, also a couple of garages and a number of pubs, including a barn of a place called Joe's Watering Hole.

Deserted by shoppers after the Bruce Highway was built—it plunges northward into Queensland from Brisbane—Eumundi opted to draw its people back onto the streets with a weekly market day. From the fig trees downhill to the first garage, one side of the street is jammed every Saturday with stalls selling just about everything under the Queensland sun. Crowds gather to jostle for parking places, finger fabrics, tap cantaloupes, slurp ice cream. Children go missing, but parents needn't worry in that gentle, friendly horde. They'll turn up, probably playing with a batch of giveaway kittens.

Eumundi townsfolk, serving up coffee and sandwiches for all these visitors, tend to look at each other with a sort of furtive triumph. Putting up with gabbling strangers, with lost kids and crazy foreigners who buy wooden pelicans may constitute a special Saturday morning headache, but my oath (as they say), it's filling the stores and stalls and Joe's Watering Hole and the people's pockets. It's saving the town.

You think of a village market as something a little antique, European in origin. But the Eumundi Market is a new venture, inspired by a 20th-century problem. "The only trouble is," said another visiting American, "they ought to call it 'You-Saturday' market."

Markets *are* traditional in this young country, once so deeply British and now so broadly European. I went through huge city markets in both Sydney and Melbourne, open only on certain days of the week, and found them heavily populated by shoppers of every economic level. Advertising executives in shorts and sandals (Australia's summer-weekend uniform) surveyed the fruits and vegetables to spot the most and best for their money: Luigi's stall for grapefruit and mangoes, Charlie Soo's for broccoli and fresh peas. They bought quickly, piled the stuff in their Mercedeses and hurried off to tennis beside someone's pool.

The less fortunate, similarly dressed in this egalitarian society, cruised the aisles until just before noon. That's when the vendors begin to drop prices: "Down to two dollars a kilogram . . . a dollar . . . 75 cents . . . half a dollar. . . !" Voices rise as they call out the numbers until the entire market and the streets outside echo with the mounting clamor. A scraggly woman pushing a baby carriage half smothers her squalling infant in cut-rate vegetables. A barefooted young man snatches away a bag of potatoes for a few cents while his friend fumbles for change. "You bludger!" the friend cries after him—but with wry humor.

One Saturday-morning stall always attracts Australian shoppers, eight deep. It sells meats for the Sunday "barbie." That's short for barbecue, and it has become a national tradition, as ubiquitous as weekly television ratings in the States. The barbecue is really just an outdoor grill—a simple hibachi, or a brick fireplace designed by an architect to go with the patio and pool, or a clean petrol can with the lid pried off and a toasting rack laid across the top. You crumple a couple of pages of newspaper in the bottom of that can, lay on some lamb chops and as soon as the fat drips into the fire, you're on your way.

Lamb chops, steaks, big beef or pork sausages, chickens, even roasts—they're all on that market counter, ready for the barbie. Shoppers vie for favorite cuts. Butchers hack and slice and slap the meat onto waxy paper and then roll the packet in the want-ads section of the Saturday *Age* or *Herald* or *Sun* and hand it over with a wisecrack.

And beginning Sunday morning an unmistakable, fragrant pall of smoke rises above every city and village and distant homestead on the broad and nearly smogless continent of Australia. It drifts along the billabong that sometimes flows through Alice Springs and along the banks of the Yarra in Melbourne, dotted with fireplaces; it hangs over the back lots of Darwin and the damp forests of Tasmania ("Tassie"); it swirls from the yards of discreet manor houses outside Perth and harborside mansions around Sydney.

Right now, the barbies are all lit, the meat's on the griddle, the fat's in the fire. Our own grill is almost hot enough to take the steak and sausages. There's just time to open a stubbie of beer and watch the wooden pelican winging away up the Noosa River. So see you later, mate, awright?

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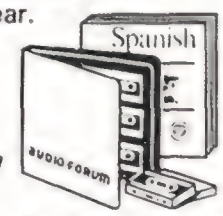

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Phenomena, comment and notes

Certain publications can be relied on for good news about leopard lizards, hooded ladies' tresses and orangutans

Six years ago I began to dream, like so many editors before me, of starting my own magazine. I envisioned it first as a newsletter produced on the kitchen table, but quickly growing in circulation and cash flow as happy readers spread the word. It would have no limit in subject matter but would carry only one kind of story: good news.

The first step was to open a file, as they say in the bureaucratic trade. First into the file was a Reuters dispatch reporting that British beer-and-ale drinkers had beaten back the breweries' attempt to replace traditional libations—the sort that must be kept in wooden barrels—with new types they could make and ship much more easily. A small band of "fanatics," according to Reuters, formed CAMRA (the Campaign for Real Ale) and toured pubs looking for old brews. They publicized the ones they found, and demand for the traditional ales and beers soared. The companies gave in.

My newsletter never got off the ground, mostly because of that old devil inertia, but also because lots of days went by with nothing for the file. I am, however, constitutionally incapable of being in a room with a newspaper or a magazine and not reading it. And the up side of me still looks for the good news.

Over the years I have learned some productive places to look. One is the *Nature Conservancy News*, published by the organization that finds and protects critical habitats in the United States, the Caribbean, Canada and Latin America (SMITHSONIAN, December 1978). Each issue has a theme: migration, the value of wildlife to human beings, the biological riches of Costa Rica. I always turn to the back first, for the section headed "New Projects." Each project is summarized in a single, businesslike paragraph, but the language is so specific that images tend to well up in my mind, images of organ-

An American crocodile lazes in the sun near federal refuge acquired with Nature Conservancy help. Five nests were reported last year.

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isms and habitats I have never seen.

In the January-February 1984 issue, the list starts off with a 160-acre purchase, an addition to the Paine Preserve in Kern County, California. The sanctuary is a "mosaic of valley saltbush scrub and alkaline vernal pools," home to the blunt-nosed leopard lizard, San Joaquin kit fox and alkali larkspur. In Illinois, a 120-acre wetland on the shore of Elizabeth Lake includes "an acidic bog, a fen, pond and perennial stream communities, and a calcareous peat mat." These in turn are habitats for the cuckooflower, round-leaved sundew, purple pitcher plant and hooded ladies' tresses.

The 195-acre Brigadoon Preserve in Barren County, Kentucky, will protect showy orchis, devil's bit, twisted stalk, goldenseal, rattlesnake plantain and puttyroot. Barren, indeed. In Michigan a 50-acre addition to Grass Bay Preserve helps protect dunes, grassy swales, cedar swamp and woodlands. And in Montana the Conservancy has bought 2,322 acres and leased another 600 to control a rocky promontory that overlooks the 12,445-acre Pine Butte Swamp Preserve where grizzly bears range.

The March-April issue carries the Conservancy's annual report, the membership and money figures (both at record levels last year) and the projects: all 266 of them carried out in 1983. These are even more condensed and yet still make good reading: 323 acres acquired on the Gulf of Mexico in Alabama, surface rights on four acres of sloping alpine tundra in Colorado, nearly 10,000 acres of bottomland forest and salt- and freshwater marshes along Florida's lower Escambia River. Some are modest but critical: two tracts totaling 1.5 acres of inholdings at the Cape May Migratory Bird Refuge in New Jersey; another three acres for the Conservancy's oldest active project, the 408-acre Mianus River Gorge in New York's Westchester County.

The Conservancy is reporting on its successes, which to me are by definition good news. It's never enough, of course. I feel about the *News* the way I feel about my paycheck. I've been patiently explaining to our payroll people that my check is just fine but that I want it to come every week instead of every two. If the *News* came every month, then the annual report would list 532 projects. Simple arithmetic.

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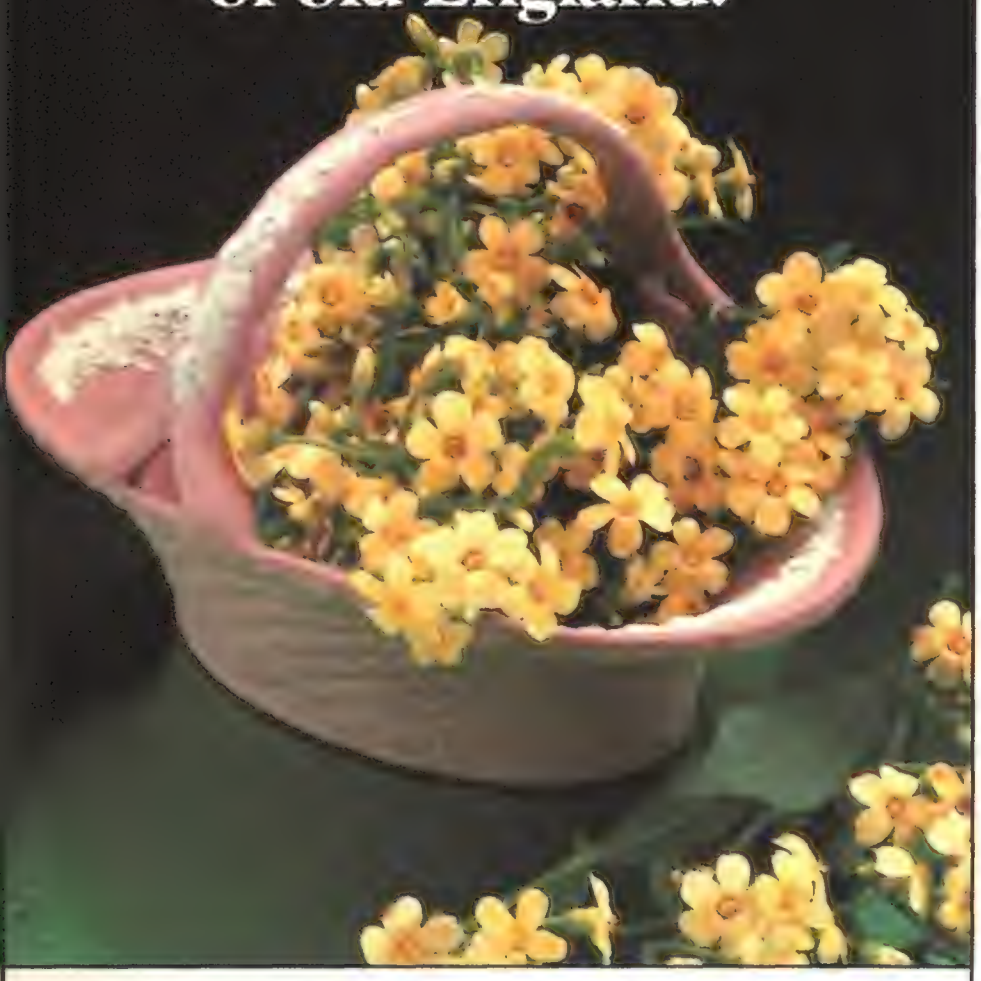

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My next most reliable source of good news comes out only every three months, which is even more frustrating. *Oryx*, the journal of the Fauna & Flora Preservation Society in London, covers the world. It has a news-and-comments section, full-length articles on conservation issues, and then—in the back—a roundup of developments around the world called "Briefly. . . ." Some of this news is bad. The last issue I saw records the probable extinction of the Colombian grebe and reports that the breeding population of the scarlet ibis in French Guiana dropped to zero in 1982, apparently because it was being hunted for its feathers. But some of the news is good.

Only here do I find out that Norway has designated 49 square miles of cliffs as sanctuaries for breeding seabirds. Or that Liberia has established a 505-square-mile national park in lowland rain forest. A three-sentence item announces a new, 650-square-mile sanctuary for orangutans (and rhinoceros hornbills) in Sarawak, Malaysia. A slightly longer paragraph reports a new ecological reserve in western Amazonia, Brazil, that takes in no less than 5,400 square miles.

Sources are given for many of the news briefs. Somewhere in London someone is doing the job I once envisioned for myself, leafing through the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society and the Crocodile Specialist Group *Newsletter*. I find it easier to picture that person at a table piled with magazines and newsletters than I do myself wandering through the new Juami-Japurá reserve in Brazil or the Lanjak-Entimau sanctuary in Malaysia.

Someday I'll get to those places. They have been added to the list. But in the meantime I am glad to know they are there. All this good news is more than a count of acres and square miles, a roll call of exotic birds and flowers with

Palms decorate a desert oasis in Southern California; the Conservancy is assembling a 12,000-acre preserve here.

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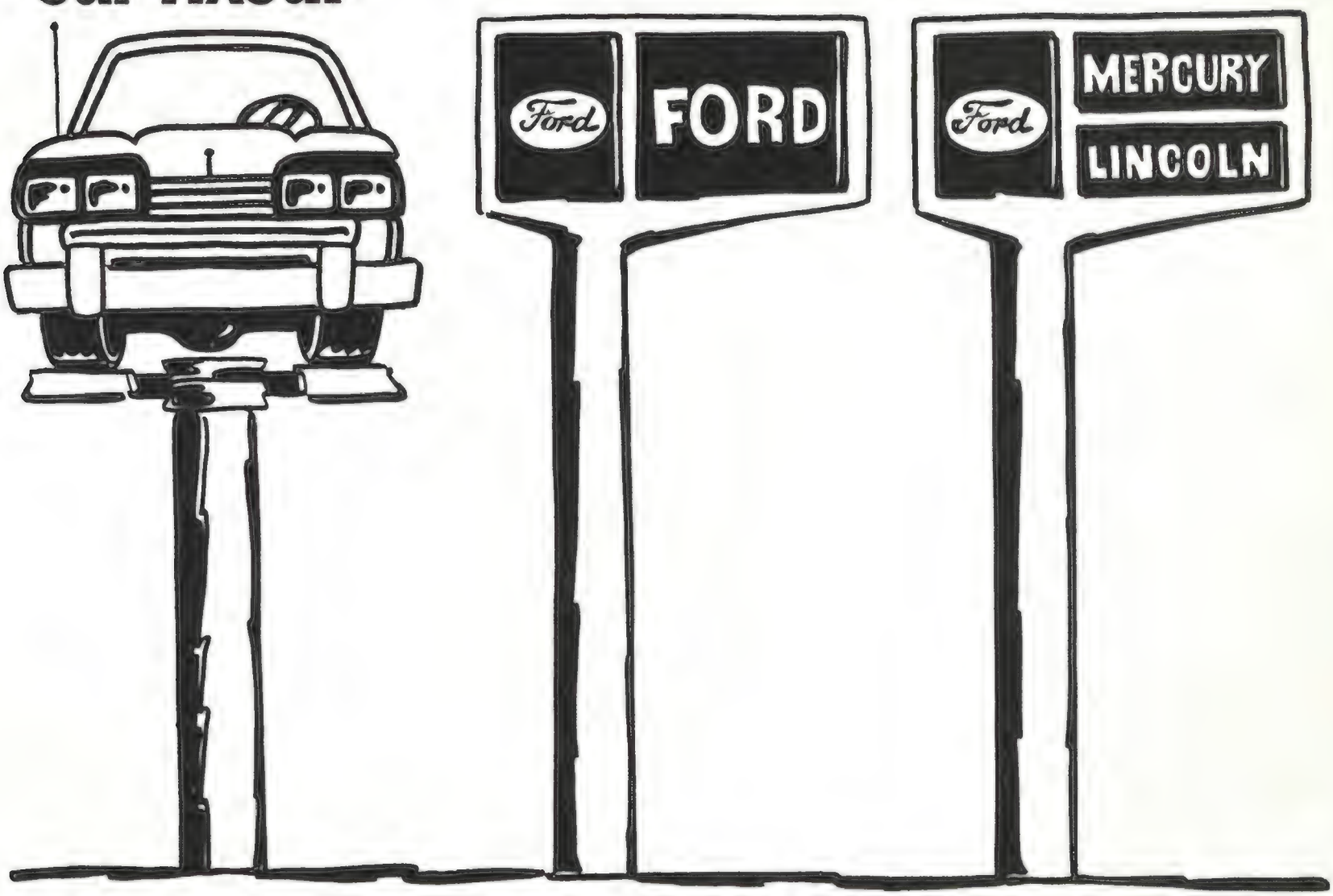

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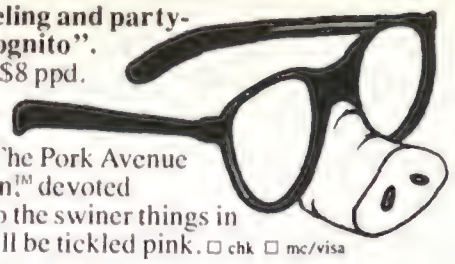

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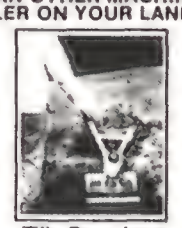
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One Saturday in March a friend and I were led through the woods of a Nature Conservancy sanctuary to a place where great blue herons nest. We stood on the edge of the rookery, so that we would not frighten birds off the eggs. They were everywhere, perched in the treetops and flying in every direction. Again and again we watched as a heron, crest erect and long neck stretched straight, glided in silently for a landing, always rising to the branch and alighting effortlessly as its airspeed dropped to zero at the instant of arrival. We watched herons drive competitors from choice perches, flaring those great wings and darting at would-be usurpers. We watched 20 and 30 at a time take flight and wheel over the trees, only to settle into the branches again. We listened to the hubbub, hoarse cries, guttural cluckings and a sometimes melodic "rowr" that sounded like one cat threatening another.

We were standing on the edge of another world. Inside this rookery the herons lived as they had long before humans, Indian or European, walked under their trees. Only heron society counted here, and we knew it. Calvert Posey, the preserve steward, mused, "It must have looked like this during the Pleistocene."

Now I think of that place when I read over the paragraphs announcing new sanctuaries. I translate the 50- or 100-word blocks of prose into land and water, birds and wildflowers. They all come alive in my head. It is good news.

Reading those paragraphs reminds me that good things happen whether I am paying attention or not. One of the nice things about being on a ship at sea is the feeling that you are making progress all the time. Even when you yourself are sitting over coffee or reading in your bunk, the ship is pushing through the water, inching along the course penciled in on the chart.

I get something of the same feeling when I read *Oryx* or the *Nature Conservancy News*. The time scale is different but the sensation is the same. They remind me from time to time that progress is being made; my soulmates are marking little crosses on the charts. There is indeed good news.

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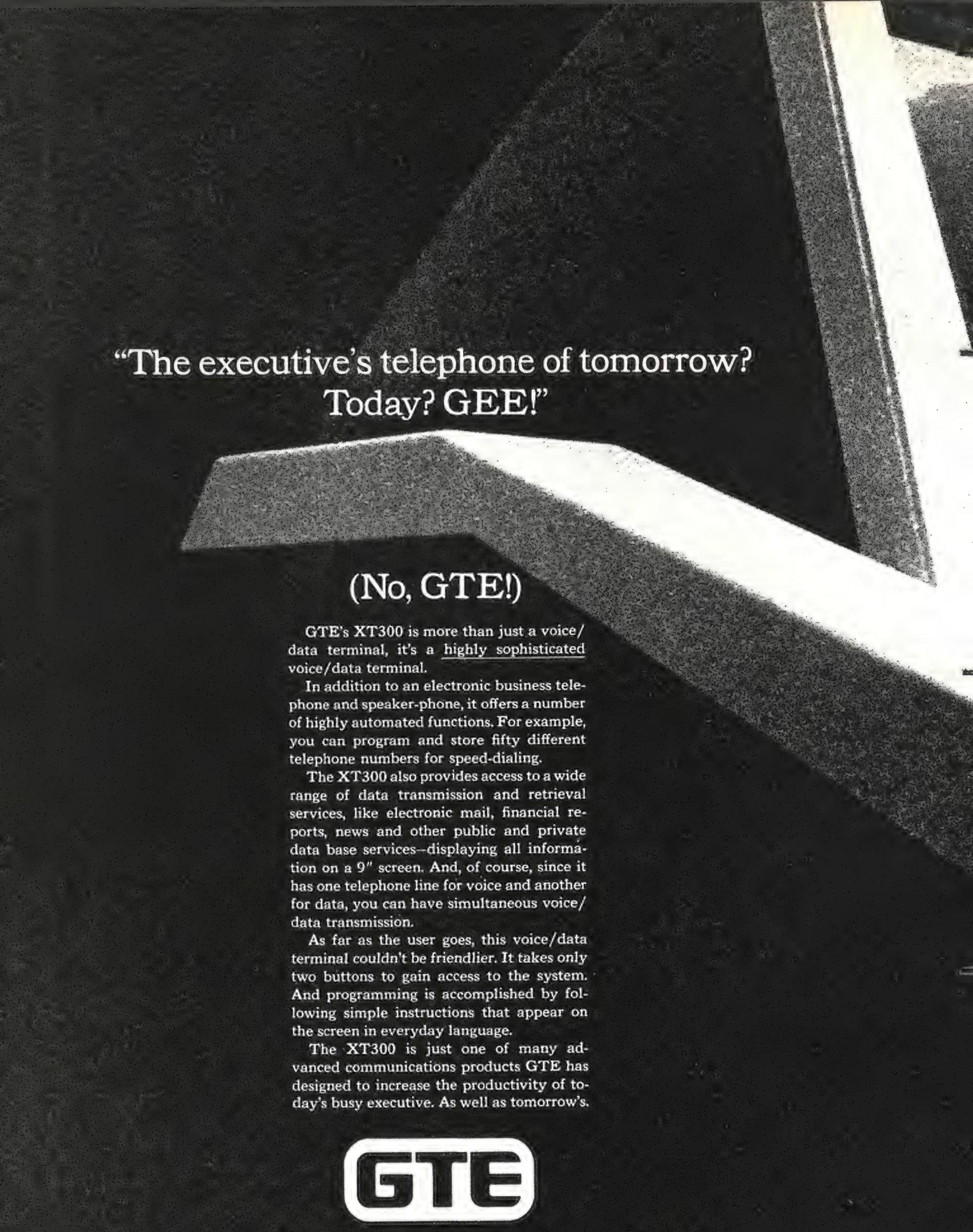

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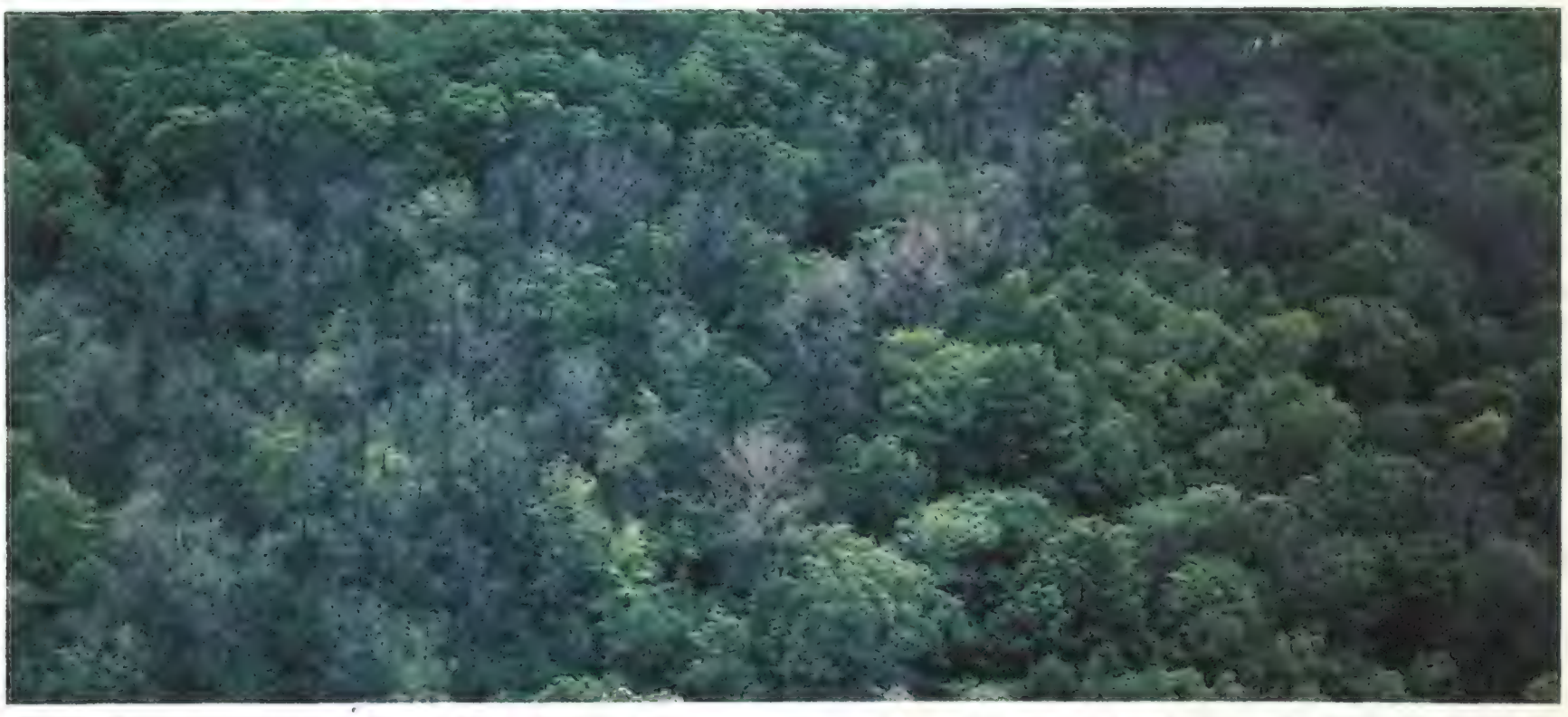
By Donald Dale Jackson

Gypsy invaders seize new ground in their war against our trees

Moths have been defoliating New England for decades, but now their caterpillars are chewing up the rest of the country, as well



Impact of the pests is evident in the grayish leafless area of this forest in Maryland. In a number of states, insecticide spraying is hindering advance of moths while scientists experiment with biological controls.

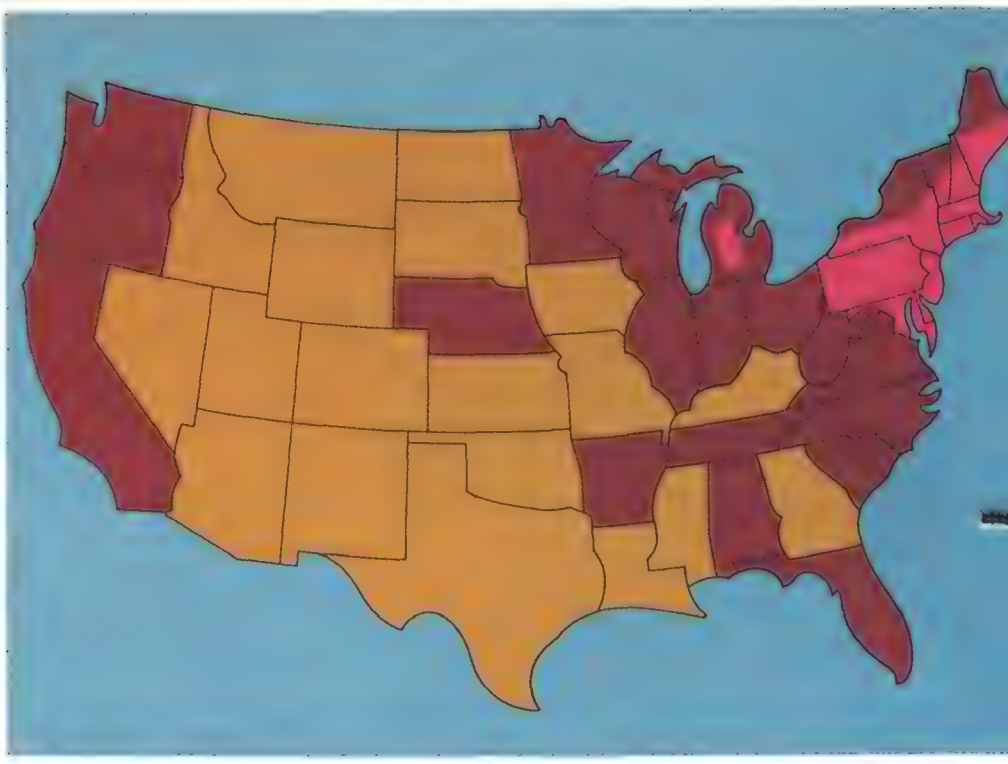
What I remember most vividly is the sound. It was a summer evening several years ago and I was in the backyard of my house in the Connecticut woods. I heard a gentle pattering sound, a soft tap-tap-tap on the leaves like the mildest summer sprinkle. But this wasn't rain; the sky was ablaze with stars. The sound persisted through the night and for several days afterward, and when it was finally gone the leaves of my oaks and maples and elms were gone, too. Lush, glorious June had been abruptly transformed into January.

The scourge that desolated my trees that summer was a horde of voracious gypsy moth caterpillars. The dark and bristly invaders were on one of their periodic yet frustratingly unpredictable rampages. By midsummer, they had stripped an astonishing 12.8 million acres across the Northeast—primarily in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, in addition to Connecticut. They churned through my woods like a starving army, forming assault columns on the trunks, deploying squads of foragers on the branches, munching their way through every tree and shrub save the few, like mountain laurel and dogwood, that they disdain. They swarmed on the

Bristly marauder uses clawlike legs to build sparse cocoon, where it will metamorphose into adult moth.

Photographs by Robert Noonan

Ready or not, here comes the gypsy moth



From Massachusetts, imported gypsies penetrated dark-shaded states and settled in parts of New England and Michigan (light areas), now move west and south.

Brown male moth investigates white female, which has already mated and deposited egg mass (below) on tree.

sides of the house and plunged down the chimney. They infiltrated the woodpile and blackened the lawn furniture. The sound I heard at night was their droppings—frass, it is called—drizzling on the leaves.

The gypsy moth, known to scientists as *Lymantria dispar*, is one of the most extravagantly despised and relentlessly persecuted pests in the grand and varied ecosystem that is America. Scientists have devoted their entire careers to the goal of exterminating them. The federal government and several states have pursued them with implacable bureaucratic enmity. Killers from abroad—parasitical insects and various predators—have been imported to assassinate them. Labs are filled with substances to render them harmless.

It is not hard to understand this massed animosity. This is, after all, a nation of suburbs, and trees are an essential part of the suburban milieu. We dote on trees, build our houses around them and under them, hang swings from them, grill steaks in their shade and watch the robins and cardinals flit through them. To defoliate trees, therefore, is to attack the soft underbelly of the American Way of Life.

But gypsy moths have done more than offend our sensibilities. At a time when forests throughout the entire Eastern seaboard are already in serious decline, due principally to acid rain, the nasty little beasts have inflicted very real damage on commercial woodlands

The author's articles on the early U.S. airmail service and cave creatures, adapted from Time-Life Books series, appeared in the May and November 1982 issues.

and private property amounting to millions of dollars annually. They have also defied every assault mounted against them. From an original toehold in Massachusetts, armies of the squirming caterpillars have advanced north and west and south over the past century, following the deciduous forests, until their invasion front now stretches along a wavy and indistinct line from Virginia and Maryland, through West Virginia and into western Pennsylvania and New York, with numerous isolated pockets scattered beyond. "At first, people thought that they would pass through and be gone for good," says William Metterhouse of the New Jersey Department of Agriculture. "Now we know that we'll never be rid of them."

The insects owe their success in the American woodlands to two principal factors: their own remarkably effective survival equipment and the inability of scientists to understand—and thus control—their boom-and-bust population cycles. Nature blessed the gypsy moth with an extraordinary capacity for reproduction—a single egg mass can produce more than a thousand larvae—and an awesomely indiscriminate appetite. Though partial to oaks, the caterpillars will nibble as well on beeches and birches, apple trees and blueberry bushes, pines and hemlocks and 400 other tree and shrub species. After they devour the leaves of one tree, they simply move on to its neighbor. Sometimes they travel by air, propelled by the wind as they hang from the end of a slender silken thread they produce from a gland in their head (p. 55).

The female moths deposit egg clusters in sheltered sites on limbs and trunks (or fence posts, woodpiles or campers' vehicles) in late June or early July. The eggs remain dormant until the following spring, when the larvae emerge. The larvae, or caterpillars, pass through six stages (five for the males), growing larger and hungrier after each molt. In the final stages, especially when populations are high, they often feed night and day. At some point, usually in July, they snuggle up against a likely slab of bark, weave a cocoon and metamorphose into moths. The life of the moth is short (about a week) and single-mindedly dedicated to sex. The flightless females emit a scent called a pheromone, which attracts the males. Then mating occurs and the cycle begins again.

There is no longer any doubt that what once was considered a regional problem is now a national dilemma. Entomologists estimate that the leading edge of the infestation is advancing west and south at a rate of between five and 15 miles a year. Egg masses have been found in North Carolina, Indiana, Wisconsin, California and several other states well ahead of the invading front. The moths have also hitchhiked—on cars, campers and lawn furniture carried by families in transit—to the West Coast and Florida. Great rivers have not stopped them—the young caterpillars sail

After hatching and dispersing to other trees, moth larvae feed, shed skin and stretch into caterpillars ten millimeters long. These hungry creatures are gobbling up new oak leaves in a forest in southern New Jersey.

Ready or not, here comes the gypsy moth

Naked trees in Cecil County, Maryland, alarm Ralph Webb, a gypsy moth expert who advocates spraying.

across on the wind—and neither have the Eastern mountains. The scientists believe that they will eventually chew their way across the South and Midwest, hurdle the Mississippi River and cross the Great Plains.

Extermination, most experts agree, is not possible. Containment remains a dim but not altogether abandoned hope. "What we're trying to do now," says U.S. Forest Service entomologist William Wallner, "is to either extend the period of time between outbreaks—to 50 years, say—or to reduce the severity of the outbreaks when they come. Or both." For Wallner and many other researchers, the best route to this elusive objective is through "biological control," the introduction of natural checks, such as parasites or diseases, into the gypsy's environment. Chemical insecticides are, of course, another weapon. Many agencies use them, but the controversy over their potential hazards often makes them politically unpalatable.

Critics of insecticides have long suspected the U.S. Department of Agriculture of harboring a pro-spraying bias. In fact, most of the research currently being conducted and funded by the Department's Agricultural Research Service (ARS) is aimed at finding biological alternatives—identifying the perfect caterpillar-killing parasite (some scientists call this the "magic bullet"), reproducing a fatal virus and developing techniques to interfere with the insects' reproduction or growth. The idea is to combine these methods with existing chemical and bacterial sprays. The bureaucratic phrase for all this is "integrated pest management" (SMITHSONIAN, January 1979). "I don't believe in magic bullets," says Victor Mastro of the Agriculture Department's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service. "I believe in lots of six-shooters."

Are white oak forests doomed?

But what if the march of the gypsies rolls on unchecked? Would it permanently change the composition of the American woods? Ralph Webb, who coordinates gypsy moth work for the ARS, fears that the white oaks which now dominate much of the Middle Atlantic and Southern forests will eventually be decimated. The prospect distresses him. "The chestnuts were the climax species in New England, but the chestnut blight almost wiped them out," he says. "The Dutch elm disease is killing the elms. And now the white oak is threatened, leaving maples, which are less desirable both commercially and esthetically." Ron Weseloh of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station thinks otherwise. "It won't be like the chestnut blight," he contends. "Many trees in a defoliated stand take it quite well. Research has shown that a severe defoliation in Connecticut results in only about double the annual mortality of oaks that

die naturally, so the gypsy moths aren't going to kill the oak forest."

Not in New England, maybe, but Webb and others foresee a greater danger in the South, where there are many more commercial forests—white oak, mainly, which is prime wood for furniture manufacturing—and where the warmer weather puts more stress on trees. A heavy infestation during a particularly hot, dry summer could result in the destruction of entire stands, Webb fears. The losses have already been extensive enough. Gary Moorehead, a staff officer with the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service, reports that gypsy moth damage in 1981 alone added up to $764 million nationwide. Lost forest resources accounted for $72 million and damage in recreational areas added up to $6 million. The remainder, nearly 90 percent of all losses caused by the moths, was in residential areas. "That's where the dollar impact is greatest," Webb says. "When you lose just one big oak tree on a suburban lot, you can lose thousands of dollars off the appraised value of that property."

"Stuck together like cold macaroni"

The subject of all this study is not native to America at all, curiously enough, but is a descendant of immigrants from Europe. The gypsy moth is believed to have originated in East Asia (the Chinese call it the "dancing poison moth"), but it established its pestiferous reputation primarily in Europe. The ancestors of the caterpillars that ravaged my trees arrived in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1869, having been imported by a French naturalist named Leopold Trouvelot. He aspired to produce hardier silkworms by crossing them with gypsies. Several gypsy specimens escaped from his house on Myrtle Street and moved into the surrounding woods. Twenty years later, the citizens of Medford awoke to the consequences: the town was aswarm with dark squiggly caterpillars.

"There was not a place on the outside of the house where you could put your hand without touching caterpillars," resident J. P. Dill reported. "We always tapped the screen doors when we opened them, and the monstrous great creatures would fall down, but in a minute or two would crawl up the side of the house again. The caterpillars spun down from the trees by hundreds, even when they were of a large size [and] were so thick on the trees that they were stuck together like cold macaroni."

Mrs. Thomas Mayo, a Myrtle Street neighbor of Trouvelot's, attacked the caterpillars with kerosene and water. "I would scrape them off into an old dishpan holding about ten quarts," she said. "When it was two-thirds full I poured kerosene over the mass of worms and set them on fire."

Alternatives to spraying include aptly-named assassin bug (top), which feeds with proboscis on moth larva.

After initial mauling, oak tree sprouts reddish second growth. New leaves are toxic to gypsy caterpillars.

Parasitic wasp larva feeds on moth caterpillar, then builds its white cocoon beneath the dead or dying host.

Ready or not, here comes the gypsy moth

The gypsies, liberated from the natural enemies that had regulated them in Europe, had found a home in the New World. The state of Massachusetts fought back by assigning men to scrape the egg masses off trees, apply creosote, band trees with tarred paper strips and spray them with an arsenical insecticide so potent that it inspired one of the first antispray protests on record. The apparent success of the control efforts persuaded the Massachusetts men to halt the project in 1900, but the moths promptly resumed their march. They nibbled on through Massachusetts and soon moved beyond it: to Rhode Island in 1901, New Hampshire in 1905, Connecticut in 1906 and Vermont in 1912. By 1922, they were in New York.

The first large-scale effort to stem the moth invasion was the establishment of a 25- to 30-mile-wide "barrier zone" in eastern New York, between Long Island Sound and the Canadian border, in 1923. Parasites imported from Europe and liberal applications of a lead arsenate insecticide were the chief weapons, but the gypsies once again proved unstoppable. By the 1930s, they had not only infested the no-moth's-land; they had also leaped beyond it.

With the development of DDT in the 1940s the ultimate solution at last seemed at hand. The federal government subsidized a massive aerial spraying campaign in 1956 and 1957; eradication appeared imminent. But revelations of the compound's lethal effects on wildlife led to a ban on DDT and the collapse of yet another strategy. The moths, as always, came back hungrier than ever: in 1970 Connecticut suffered the severest defoliation it had yet experienced—425,000 acres. Pennsylvania was stripped of nearly 100,000 acres in 1971 and 900,000 in 1973. The bug fighters, meanwhile, bet their diminishing stack of chips on the chemical insecticide Sevin, on the bacterial spray Bt and on an expanded research program aimed at the evanescent goal of "management."

Caterpillar waste, called frass, makes a telltale sound like raindrops when pellets fall through the leaves.

The aim: kill the pests, not the rest

Sevin is better than DDT because it does not persist as long in the environment. Though officially approved by the Environmental Protection Agency and effectively employed in several states, it is regarded dubiously by the public because of fears that it may contaminate water and endanger human health. Many scientists consider those fears unjustified, but Sevin does slay honeybees and it also kills many of the "good" insect parasites that prey on gypsy moths. Bt is made from a bacterium, *Bacillus thuringiensis*, which occurs naturally in the environment. It apparently does not have any adverse effects and it does not kill bees, but it is toxic to other leaf-eating caterpillars, not just the gypsy moth. Presently, the ARS is working on a viral spray that affects only the gypsy.

Of various other new schemes under consideration, the most diabolical is the production of a synthetic pheromone like the one the female moth emits to attract the male—the gypsy's perfume. The idea is to baffle the male by permeating his habitat with the fragrance. "The old man wakes up and can't find the old lady," explains James Lashomb, an entomologist at Rutgers University. "Then he sniffs and realizes it's going to be a long day. She's everywhere." The main liability of this tactic is that it works only in low-density populations.

Several other approaches to gypsy management are still in the preliminary stages. The most beguiling have to do with research suggesting that stricken trees produce a chemical which toughens and protects their

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Inside wispy cocoon (top), hairy caterpillar changes into a segmented pupa. In two weeks, a moth emerges.

leaves as a self-defense mechanism. Other evidence raises the possibility that some trees communicate "warnings" to other trees through chemical emissions.

Reflections about tree talk seem far removed on a June afternoon in Cecil County, Maryland, when Ralph Webb is out checking his caterpillar catch. The bearded, middle-aged scientist wants to know the practical effect of an insecticidal cartridge he is testing in a state forest. "Listen!" he says suddenly. "Hear it?" A faint patter whispers through the leaves—the same sound I heard in my yard a few summers earlier. Frass. "OK, here's the first test tree," Webb announces. "Now, let's count the number of dead and live larvae in each of the drop cloths." The drop cloths are staked beneath the treated trees.

Webb begins to count, brushing dead caterpillars off the drop cloths onto the leafy litter. "They're easy to kill, you know," he says. "We can make them jump through a hoop in any particular area. The problem is cost. How much are we willing to pay?" He moves on to the next complex of staked hammocks. A robin settles lightly on a high branch. "We can't eradicate them," he says. The thought makes him frown. "But we *can* control them." He holds up a small, feeble-looking caterpillar corpse shaped like a V.

Webb is something of a Green Beret in the antimoth corps. He wants the enemy eliminated as soon as possible and he is prepared to use every available weapon to achieve that end, including pesticides. "I've spent most of my career working to develop alternatives to pesticides," he says. "But there are times when you have to spray." The way to do it, Webb explains, is to hit the defoliating front of the gypsy moth invasion. "That's the engine driving the train," he says. "We had a plan to do that in Pennsylvania, but the state pulled the plug on us."

Pennsylvania had an ostensibly valid reason for pulling the plug. The state detected a high population of gypsy moth parasites in its woods, and forestry officials counted on that population to take care of the pests. As it turned out, the parasites weren't much of a factor and the gypsy moth made a fateful turn south.

Maryland is taking the brunt now, Webb explains as he trudges toward another tree in the thick, leaf-carpeted woods. Also western Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey. "They'll hit Washington, D.C., in two or three years, but they're getting clobbered on their way through Maryland." Forestry officials in Maryland are spraying with Bt, Sevin and Dimilin, a cheap chemical growth inhibitor that prevents gypsy larvae from molting but does not kill beneficial insects. The white oak is Maryland's state tree, which gives it a special reason to go on the attack.

Webb points to a grove of bare-limbed trees. "It turns a lot of people around to see something like that," he says. "They say, 'Spray me! Spray me!' " He continues to pluck dead larvae from the cloths, noting the results on his clipboard. "The stuff seems to have an effect," he says, adding up the numbers. They show 277 deceased caterpillars in the treated trees as opposed to 29 in an untreated control group.

Back in the car, Webb taps a restless foot on the floor in a steady tattoo as we prepare to leave. "Listen," he says intently. "My job is to work the bugs out of the system. People say leave them alone. I say, 'I speak for the trees.' I love trees. Trees have feelings, too."

Several days later, I returned to Connecticut and inspected my trees. Some small holes in the middle of a few oak leaves, nothing more. No caterpillars sighted. No frass. Leafy, bountiful June filled every window. Had nature imposed its balance on Connecticut gypsy moths? I doubt it; the memory of that barren summer is still raw. They'll be back.

Caterpillars move from tree to tree by swinging from silken thread, like this agile acrobat, or by crawling.

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By Helen Dudar

Down in Dallas, art has a new home on the range

The city's ten-gallon museum is impressive enough to humble J. R. Ewing; creating it involved an effort by the entire community

Third-floor galleries include exhibitions of African and Asian art. In foreground is show of Indonesian art.

After all the big dinners for the big givers were over, and after the curatorial lions and cultural critics had come and gone, the new Dallas Museum of Art opened to the public one balmy Sunday last winter with a celebration as sweetly cozy as a neighborhood street fair. There were cookies and punch; there were clowns and string quartets; there were balloons declaring "A great city deserves a great art museum," which had been hoarded by the director's wife since the bond-issue campaign four years earlier. By closing time, 14,000 persons had passed through the doors. The crowds may have been dense at times, but they never choked the building and they satisfied the new institutional populism which has decreed that 12 warm bodies competing for space around an art object are more significant than just one or two.

What the public saw was some first-rate art and some pretty good art in a suave setting designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes and already pronounced a success by much of the American art-media establishment. In tones that faintly bespoke surprise, the new museum had been found urbane—it is—and described as austere—it is not, except to anyone who may have come expecting marble halls and stone griffins at the roofline. But then, Dallas, at least the moneyed, sophisticated stratum that helped drive this civic monument to completion, *knows* that much of the world expects the city to live up to the vulgarities of TV soap opera.

Weeks before the opening events, when paintings were leaning against walls and vitrines were yet to be filled, Harry S. Parker III, the director of the museum, led a visitor through the galleries, pausing now and then before a star of the collection and stopping once to succumb to a seizure of gloat. "You know," he said, "the cliché view of Texans is that they build a very elaborate building with nothing in it. Some people have been lying in wait for something like that."

Now, Harry Parker—in Dallas the name is one word, Harryparker—comes out of the Northeast, out of Hotchkiss and Harvard and the New York University Institute of Fine Arts, out of a decade of Metropolitan Museum apprenticeship at the feet of the legendary James Rorimer and the side of the high-powered Thomas Hoving. He has been ten years laboring on behalf of this enterprise, and it's hardly a surprise that he has absorbed the native sensitivity, the abiding preoccupation with image.

There are people who will tell you that without Harry Parker, the new museum would never have come about. Parker himself, a perpetually rumpled figure with an energy level approximating one medium-size generator, concedes, "I've been consumed—what's the other word? Obsessed is a fair way to describe it." But the obsession, he notes, has been thoroughly shared. The fact is that the Dallas Museum

Barrel-vault entrance, a striking detail of the museum, has its roots in the architecture of Mykonos.

of Art, achieved with public and private funds amounting to more than $50 million, is the result of a remarkable collaboration involving a small core of people of means who gave the project the kind of finicky attention that Boulle must have lavished on an armoire for the king. The president of the museum, Irvin L. Levy, for instance, who is also president of a large industrial chemicals firm, knows exactly what kind of carpeting is underfoot because he sat around fingering swatches of woven wool while an interior designer discussed the relative durability of each sample.

As a rule, great cities acquire great museums with age; it takes time for money and tastes to ripen. Although Dallas is a relatively young town and has been slow in maturing, it has had an art association since 1903, a brave, shaky civic effort which survived for years on a pittance in a series of temporary quarters.

When Dallas was chosen for the site of the 1936 State Centennial celebration, the public financed a permanent structure in Fair Park, the State Fair grounds. There, in an Art Deco building of no particular distinction, the museum survived for the next several decades, its interests heavily, if not exclusively, focused on regional art. In the late '40s, the museum passed up an opportunity to buy a life-size Henry Moore, *King and Queen*, at what was a favorable price of $12,000.

In 1955, succumbing to the Red-scare hysteria of the times, the museum's board caved in to demands that it keep its walls safe for democracy; it removed a Picasso and a Ben Shahn from display.

This event distressed no more than a few residents, among them Betty Marcus, who had come to the city

In Contemporary galleries a Henry Moore sculpture, foreground, faces an Ellsworth Kelly canvas to left of it.

Modigliani's *Boy in Short Pants*, gift of the Fikes Foundation, is fine example of the Modernist's work.

David Smith sculpture stands before a Morris Louis canvas, at back. An Adolph Gottlieb hangs at far right.

Manet's *Portrait of Isabelle Lemonnier*, painted about 1879, was of a favorite subject of the aging artist.

from New York in 1947 as the bride of Edward S. Marcus of the Neiman-Marcus department store family, and was hard put to find people who shared her passionate interest in modern art. Mrs. Marcus spent months in a private and ultimately successful campaign to sway the museum's trustees to a policy that would allow art to be displayed on merit alone.

By then it seemed time to start building a new collection. Thus, the Dallas Museum of Contemporary Art was born in 1957 in space rented in a shopping center on a county highway. The Marcuses lured other young couples into the venture, notably their close friends John D. Murchison and his wife, Lupe, and bought or borrowed work for shows that jolted old Dallas. What they chose to hang on their own walls—Rauschenberg, Helen Frankenthaler, Morris Louis—even shocked their nearest and dearest. "My children," says Lupe Murchison, "thought we were crazy. They were embarrassed to bring their friends home."

The Contemporary lasted five years. By then, both museums were competing for the same art dollar. When the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts (as it was then called) proposed a merger, the Contemporary agreed. The union brought to the older institution fresh, younger blood for the board and an important collection of younger works.

The merger also gave the board of the newly combined museums two strong-minded women who would dominate the later quest for a new museum. One was Betty Marcus; the other, president of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts at the time of the merger, was Margaret McDermott, representing old Dallas, reserved and shy-seeming, but with assured tastes and wealth and a determination that would, in time, make her the most powerful force on the board.

Mrs. McDermott is the widow of Eugene McDermott, the Brooklyn man who, with two partners, created the brilliantly successful Texas Instruments. The McDermotts, discerning collectors themselves, seem always to have been on hand when serious funding was needed. The pre-Columbian and tribal arts galleries at the museum are particularly fine because when three prime collections came on the market, McDermott money—Mr. McDermott died in 1973—was available and ready to buy them or to share in the purchase.

The other donor name seen frequently on wall labels at the Dallas is Algur H. Meadows, a free-spending oilman whose gifts include some of the museum's strongest modern works, among them paintings

Claes Oldenburg's *Study for Stake Hitch* shows how sculpture will dramatically occupy barrel vault.

by Clyfford Still, Sam Francis and Franz Kline. A late starter, Meadows began collecting by buying Spanish canvases of obscure saints, but he developed an eye for a wide range of styles and periods.

In 1967, he was memorialized on the front page of the *New York Times* as the collector with 50-odd French paintings, at least 44 of which expert opinion had judged to be forgeries. Anyone else might have switched to big-game hunting. "But he accepted it," says a friend, "as though someone had told him, 'You have a dry hole,' and went right on buying."

He learned, however, to take expert advice. "Al loved buying things and he loved giving things away," says William Jordan, who came to Dallas as director of the Meadows Museum of Spanish art at Southern Methodist University and is now deputy director of the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth.

"When he was flying up to New York in his plane for a short trip, he'd call me or Merrill Rueppel, who was director of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and he'd say, 'Come with us and let's go shopping.' We'd go out and he'd buy a Pollock and a Rothko for the museum and maybe a Henry Moore for his house. By lunchtime, he'd have spent maybe a million dollars."

Meadows' art-buying companion and guide, Merrill Rueppel, came from St. Louis in 1964 to run the museum. He stayed for nine years, made a number of shrewd purchases and, in the process of greatly professionalizing the museum, alienated a few people. From all accounts, he was simply a frank man who, instead of offering gentle advice, was tactlessly apt to tell a novice collector he was buying terrible things.

"Dallas hasn't made its move yet"

Rueppel left to become director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Dallas trustees began a hunt for a replacement. The discovery of Harry Parker appears to have been a model case of institutional *coup de foudre*. At one point Betty Marcus, who headed the search committee, remembers asking him, "Why do you want to leave the Metropolitan Museum and come to Dallas?" Parker, who had achieved a top position at the Met as director of education before his 30th year, replied, "Because Dallas hasn't made its move yet." "He sensed it," Mrs. Marcus says, "and we sensed in him the ability to motivate people."

The Dallas trustees are given to saying things like, "Harry Parker hit this town running." He arrived at the start of 1974, smoked an Everest of cigarettes and was a beamish presence at any sort of public or private event that wanted him. There is surely a darker side to Parker—a man who is a tooth-grinder can't be all smiles—but his public persona is soothing and winning. Trustees trusted him; collectors were willing to deliver art into his custody. In his first five years in Dallas, Parker attracted about $6 million in new works.

By then, the Art Deco building in Fair Park, crowded and poorly lit, had become an inhospitable setting for new works. In 1976, with the promise of City Hall support for a new building, Parker and the trustees began an architect hunt, a process that would consume six months. With expert help, the search committee winnowed a big list down to ten, and not only had elaborate personal interviews with the candidates, but actually spent hours on the telephone questioning clients and learning about their past experiences.

The committee's choice, Edward Barnes, is a quiet, courtly figure who had already produced successful museums (the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the Scaife Gallery in Pittsburgh). Moreover, he is a Bauhaus man, wedded to a stylistic simplicity that promised not to overwhelm the art. It was Barnes who urged the site, 8.9 bargain acres at the northern edge of downtown, overlooking the First Methodist Church, a

New Yorker Helen Dudar writes often about cultural subjects. She wrote about New York's Chelsea Hotel in the December 1983 issue of SMITHSONIAN.

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The Harvest

At our family winery, we have, for three generations, created wines to complement food. It is a heritage that extends far beyond our eighty years in California, to the small village of Farneta in Northern Italy.

During the 1983 havest, I joined the families of Farneta in the vineyards where my grandfather, Samuele Sebastiani, learned the ancient art of tending noble vines. The wines of these family vineyards are paired with local foods and served proudly throughout the region.

Our own family vineyards in California have seen many changes since my grandfather's day, but with each improvement in the vineyards and in our wines, our original vision remains intact. "Wine and food and family and friends are the classic ingredients of a gracious dinner table." It is our respect for this tradition that will always direct the Sebastiani Vineyards style of winemaking.

Above: A family affair, the 1983 Farneta harvest was a glimpse of his own heritage for Sam Sebastiani, above right in blue shirt.

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My wife Vicki has created an exciting match for this wine with *Frutti Di Mare al Spiedino*. This dish married the flavors of prawns and scallops with parsley, watercress and seasoned bread crumbs. If you would like one of Vicki's complete menus inspired by our visit to Italy, please write to the address below for your free *"Italian Harvest Menu."*

Discover Sebastiani Vineyards, a family winery in the Sonoma Valley.

Sam J. Sebastiani

For your free "Harvest Menu," write: Sebastiani Vineyards, Dept. A-1, P.O. Box AA, Sonoma, CA 95476

Henri Matisse's paper cutout collage, *Ivy in Flower*, was made in 1953 in the artist's creative old age.

Roman Catholic cathedral and an otherwise dingy vista of used-car lots and crumbling buildings. It was also Barnes who saw that this 60-acre wasteland could be zoned and developed as an arts district, the already proposed culture-cum-commerce complex that would transform downtown—now lifeless after business hours —into a full-time city.

The museum, having asked the city to raise $18.7 million (later increased to $24.8 million), set out to find at least as much from private sources; the assignment fell to George V. Charlton, an investor—tall, lean, old Texas and old money. Mrs. McDermott had already promised a million; almost immediately, an anonymous donor added a second million.

Charlton went from one local foundation to another soliciting a million from each, and to his amazement getting it. In time, the museum would bank close to $30 million in contributions from individuals and foundations. Confident of success, the trustees sat back and waited for approval of the bond issue in June 1978. Bond issues seldom failed in Dallas. To the establishment's shock, the voters exuberantly sank this one.

If nothing else, Parker had the support of a stubbornly resilient group of trustees. Ten days after the defeat, they voted to take new options on their site, the old ones having lapsed with the bond vote. The museum had been part of a larger, costlier cultural package for the entire arts district. This time the trustees persuaded the city to let them make a second run without encumbrances, and they raised $250,000 to convert the electorate. Richard D. Haynes, a corporate attorney, devoted the better part of the next 15 months to a full-scale campaign: bumper stickers, volunteers on phone banks, radio spots and, of course, stress on the new creed about what a great city deserves. It was not so much a campaign as a crusade.

The second referendum, in November 1979, was, of course, successful, and construction began in 1980 under a unique arrangement: fretful about cost overruns, the trustees' building committee leaned heavily on its chairman, Vincent Carrozza, a veteran Dallas developer. In real terms, the building belongs to the city. As a practicality, Carrozza functioned as "the owner," the troubleshooter to whom all problems could be swiftly referred for swift solution. When the job was done, it was $1.8 million below original estimates.

What Dallas got for its money is a serene horizontal oasis in a forest of towering glass. Edward Barnes' design is a prairie-style museum, rambling gently on its big site, eluding monotony by small variations in wall height and frequent inserts of green growing things.

The architect's only flourish is the barrel vault (p. 58). "The little tomb," Barnes fondly calls it, noting its roots in Mykonos architecture. It is Barnes' homage to ecclesiastical space, the surprise of a sudden soaring elevation—40 feet in this instance—one gets on entering a cathedral.

It's a big building organized on a human scale through a canny arrangement of space. Down one side of the museum is a concourse, 456 feet long, which functions as an indoor street. Running off it are galleries, the auditorium, shop, library and education wing.

Daylight is Barnes' special gift to the museum. Al-

Mondrian's *Blue Tree*, circa 1909, is from critical point in artist's work, as he ventured into abstraction.

Thus far, museum's most popular painting, a major acquisition, is Frederic Edwin Church's *The Icebergs*.

Bought anonymously at auction in New York in 1979 for $2.5 million, work was later given to the Dallas.

Gold pectoral, dating from A.D. 400-700, is from Colombia; it is part of fine pre-Columbian collection.

most everywhere it filters down over the art from small skylights, or pours into a room from a courtyard. You cannot walk 50 feet without encountering a touch of the outside: sky, grass, moving water.

There are problems: the space of the barrel vault overwhelms even large contemporary works. But that problem may be solved with the installation of a monumental Claes Oldenburg sculpture. For nearly a decade, Oldenburg has been transforming everyday objects into large-scale outdoor works. When the museum solicited a piece for Dallas, the artist came up with a proposal for three gigantic nails piercing the vault from the outside. Barnes, although "terribly amused," confesses he felt "a little like Saint Sebastian."

Oldenburg concedes the approach may have been a bit aggressive. His next idea was *Stake Hitch* (p. 62), a design that seemed so apt for Texas and so fitting a memorial to the late John D. Murchison, a major force in the building of the museum, that his family offered to pay for the commission. The stake is about 16 feet high and will appear to penetrate the floor, emerging from the ceiling of the loading dock below; its rope, two feet in diameter, will reach up into the ceiling of the vault. If it works, it will anchor the indoor space.

Beyond the glass doors of the vault gallery, the view outside is still a stretch of largely unkempt land that is to contain the arts district to come. If everything that is projected is completed, it will encompass an I. M. Pei-designed concert hall, a new theater, a performing arts hall for opera and ballet, stores, hotels, apartment dwellings and more. Right now, the only new element is the massive, nearly complete LTV tower built by Trammell Crow, a Dallasite who is one of the country's major real estate developers. Crow prudently bought the property two weeks after the defeat of the bond issue when land was selling for about $25 a square foot. The price is now around $200.

"The threat of success," Barnes calls it with a gentle smile. The menace even looms over the museum itself. In its struggling years, its holdings seemed so sparse that visiting friends of Dallas residents would occasionally contribute a good piece; in such a fashion, Mrs. Mary Lasker, the New York philanthropist, once donated a large Matisse collage, *Ivy in Flower* (p. 65). Sitting at his office table the day after the opening, a weary Harry Parker mused, "One might say we benefited from being in need." Then with a low rumble halfway between a laugh and a giggle, he wondered, "How are we gonna do when we're rich and famous?" He looked worried for about five seconds.

Constantin Brancusi's *Beginning of the World* is of an elemental shape placed on a cruciform pedestal.

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By James Conaway

On Avery Island, Tabasco sauce is the spice of life

Seasoned ex-Marine Walter McIlhenny, patriarch and president, inspects bottled hot stuff at headquarters.

A wildlife refuge in the heart of Louisiana's Cajun country owes its existence to salt, peppers and a family-operated condiment company

Rising unexpectedly out of the coastal marshlands in southern Louisiana's fabled Cajun country is a startling geologic and cultural phenomenon known as Avery Island. Not an island at all, really, but an upthrust salt dome about six miles in circumference, Avery is covered with woods, meadows and fields. On October evenings those fields burn with the reddish-gold of ripening peppers, and snowy egrets roost by the hundreds in the exotic gardens nearby. Birds and peppers are curiously related here.

The peppers go to make Tabasco sauce, a fiery condiment that has probably piqued half the taste buds in America. Although Avery Island is the place where Tabasco got started more than a century ago, the sauce has long since made its presence felt all over the world. Tabasco was with Kitchener in Khartoum (". . . a correspondent cannot live on soda water and Tabasco Sauce alone," complained George Warrington Steevens, who wrote about Kitchener's African campaign). A bottle of Tabasco was photographed on a mess table during a halt in the excavation of Egypt's tomb of Tutankhamun. In the 1930s, Tabasco caused something of a rebellion in the English Parliament when the government's "Buy British" campaign put a temporary end to the stocking of the condiment by the House of Commons restaurant. Tabasco was taken along on some of the earliest Himalayan mountain expeditions. Eventually it went into outer space aboard Skylab, America's scientific space station, and today it can be found on food-store shelves in at least 100 countries.

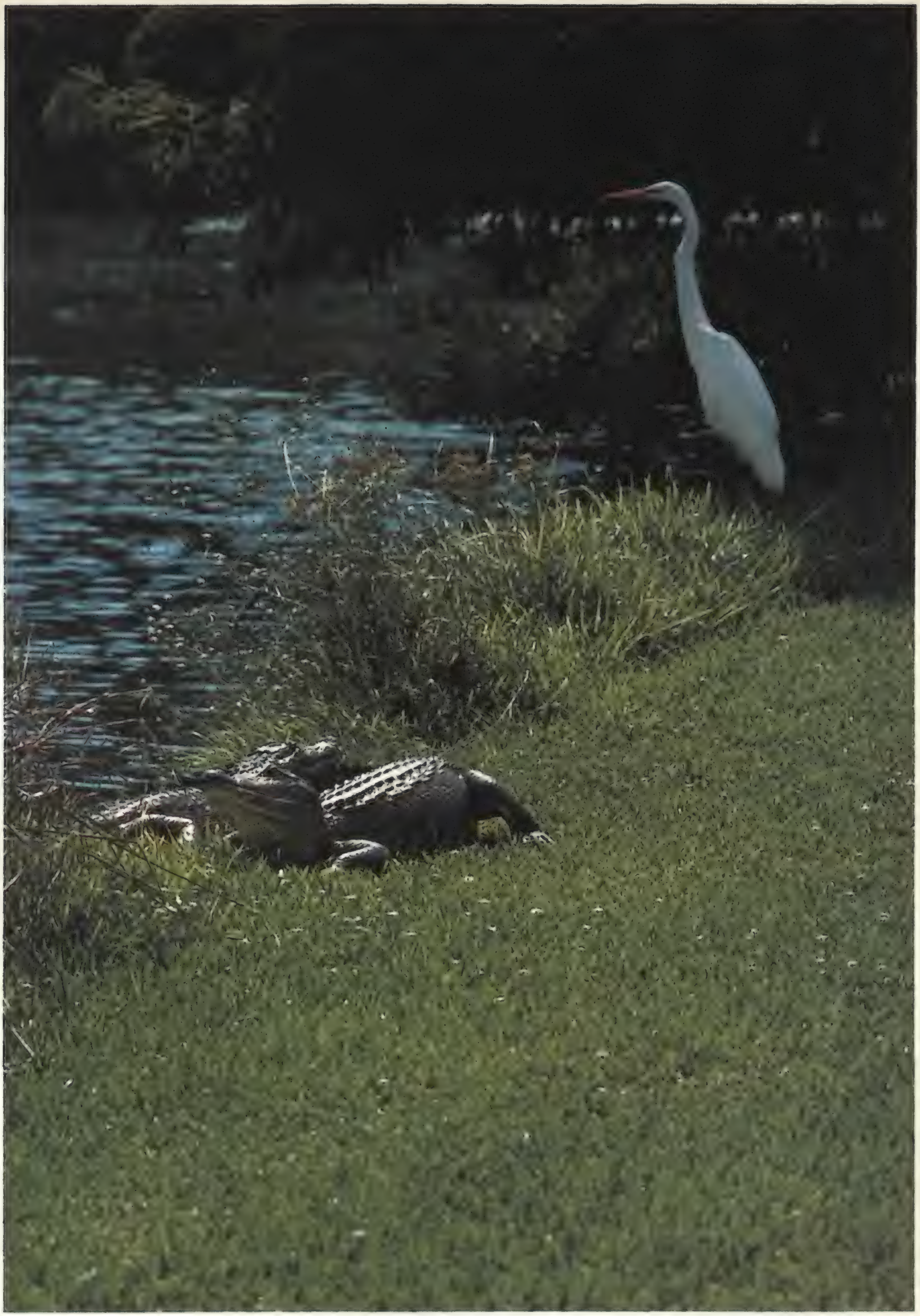
Tabasco is not Avery Island's only product—or even, for that matter, its most profitable one. The nation's first salt mine is located here and it produces 1,500,000 tons a year. There are also numerous oil wells on Avery which, together with several dozen others in the surrounding marshes, extract more than a million barrels of crude annually. Despite these potentially damaging activities, Avery Island's fragile beauty has, if anything, been enhanced over the years, thanks to the strong conservationist instincts of its owners—and that's where the birds come in. More than 20,000 egrets and herons make the island their home, and so, for that matter, do alligators, snakes, muskrats and deer. Avery Island is a spectacular wildlife refuge that owes its existence to salt and pepper.

Every morning at precisely 11 o'clock, Walter McIlhenny (above), grandson of the man who invented Tabasco, leaves his office on the island and drives a quarter-mile down the hill to the factory to inspect the pepper mash. His full mustache and military bearing suit a retired Marine brigadier general, yet there is a courtliness about him that belongs to a gentler era. He never goes tieless into the fields or the factories, where he has inspected pepper mash six days a week for almost 40 years.

The sight of his foreman, Julius Derouen, whose father, Dutille Derouen, worked for the McIlhennys

Savoring the sun, a pair of alligators bask on Avery Island while a wary great egret cools off in the shade.

Photographs by David R. White



as a blacksmith, is almost as familiar to him as the aroma of fermented Capsicum peppers permeating the enormous room. One dozen open barrels made of Kentucky oak, each containing 400 pounds of mash, have been lined up on the concrete floor. They represent a "potting." Derouen hands his boss a spotlight on a long cord, and drives his scoop into the three-year-old mash. It glows red in the incandescent beam as McIlhenny inspects it for true color, smells it for traces of spoilage and then moves on to the next barrel.

Within minutes the mash will be mixed with vinegar, forming a slurry. A gas mask hangs nearby, offering protection from the overwhelming fumes to employees who clean the vats. Wooden paddles blend the slurry for a month before it is filtered and fed into the bottling plant next door. There, it will be injected into the familiar Tabasco bottle, emblazoned with the Tabasco label and a bit of green foil, and packed for shipping—187,000 bottles a day, 50 million a year.

Leaving the factory, McIlhenny makes a ritualistic drive around the island, an autonomous domain with its own roads, village and two general stores. Only the post office, the school, the railroad tracks and, seasonally, the parked cars of the itinerant pepper pickers are evidence of the outside world. In October, the terraced fields are full of pickers, tin cans tied around their waists, a colorful medley of hats, blouses and jackets, and of languages—English, Laotian and the French patois spoken by the Cajuns, the descendants of early settlers from Nova Scotia. Huge live oaks draped with Spanish moss (p. 83) grow right in the pepper fields. Beyond windbreaks of pine, the marshland stretches toward the sea.

McIlhenny's family has been living here since 1818. His father, John Avery McIlhenny, brought his wife-to-be to the island in the early part of this century; she was duly impressed with its bounty, if a bit overwhelmed by McIlhenny ways. "They always wore black tie in the evening," says her son, "unless someone important was visiting. Then they wore white tie." In the middle of his wife's first dinner on Avery Island, John Avery McIlhenny left the table and went out into the fields with a rifle. "He came back and told my mother, a bit pompously, 'My dear, I have just shot you a bear.' "

John Avery was a Rough Rider, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt and, later, Ambassador to Haiti. The McIlhennys entertained President Roosevelt's daughter, Alice, when she visited Avery Island with the daughter of Roosevelt's Secretary of State, Elihu Root. A party was thrown in the salt mine by the McIlhenny family for the two debutantes. A tombstone cutter imported from New Orleans sculpted a statue of Lot's wife deep in the mine; tables and chairs were also carved out of salt. On the night of the party, candelabra filled the mine with glittering light, while servants stood in the shadows, singing.

It was salt that created Avery in the first place, salt deposited by the sea that covered the entire area 200 million years ago. Some cataclysmic event in the Earth's crust later drove columns of pure salt to the surface. There are five such "islands" in southern Louisiana, supporting flora unlike that found in the surrounding marshland. Avery Island is the loftiest of the five domes and the most prominent elevation on the Gulf Coast. Its 152-foot elevation constitutes the visible peak of a saline mountain that reaches 50,000 feet down into geological time.

A man from New Jersey, John Craig Marsh, bought part of the island in 1818, planted sugarcane there and extracted salt from the brine springs. The island never bore his name, but the raised Caribbean cottage that he built on high ground, overlooking serpentine Bayou Petite Anse and the endless stretches of watery land, still does. Marsh's daughter, Sarah, married a Baton Rouge circuit-court judge named Daniel Dudley Avery in 1837. Their eldest daughter, Mary Eliza Avery, a product of boarding schools and the finer haunts of the antebellum Gulf Coast, married a self-made New Orleans banker named Edmund McIlhenny of Scotch-Irish descent.

The McIlhennys fled New Orleans in 1862 when Union forces, under the command of Gen. B. F. (Spoons) Butler, entered the mouth of the Mississippi. They found refuge on Avery Island. It might have re-

Walter McIlhenny's cousin Paul weighs freshly picked peppers while another cousin, Edmund, checks color.

In the fall, pepper pickers bend to their task in one of the McIlhennys' fields of *Capsicum frutescens*.

Spicy saga of a Southern sauce

Edmund McIlhenny stands guard over seeds of pepper under benevolent gaze of Tabasco's founding father.

mained what it was then, a marginal and obscure sugarcane plantation, but Judge Avery's son, John Marsh Avery, tried to enlarge the salt spring and discovered pure, mineable rock salt less than 20 feet below the loamy surface. That changed his family's, and the island's, history drastically. Salt was needed to preserve meat for feeding troops, but salt shipments to the Confederacy brought an invasion of Avery Island by Union forces in 1863. The Averys and McIlhennys then fled to Texas. Two years later, they returned to the depressed South to find a ruined plantation, a plundered house and little else.

At about that time, peppers made a fateful appearance on the island. Exactly how they got there, however, is not clear. According to one story, Edmund McIlhenny brought a variety of peppers called *Capsicum frutescens* back from the Texas wilderness, a red-hot manna upon which the family would rebuild. The official family version takes a different tack. It traces the peppers to a traveler who was passing through Louisiana before the Civil War. The traveler gave Edmund McIlhenny a handful of Capsicum peppers from Mexico. The seeds of those gifts went into Judge Avery's kitchen garden and the hardy plants survived the Yankee occupation.

McIlhenny's friends tried it and liked it

Whatever the origin of his peppers, McIlhenny knew what he wanted to do with them. He chopped them up, mixed them with vinegar and Avery Island salt, put the mixture in wooden barrels to age and funneled the resulting sauce into second-hand cologne bottles. He then tried out the concoction on some of his friends and they liked it. As for what to call it, McIlhenny considered many possibilities but, according to his diaries, he was struck by the name of a river in southern Mexico: Tabasco.

The sauce was a quick and phenomenal success. In 1868, 350 bottles went to selected wholesalers. A year later, McIlhenny sold several thousand bottles for one dollar apiece, and three years after that he opened an office in London to handle the increasing demand from European countries.

But it was salt, not Tabasco sauce, that opened Avery Island to the outside world. In 1880, the American Salt Company contracted to operate a mine there. A tramway and embankment were built connecting the mine with Bayou Petite Anse, and a canal was dug to give salt-loaded lighters access to Vermilion Bay. From there, great salt schooners sailed across difficult shallows to the Gulf of Mexico and beyond. In 1886 a branch line of the Southern Pacific Railway linked Avery Island with the town of New Iberia, providing an easier way to ship salt—and Tabasco.

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Worker salts peppers, which are then conveyed, at back, to crushers, which render them into pungent mash.

Last hoop is put on oak barrel in which mash is aged before being mixed with vinegar, bottled and shipped.

When Edmund McIlhenny died in 1890, his Harvard-educated son John—Walter McIlhenny's father—took over the family business. He traveled around the United States talking to merchants his father had known and promoting the sauce in a thoroughly contemporary manner. "I had bill posters prepared," John McIlhenny later wrote, "and had large wooden signs on the outside, in the fields, near the cities. I had an opera troupe playing a light opera. . . . I gave away many thousands of circulars and folders, and miniature bottles of Tabasco pepper sauce."

John joined the expeditionary forces for the Spanish-American War and he returned from the Battle of San Juan Hill too restless to reassume his commercial duties. Instead, he traveled extensively. All of the McIlhennys seemed to be fond of foreign ports; often they arrived in some exotic setting to find that their father's product had preceded them. Family legend has it that John's mother received letters on the same day from three perambulatory sons—in Peking, St. Petersburg and Pretoria—all of whom had been served Tabasco with their morning egg.

James Conaway, a writer for the Washington Post, *is a former Louisiana newspaperman and has written two books, including a novel, about politics there.*

John was succeeded by his brother, Edward Avery McIlhenny, known as "Mister Ned." An energetic naturalist, Ned participated in scientific expeditions to the Arctic and elsewhere, and imported to Avery Island many rare species of plants, which were duly placed in what came to be known as the Jungle Gardens. He banded thousands of migratory birds, and established sanctuaries where they would be protected. At the beginning of this century, the popularity of ladies' plumed hats threatened the existence of snowy egrets. Ned McIlhenny and his workers searched the surrounding marshes, collected eight young egrets, raised them on Avery Island and then let them go. The birds returned to the island the following spring to form the nucleus of an egret population that today numbers in the thousands.

Ned wrote many books and magazine articles about conservation and wildlife. But while his work did much to increase Avery Island's national visibility, the production and sale of Tabasco sauce remained strictly a 19th-century operation. It was Walter McIlhenny who brought the company into the 20th century after he took over in the 1940s.

Walter keeps a cardboard-mounted color photograph of a life-size U.S. Marine in full-dress uniform standing outside his office door. He led a platoon of

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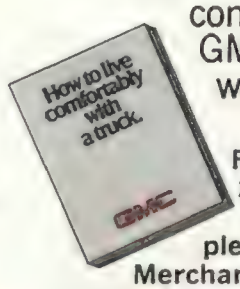

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Spicy saga of a Southern sauce

Avery Island is the tip of a 50,000-foot salt dome, and the underground mine there is the nation's first.

the 1st Battalion of the 5th Marine Regiment on Guadalcanal in World War II, and was decorated four times. Before the war, Walter worked out East as an engineer for an oil company, never thinking he would become patriarch of the family concern on Avery Island. Then, he says, "the older family members started falling like canes in a strong wind." He was called home.

"Walter's greatest contribution is that he has been able to hold the group together," according to his cousin, Edmund McIlhenny jr., an attorney and Tabasco vice president. "He has been scrupulously fair." He introduced modern management and marketing techniques, hired an advertising firm and began to bring food critics and other influential people to Avery Island, gradually creating a mystique about Tabasco, the pepper sauce that was made from an old family recipe and aged in oaken vats.

"I have resisted pressure to change the method of making the sauce," Walter says. He has experimented with accelerated aging which would increase profits, but the resulting quality of the sauce was unsatisfactory. Large industrial corporations that often offer to buy the McIlhenny Company might not be so concerned about marginal differences in taste, smell, heat concentration and that special pervasive quality Tabasco has when let loose in soups, stews and other dishes. "We could sell out," Walter says, "and give everybody involved a nice nest egg." He pauses. "But we came to Avery Island in 1818. We've been here ever since, and we want to stay here."

Hunting in Africa with Hemingway's guide

He lunches every day at noon in a house built by his aunt, Marigold McIlhenny Bradford, in the 1890s. The parlor and the drawing room reflect the tastes of a bachelor who hunted in Africa with the same guide used by Ernest Hemingway, and whose heritage is closer to untrammeled land than to the crowded pavements of industrialized America. Tiger, lion and zebra skins take up most of the available wall space, and the mounted heads of waterbucks look down with cool and timeless gazes.

A black houseman in a white jacket announces that the meal is ready. Behind Walter's chair hangs a portrait of his grandfather, facing a portrait of his grandmother between floor-depth windows overlooking the mowed meadows. On his left hangs a portrait of Gen. Zachary Taylor, his great-great-grandfather and the 12th President of the United States. The food is good country fare for men accustomed to hard work—braised pork, sweet potatoes, homemade rolls—accompanied by tumblers of iced tea. A bottle of Tabasco sauce rests in a silver coaster, which the host sends

At sundown, egrets converge on Avery Island from the surrounding marshlands to roost for the evening on piers constructed of bamboo. McIlhennys have turned their holdings into a sanctuary for migratory birds.

traveling the length of the polished table after generously seasoning his chop.

By 12:30, Walter McIlhenny and his cousins are all back at the new Georgian office complex next to the old Tabasco factory. In the foyer are displayed early bottles of Tabasco and comic strips from years past featuring Tabasco sauce. Upstairs the scene reflects both the tradition and the modernity of the Tabasco enterprise. Five Japanese executives from a Tokyo advertising agency have gathered in the conference room to discuss the latest campaign in Japan, the biggest foreign user of Tabasco.

Out in the pepper fields, the picking is done by 3 o'clock. The pickers gather on the "headland"—the ridge of high ground between fields, shaded by pine and oak, lined with boxes of the luminous red peppers. Those from the best plants are routinely collected for seeds for the following year's planting. Edward McIlhenny Simmons makes that choice. A trained naturalist, Simmons, 55, is another of Walter's cousins and will eventually take over the leadership of the company. He goes through the fields, methodically leaving swags of Spanish moss on the chosen bushes, just as his grandfather did before him.

The peppers are weighed and cash is paid on the spot in a kind of mechanized ritual. The weighing is always done by a McIlhenny family member, either Edmund or, more likely, his cousin Paul, also a vice president. Both men grew up in New Orleans, 125 miles away, but they chose to leave the city to join the firm. Edmund points out majestic live oaks growing right in the fields. "There are two things sacred on Avery Island," he says. "Oaks and alligators."

Paul, a former Marine Corps corporal, leaves his jacket in the car and walks the headland in shirt sleeves and tie, recording each worker's name in the bonus book for extra money to be paid at the end of the season. Then he climbs into the trailer where the scale is. A pickup pulls him slowly along the headland, where he receives each box of peppers and calls out the weight. The number of pounds is punched out of a ticket stub by a woman riding inside the truck, then the stub is given to the picker, who presents it to another McIlhenny employee with a metal cashbox on his lap. The air is thick with dust, the litany of called numbers, banter in three languages, and, always, the redolence of Capsicum.

A diminutive black woman in a straw visor tells Paul, after the weighing, "You missed me yesterday, for the bonus." She wants him to record her name anyway. "Give it to me for lagniappe," she says goodnaturedly, and he does.

Swinging belles from nearby New Iberia show up in greasepaint at Avery Island's annual Halloween party.

Most of the workers live in the nearby town of New Iberia. A good picker earns around $30 for seven hours of labor. In years past it has sometimes been difficult to muster up enough people to get the peppers in. Recently, however, hard times have helped bring the laborers back to the fields.

"If Uncle Ned hadn't planted these peppers," says Elizabeth Dupre Delcambre, 70, who has been picking on Avery Island for longer than she can remember, "we wouldn't have the work." She wears a green bandana around her head and a straw hat over it. "It's a good feeling, being out with all the people you know. While you're making your money, you're passing the time." At night, she soaks her hands in warm water to take away the heat; in bed, she says, visions of peppers dance before her eyes.

Actually, only about five percent of the peppers used in the total production of Tabasco sauce these days are grown on Avery Island. The bulk are grown in Honduras, Colombia and Mexico, where the mash is put into barrels shipped from the United States and then returned to Avery Island for aging and, eventually, bottling and distribution.

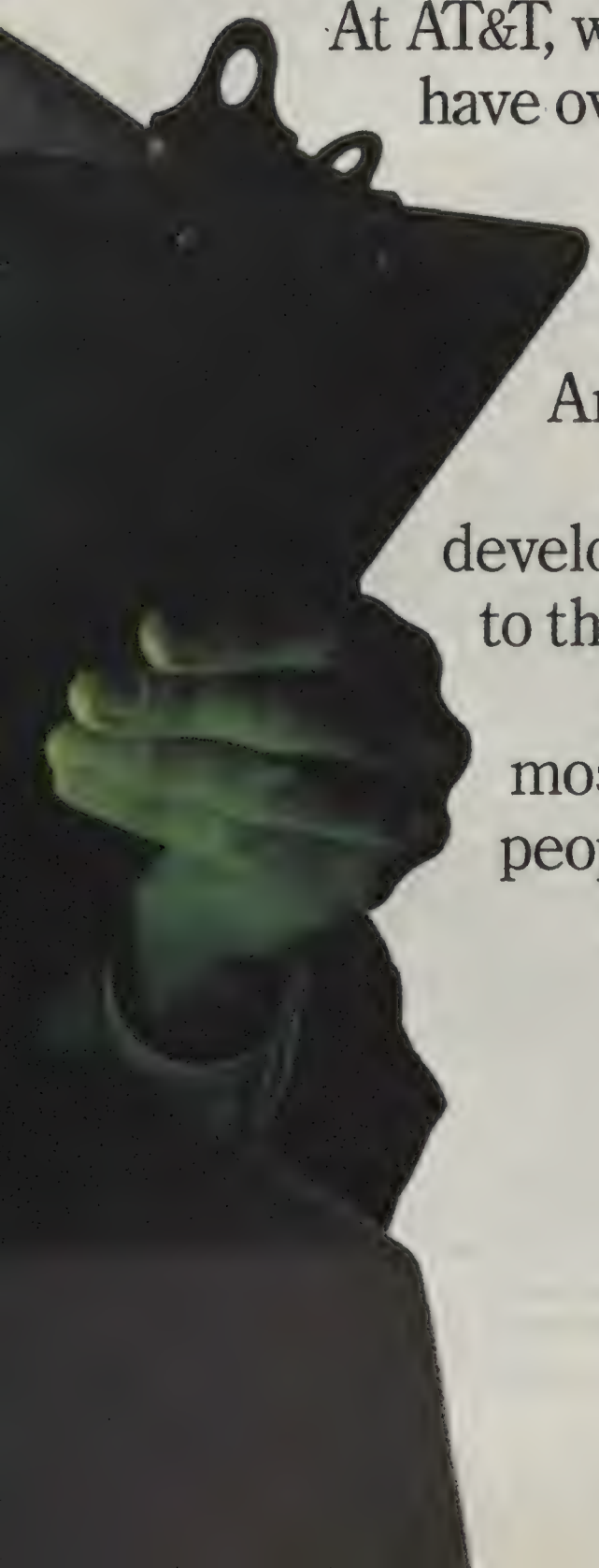
Now, the truck loaded with boxes of peppers rumbles over the dirt road to the crusher, located in the old Tabasco factory next to the office building. A man stands on a platform, tossing salt into the peppers—eight pounds of Avery Island salt for every hundred pounds of Avery Island peppers. A lift carries the mixture into the crushers; twin spouts feed the newly rendered mash into barrels. A mist rises from the peppers, so powerful that a big floor fan is switched on to dispel it. A secretary emerging from the office building races across the blast of peppery air toward her parked car.

A man wielding a mallet secures the wooden tops to the barrels—the tops have tiny holes which allow gases to escape during fermentation—and pounds on the last stainless-steel hoop. (Iron barrel hoops will disintegrate in the presence of salt-and-pepper mash.) A hoist grips the barrel, lifts it from the concrete floor and carries it along a corridor to the enormous aging shed where hundreds of barrels are stored.

Across the road from the shed, boys play football on the communal lawn. They are the sons of workers in the McIlhenny factories and maintenance facilities. In an hour, darkness will descend. The last barrel of the day's mash has been stored; now the shadows of the shed fill with the sound of bubbles rising slowly through the ripening mash.

Festooned with moss, a live oak spreads gnarled limbs over ripening peppers—and boxes to be filled.

TO CURE TECHNOPHOBIA YOU NEED A GOOD PSYCHOLOGIST.



A lot of people have a real phobia about new technology.

At AT&T, we have someone who can help. In fact, we have over 150 of them.

Psychologists who observe people to test their reactions to new products.

To find out what they're comfortable with. And what they're not.

And as we develop new products, we develop new ways of testing people's reactions to them.

You see, at AT&T we believe even the most advanced technology is of little use if people are afraid of using it.

AT&T. We're reaching out in new directions.

AT&T

By Michael Olmert

Hail to heraldry, a most intricate and revealing art

Welcome to fields where lions ramp, bends can be sinister, mullets are stars, and the gules will always be rosy

Reginald Davis

All 13 members of the College of Heralds, including Kings of Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants, march at Windsor Castle in Order of the Garter ceremony.

The legend, at least, is clear: Once upon a time, a few Celtic warlords were roving over the wide Atlantic, extending themselves and their boats northwest from Europe. When they spied a green headland, it occurred to them to race for the beach—the first one to touch land, it was understood, would acquire the whole place for himself and his descendants. But as one slower boat slipped slightly but inexorably behind in the churning surf, its captain, the brave O'Neill, decided on a rash act. Deliberately wielding his battle-ax, he chopped off his own left hand and hurled it ashore, thus claiming the territory forever.

In the bargain, O'Neill—great ancestor of all the Irish princes of Ulster—won for his people not only a homeland, but also an emblem, the Red Hand, a badge by which their shields and property could be spotted afar. The Bloody Hand of Ulster, as it is sometimes called, is one of the oldest of heraldic symbols.

Anyone trying to fathom the intricacies of heraldry for the first time is likely to find it a baffling business. The difficulty, though, is mostly a matter of vocabulary, the special language used to describe coats of arms and crests—in short, all the paraphernalia of full-blown heraldic recognition. Even today, blazon (as heraldic description is called) is still written in a perverse combination of Norman French, Anglicized Latin and antique English. It looks and sounds exactly as it did in the 15th century. The heraldic description of the O'Neill's Bloody Hand, for instance, reads "argent, a sinister hand erect couped gules," which means "on a silver background, the palm of a cut-off left hand, erect and red."

This sort of thing has always confused me. Gules, particularly. And at last, figuring that the fault was in me and not in my stars (or mullets as they are called in heraldic language), I found my way directly to the source, London's College of Arms, now entering its 500th year as a corporation serving the British Crown. (There I quickly learned that the word gules simply means "red," and is derived from Hebrew, Latin, Arabic and Norman French, in which it refers to the delicate coloration on a bird's or animal's throat.)

Rescued from the Great Fire

Although the officers known as Royal Heralds have been around since at least the 12th century, their college only received its charter of incorporation from King Richard III in 1484. One of its earliest buildings was a former townhouse of the Earls of Derby, but that was lost in 1666 during the Fire of London. Fortunately, most of the college's priceless library was saved by a few "diligent petitioners" (people who were applying for coats of arms). Rescued were, among others, the celebrated Fenwick Roll (opposite), an

Photographs by Ian Yeomans

Catalog of antique shields, the Fenwick Roll, compiled about 1550, contains coats of arms for 1,035 English noble families. Number 94 starts with the basic boar's head of Sandfords of Shropshire, adding (from left) variations for eldest son, second son (crescent), third son (ring) and the fifth son (star, or mullet).

Heraldic scroll, known as Arundel 23, traces lineage of Edward IV from Adam and Eve to late 1400s.

These are the Armes and Scales of Ludlowe in ye
countie of Salop, incorporated by King Edward the Fourth in the
first yeare of his reigne, by the name of Bailiffes Burgesses
and Communaltie of the towne of Ludlow: the said King in
consideration of the laudable and voluntary Services performed
by the said Burgesses and Communaltie in assisting him in
the acquiring and obtayning of his right (the Crowne of
England long time from him and his ancestors withholden)
and the great danger of life, calamities, robberies, theftes &
pressions, losse of goods and other greevances which they
for him

Arms given town of Ludlow for resisting enemies of Edward IV are aptly topped by prickly porcupine.

actual rolled-up manuscript detailing 1,035 coats of arms belonging to English nobles, circa 1550; and my favorite, another manuscript roll modestly known as Arundel 23 (above), which traces heraldic insignia from Adam and Eve to King Edward IV (1461-1483).

The present college building was remodeled shortly after the fire (possibly by Sir Christopher Wren, and certainly in his style). Although on Queen Victoria Street, virtually in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, it escaped major damage in the Nazi blitz of London, and is still in use.

Inside, the building houses the officers' chambers and a manuscript library for its 13 collegiate members and their staffs. All 13 are often called the Royal Heralds—and all are members of the Queen's Household—but their more precise titles explain their somewhat different functions. There are three Kings of Arms (Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy & Ulster), six Heralds (Lancaster, York, Somerset, Chester, Richmond and Windsor) and four Pursuivants (Portcullis, Rouge Dragon, Bluemantle and Rouge Croix). Most Kings' and Heralds' titles are derived from the names of Royal Duchies, except for Garter King of Arms, named after England's most prestigious earnable title, Knight-Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The heraldic names of the four Pursuivants reflect various royal and Christian symbols: the red cross, the

At left, Portcullis Pursuivant Peter Spurrier works on the design for a new coat of arms. Eventually clients (after paying $1,260) receive a Patent of arms like one above, plus red box and gold seals.

red dragon, the blue mantle (worn by Knights of the Garter) and the portcullis (a sliding grille that protects a castle gateway, a symbol of the Tudors).

All 13 operate under the direction of the Earl Marshal, a hereditary position and title that now falls to the Dukes of Norfolk. And what do they do? Well, on January 22, 1674, King Charles II saw the Earl Marshal as "the next and immediate officer under Us for determining and ordering all matters touching Arms, Ensigns of Nobility, and Chivalry." The officers of Arms, he further declared, were "ministers subordinate to Our said Earl Marshal." Today, officers record pedigrees, undertake research into genealogy, and design new coats of arms (more properly called armorial bearings) for worthy candidates.

In addition, the Heralds are still responsible for protocol, the order of processions and the marshaling of all State Occasions. The Opening of Parliament and all regal rites of passage bring the Heralds out in all their plumage, but especially in their blue, red and gold brocaded surcoats, called tabards. Remarkably, a Herald in his tabard still looks precisely like the jack in a deck of cards.

Michael Olmert, who writes SMITHSONIAN*'s "Points of origin" column, has been curious about heraldry since he was a boy.*

The business of heraldry is often thought of as a mere anachronistic holdover from the feudal past. In fact, the corporation's present Heralds operate in two worlds. Each man is a respected historian (many hold advanced degrees) who knows how to coax the secrets of the past from the college's manuscripts. Each must be researcher, genealogist, specialist in English history and, at times, art historian. Second, each has to be enough of an artist and designer to develop new armorial bearings for modern Britons who apply for (and deserve) the honor.

Peter B. Spurrier, Portcullis Pursuivant (above), got his appointment just two years ago, and his overwhelming impression so far is the sheer amount of work involved. "At the moment, I'm 80 letters behind," he sighs. Most of these are to answer specific questions from the public. Like identifying the coat of arms on odd bits of silver or porcelain. Or elucidating the components of arms found in old churches or cemeteries. Or translating mottoes. "From all this," he continues, "I get no income. My salary, from the Royal Household expenses, is £13 [$19.50] per annum. My real income comes from two sources: designing and granting new coats of arms and carrying out pedigree research for people laying claim to old arms. Each of the claims must be proved historically before it can be confirmed."

Each Royal Herald makes his living as a free-lance arms expert. Each is expected to bring in his own clients—and give a portion of fees to support the college and its library. Moreover, each Herald employs his own stable of helpers. Spurrier has a records searcher, an artist to paint arms, a filing clerk and a part-time genealogist. In the best tradition of British scholarship, he does his own typing.

Essentially, there are two jobs to be done. The first is the design of a new coat of arms. "In this case," says Portcullis Pursuivant, "I meet the client and take down the particulars of his family and career. To be granted a personal coat of arms is a privilege due only to leaders in their fields—dignified civil servants, justices of the peace, university graduates."

"What about a great entertainer, like Paul McCartney of the Beatles?" one wonders. "Would he qualify?"

"He almost certainly would. He aids the nation's balance of payments and has given enjoyment to millions. The Queen, it turns out, put him on her honors list as an MBE (Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire) more than a decade ago. He is thus entitled to be addressed formally in legal documents as 'Esquire' (meaning a member of the English gentry ranking below a knight). After getting all the background on the candidate, the next thing is to draft a 'memorial,' a private document between the Earl Marshal and myself," Portcullis explains. It is signed by Garter, also. "If, after reading the record, His Grace the Duke agreed that McCartney deserved armorial bearings, he'd tell me to proceed.

"At that point, I would discuss the elements that Mr. McCartney wanted on his arms, say a chevron between three guitars, and come up with a draft design. But first I'd have to check through the college Records to make certain the design was unique in outline and color. The library, and its 500 years of records, is elaborately cross-indexed by color and design. Our real service to the Crown, besides maintaining these records, is to ensure that no two coats of arms are close enough to cause confusion."

Next, apparently McCartney would have to lodge his check of £840 ($1,260) with the Duke of Norfolk's secretary. As soon as the design sketch is officially approved, the arms become legally McCartney's and his descendants' property. He is entitled to reproduce them on his car, his house, on whatever he wants.

Several months later, the candidate-client receives his official Letters Patent, all written out calligraphically with the actual coat of arms painted on vellum. The scroll comes in a great red presentation box and is dripping with the huge wax seals and ribbons of the Kings of Arms (p. 89).

The second type of client is the family that wants to

This diagonal stripe is a bend. If it slants the other way, it is known as a bend sinister.

This horizontal stripe dividing the field is called a fess. If it were thinner it would be a bar.

Gold eel's head and pickaxes reflect union of Gascoigne family with Pygotes family.

establish a right to an existing coat of arms. "Based on a family name," says Portcullis Pursuivant, "I may find among the College Records the original armorial bearings granted. The next step is to prove that the claimants are descended from the original grantees in the male line." This research depends on the Heralds' Visitation Records. In the 16th and 17th centuries, in order to ensure that their dictates were being followed outside London, the Royal Heralds and their assistants (the Pursuivants, or pursuers) would travel to the outlands and set up courts in courtyards and inns. They would then summon all local gentlemen and knights to appear before them and prove their right to arms. Proof consisted of a sworn pedigree or perhaps a piece of ancient stained glass or a signet ring that confirmed the family's use of the arms since "time immemorial." If proof were not available, the Heralds could grant a new coat of arms, confirm or "attaint" (revoke) the use of the old one. The bound volumes of the Visitation Records and old lists of attainders are historic and artistic gold mines today and are among the great treasures of the college library.

Portcullis Pursuivant himself was smitten with the allure of heraldry when he was eight, "which is a bit late, I've learned. Most of my colleagues claim to have developed an interest when they were five or so." Indeed, the history of heraldry itself seems to reflect schoolboy passions: its raison d'être is war and play.

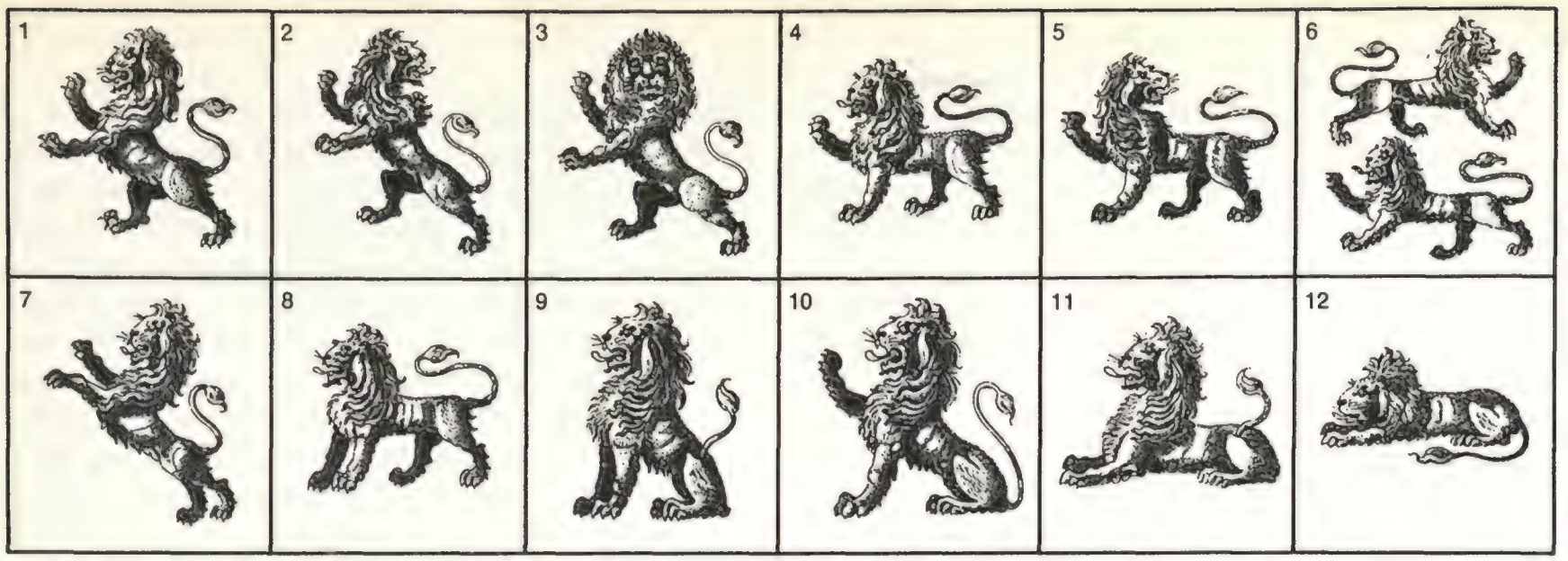
The original object of heraldic insignia was to provide satisfactory identification in battle, preventing a warrior from killing allies and comrades by mistake. The same need arose in tournaments; confusion was clearly a problem whenever people wore full body armor. In the Bayeux Tapestry, King Harold on the run is shown in the midst of the Battle of Hastings (1066) having to lift his helmet to identify himself. By the 15th century, when the Crusades and other "wholesome" wars in which friend and foe looked tolerably different were on the wane, the heralds had become masters of ceremonies and scorekeepers for Royal tournaments. (The college, incidentally, has a major collection of 16th-century tournament scorecards, which tell things like who broke a lance and who was unseated.)

Indeed, heraldry derives mostly from the arms and equipment of a medieval knight. From top to bottom, full armorial bearings usually include a crest, helm, mantling, shield, supporters and a scroll with a motto or war cry, some stately (*Dieu et mon droit*), some fierce (*Vincere vel mori*). So it was with a knight in a tournament. He wore a crest on top of his helmet showing, say, an arm holding a mace. His helmet and visor, in British heraldic depiction at least, were the key to his rank from sovereign to commoner. His hel-

Gules chevron on sable field with "standing dishes" are arms of the Cavendish family.

Sir John Hovell's "Sable a cross Or" means a golden cross on a jet black field.

"Or, a pile gules" describes the gold field with a red pile (wedge) of Chaundos family.



The courageous lion is most popular British heraldic animal. Basic stances are 1 *Rampant* (standing on left hind leg), 2 *Rampant regardant* (same, facing backward), 3 *Rampant gardant* (facing onlooker), 4 *Passant* (walking with right—i.e., dexter—paw raised), 5 *Passant regardant* (walking, facing backward), 6 *Counter passant* (pacing back and forth), 7 *Salient* (about to leap), 8 *Statant* (standing on all fours), 9 *Sejant* (seated), 10 *Sejant the dexter paw raised*, 11 *Couchant* (lying, head raised), 12 *Dormant* (sleeping).

met was protected by a mantle, which was apparently the more prized if it had been elaborately punctured and tattered in battle. In modern heraldry what is known as mantling is shown as a profusion of billowy, leafy shreds, often completely surrounding the shield.

The shield, or escutcheon, however, is the most important part of the full coat of arms. Its surface, called the field, can appear as one of five colors: gules (red), azure (blue), sable (black), vert (green) or purpure (purple). It can also be one of two metals: or (gold) or argent (silver), which are normally depicted with yellow and white.

Of the many things that can appear on a shield, the ordinaries (geometrical shapes) are the most common in British heraldry. A vertical stripe is called a pale; a horizontal one, a fess. The upper third of a shield is a chief. A chevron (an inverted V) is most popular of all.

A diagonal stripe is a bend (if it goes from top left to bottom right), a bend sinister if it runs the opposite way. One of the great howlers of heraldry is the phrase "bar sinister." It is claimed again and again that such is the sign of illegitimacy. But since a bar runs only horizontally, it can neither be dexter nor sinister (right or left). Even the bend sinister does not mean bastardy, though some families have used a small baton or bendlet (a much smaller strip or rod that does not reach the edge of the shield) to show illegitimacy (p. 94). Thus it is with the first Dukes of Cleveland, Grafton and St. Albans, illegitimate offspring of Charles II.

And another confusing point: the dexter and sinister parts of the shield are named from the knight's point of view. So the sinister/left side of any escutcheon is in fact on the viewer's right.

Other ordinaries on the field are the cross and the saltire (a diagonal cross). Ordinaries have contributed much to the development of modern flags. When Great Britain achieved union as the United Kingdom in 1801, the red cross of St. George's escutcheon (representing England) was combined with the white saltire on blue of St. Andrew (Scotland) and the red saltire of St. Patrick (Ireland) to create the Union Jack. And legend has it that our own Stars and Stripes (mullets and bars) were suggested by the arms of George Washington's family, landed gentry of Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire (p. 94).

Fields can also be filled with leaves, birds, stars, flowers, weapons, tools, almost anything. Their language, like a good deal of the language of medieval chivalry, is derived from French. There are animals, often lions, in scores of formal poses.

As an example of heraldic diction, consider the coat of arms of William Shakespeare's father, granted in 1596: "Or, on a bend sable, a spear of the first, steeled argent." This means that the shield is gold. And on a black diagonal stripe (a bend), there is a spear "of the first" color—i.e., gold—but with a silver point. The delight is its warlike crest, a falcon gripping a Tudor tilting lance (spear) in one of its talons.

The remarkable thing about heraldry, as the Shakespeare crest shows, is that much of its technical tedium is redeemed by a fine sense of humor. Puns are common and visual jokes, known as "canting arms," have always been encouraged. John Islip, the early monastic head of Westminster Abbey, had a rebus (a representation of words by objects whose names resemble the words or syllables in sound) that displayed an eyeball and a man falling out of a tree—for eye-slip. The joke can still be seen today in stained glass

These are the men. This is the machine.

The men.

These are the men of Ford Motor Company's Special Vehicle Operations. They are men more concerned about 0-50 than 9-to-5. Men who care more about getting through a curve than getting through the day. With that attitude, they designed the machine. By actual count, Special Vehicle Operations is 28 men. And a singular machine.

The machine.

To increase the power of the 2.3 liter, 4-cylinder EFI engine, the SVO engineers turbocharged it and added an air-to-air intercooler. For flexibility, they gave it the brain of an electronic turbo boost control. Its job: to regulate boost, ignition timing and air charge. It is the most sophisticated turbo control ever put on an automobile.

Then came a 5-speed gearbox with *Hurst*® linkage for short throws, a crisp feel. Below, they worked adjustable gas-filled *Koni*® shocks onto a 6-damper suspension. To sharpen handling, they revised the front suspension to yield an extra inch of vertical wheel travel.

Next, *Goodyear*® NCT tires. Mounted on 16"x7" cast aluminum wheels for premium performance and a tight road grip. And 4-wheel ventilated disc brakes for fade-resistant stopping power.

Then they designed a serious driving environment. To allow heel-and-toe downshifting, they repositioned the brake and throttle. For comfort and control, they developed unique articulated driving seats with adjustable lumbar and thigh supports. Complete analog instrumentation supplies immediate information.

When they were done, they had created what *Road & Track* has called perhaps the best all-around car for the enthusiast driver ever produced by the U.S. industry: the SVO.

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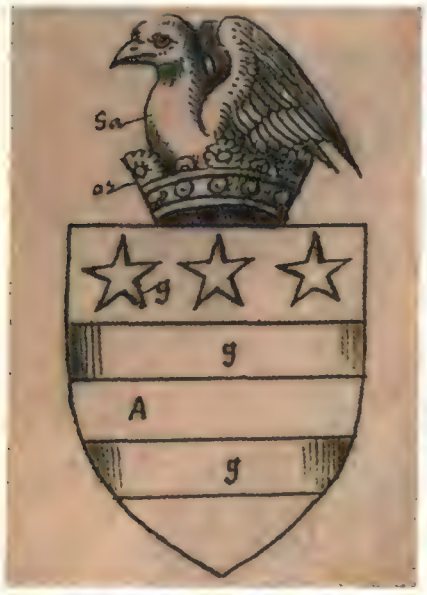
When we say, "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. A recent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And remember, get it together–buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

Ford Mustang SVO

Fitzroy arms, including lion and greyhound, have a small shield over King's shield with blue-and-white "baton sinister," which denotes Royal bastardy.



George Washington's family arms (left) include stars and stripes, and derive from the emblem (right) of John Wessington, granted during the 15th century.

(opposite) and stone carvings in the venerable Abbey.

"Puns and rebuses are funny only as long as we remember the men involved," Portcullis suggests. "The problem occurs when no one is around to elucidate the original idea. I've seen some very strange things. A hare's scalp with two ears? A fish with leeks for ears? It's sad that nobody now knows the original witty story that went along with such pictures." Speculation helps though. The rabbit could represent a forebear as timid as a hare but very clever when it came to listening (those ears) to sound financial advice. A sort of medieval stockbroker.

In the end, the stories, the folklore, the art and the personal history that lie behind the arms are what make heraldry sing. There is the crown and thorn on the shield of Sir Reginald Bray, said to date from the Battle of Bosworth Field where, on a thornbush, he found the crown of Richard III.

Or the black foot associated with the Welsh descendants of Cilmin Troed-ddu. In the ninth century, he is reported to have stolen a magic book from a den of wizards, who gave hot pursuit, as wizards will. But Cilmin knew he would be safe as long as he touched no running water. Unfortunately, while he was leaping over a stream during the chase, one of his feet got wet. Cilmin had to pass the remainder of his days with one black foot.

To me, however, the most haunting heraldic device is that red hand of Ulster. When King James I was casting about for a way to raise money in the 17th century, he settled on creating a new class above the gentry but below the Peerage, to be called baronets, who were to be hereditary knights. Anyone could be a baronet (abbreviation "Bart.") if he could provide the king's exchequer with £1,095. (This was an enormous sum, in an age when William Shakespeare, the world's most successful playwright, at the pinnacle of his career might make around £200 per year.) In return, the newly minted baronet would receive title to some small parcel of Ulster land, as well as the privilege of adding the bloody hand to the family coat of arms and the prefix "Sir" to his Christian name. In the intervening three centuries, that hand has made its way across the length and breadth of England on the graves of English baronets. It has inadvertently given rise to all sorts of horrific rumors, most often of grisly murderers perched somewhere back in the more secluded branches of the family tree.

But for the heraldic scholars at the College of Arms, the real story would have disappeared long ago.

Heraldry is full of visual puns. This stained glass, from the Islip Chantry Chapel in Westminster Abbey, shows famous rebus of Sir John Islip (i.e., eye-slip).

© 1984 Schenley Import Co., N.Y., N.Y.

The trophies are few and the purses small,
but the reason to run in the Glendevon
sheepdog trials is as old as the
Scottish hills themselves. Sooner or later,
every dog has his day.
The good things in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
never varies.

Villagers take advantage of the dry season on shore
at Pagan, in upper Burma, to bathe, wash, enjoy beach.

Irrawaddy's constantly changing configuration forms sandbars that are a menace to commercial river traffic.

By Alexander Frater

Life for Burmese goes with the flow of the Irrawaddy

River travelers on the Mandalay-to-Rangoon run find 20 miles of temples, a raftborne family, a ruby-studded scholar—and bad curry

On the road to Mandalay your shock absorbers self-destruct. Though tar-sealed and kept in a reasonable state of repair, many stretches seem to have been graded by plow, and only heavy-duty vehicles are likely to survive the 700-mile journey from Rangoon. Having come to Burma to sail down the Irrawaddy from Mandalay to Rangoon, we wished, before taking passage aboard our steamer, to get the measure of the river at the points where, unexpectedly, the meandering route we had chosen sneaked up on it and careered precariously along its crumbling banks.

We had called at the inland-waterways board in Rangoon to book our passage from Mandalay and the managing director himself elected to make the arrangements. A trim old mariner with an ascetic's eyes, he ran the largest fleet of river steamers on Earth—600 ships dispersed around the country, carrying 1.36 million tons of freight and 14 million passengers annually. We were, he said, the first foreigners to make the Mandalay-to-Rangoon run for many years, and he was anxious that we understood what lay ahead. "I must warn you," he said, with an apologetic bob of the head, "that the water is now very low and we are gravely compromised by sandbars. There is, I am afraid, a strong chance that you will run aground. Refloating your ship may take time. I strongly urge you to include plenty of books in your luggage."

With our van we headed for Prome, which stands on the Irrawaddy, and it was there that I caught my first glimpse of that broad and stately waterway. It came

Photographs by Colin Jones

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Ideal for river, shallow-draft steamer holds 60 tons of cargo, 400 deck passengers and warlike water bugs.

Local passengers, having claimed their living space on the vessel's upper deck, settle in for the trip.

curving sleekly in from the north, gliding past the little bluff on which the town stands, lying low between lofty cinnamon banks and mirroring the pale, hot-season sky above. Our driver had drunk tainted water and contracted gastroenteritis and now, sitting groaning at the wheel, took us through the arid, baking plains of central Burma at very high speed.

The Irrawaddy, I soon saw, was a built-up area, its banks crowded with villages, townships and settlements, while only a few miles away on either side, there was desolation, empty of people or human points of reference. If an astronaut passed overhead in the evening, when the lamps were lit, the 1,300-mile course of the river would be marked out for him in lights, a curving, radiant line reaching from China to the Bay of Bengal.

For me, Mandalay was one of the most romantic names on the map. The glittering sweep of the Irrawaddy forms the city's western boundary, its surface dotted with craft bustling around the shoals and sandbanks, leaving wakes like snatches of Arabic script. This is the true hub of the river, which flows from a glacier inside Burma's border with China, a couple of chill alpine streams merging at a great rock basin called the Confluence and then running south through dense jungle, past Bhamo, a smuggling center only 50 miles from the Chinese border.

Steamers ply between Bhamo and Mandalay all the

year round, negotiating en route two defiles where the river narrows and quickens. One is of interest because it passes the mines which produce the world's finest rubies, the other because it is spectacular and, on occasion, very dangerous. Here the Irrawaddy, a mere 300 feet wide, runs turbulently between towering cliffs lined with wild beehives. Close to the entrance stands a large rock, shaped like a parrot's head and painted green and red; it is this the steamer captain consults first. If the water touches the tip of the beak it means a fast, difficult ride ahead. If the beak is submerged he steers for the bank and waits for the level to recede. Then, racing down the defile, he heads for a sheer wall of rock at the end with a tiny pagoda stuck, limpetlike, near the top. At the last moment he puts his helm hard over and skids out of the defile and back into the broad, placid waters of the orthodox river.

Now, along the banks, there are ducks, geese and waterfowl and, inland, barking deer, sambars, bison, rhino, elephants, tigers, leopards and many kinds of bears. A day later he docks at Mandalay. The next stage is the main-line run down to Rangoon, the longest section of all, and it was that, the following morning, on which we planned to travel.

David, a uniquely qualified river guide

In Mandalay, the inland-waterways board sits at the end of 26th Road. A man emerged from its warehouse-type offices. His bearing was military, his gaze direct, his shirt and skirtlike lungi neatly pressed, his English fluent and idiomatic. He shook hands and said his name was Maung Maung Lay, but that we were to call him David. "I'm the board's Marine Officer here at Mandalay," he said, "and I've been delegated to come with you on the steamer tomorrow as far as Prome, three days' sailing. At Prome you will catch another ship for the final leg down to Rangoon. I was a steamer captain on the Irrawaddy myself, so I hope I can make some sense of the river for you. That's your vessel down there. You want to come and look her over?"

She was a creek steamer, small, double-decked, iron-hulled, built for service in the tortuous waterways of the delta (opposite). Her presence on the blue-ribbon run between the nation's two main cities was due to a recent management decision to use their few remaining paddle steamers, Clyde-built monsters able to take a thousand passengers on decks like tennis courts and once the glory of the fleet, for freight. "This is a T-Class vessel," said David, "given to us by the Japanese in 1947 and still going strong. She can carry 60 tons of cargo and up to 400 deck passengers, and she's powered by Kelvin diesels with automatic transmission. Her great advantage on the Irrawaddy, especially at this time of year, is that, unladen, she draws only four feet six inches. Even so, there's still a strong chance that we'll run aground somewhere. She arrived this morning from Prome and, on the way up, got stuck twice."

She was called *Tainnyo*, or *Dark Clouds*, and passengers (opposite) were already claiming sleeping space on the upper deck, laying out their mats, food and possessions on either side of a high metal grille. "That's the panic barrier," David remarked, "to stop people rushing from side to side and turning the ship over. They do that when storms blow up, and we've lost half a dozen of these T-Classes that way. The trouble is, they roll badly even in a one-foot swell."

"When is the storm season?" I asked. "You can get some quite interesting storms about now," he replied.

There was a simple cabin on the upper deck, built over the bow to catch the breeze and intended for traveling monks. For a small surcharge we could have access to it as well: a table and chairs, four wooden sleeping platforms without mattresses, a washbasin and a lavatory made of teak. The bathroom was walled off, and it all seemed very satisfactory.

We were due to sail at 5:30 the next morning and arranged to meet on board half an hour beforehand. Then, having visited the black market for a few last-minute provisions—pillows, rum, a Thermos, a couple of pineapples—I went to bed early. At 5 A.M. we reported to the shore to begin our 600-mile journey.

Down on the river the ships were tricked out in lights and brilliant on the dark water. Two vessels, moored side by side, were preparing to sail, and both were thronged with shouting, shoving people; the air reeked of diesel oil, sweat and anxiety. I asked a corpulent, turtle-faced old monk in an orange robe which ship was bound for Prome. He glowered, then yelped

At each stop are "regiments of women with trays of cheroots, sweetmeats, fruit and roasted chickens."

Across the Irrawaddy from Rangoon, villagers wait in line to board a two-oar ferry that will take them to the capital city. River serves the nation both as a life-sustaining artery and a lively main street.

and menaced me with his staff, almost driving me onto the horns of a pair of wild-eyed water buffalo tethered close by.

I scrambled aboard the next steamer and made my way forward. In the bow a figure knelt beside a great teak wheel, praying in a soft, rapid voice, asking that good fortune be attendant upon the coming voyage. An iron vase was fixed to the prow—standard issue on all Irrawaddy steamers—in which had been placed a bouquet of gaudy leaves and freshly picked flowers. The man rose from the deck, sprinkled them with water, then tenderly rearranged them. Behind him a companion leaned sleepily on the wheel, chewing betel, his teeth black, lips crimson. "Is this ship going to Prome?" I asked. He nodded. "You're the captain?" He pointed to the man attending to his flowers. "Him captain, mister. Me pilot."

I thanked him and made my way to the forward cabin on the upper deck. David sat magisterially at the table, preparing to dispense miniature cups of green tea. "The first few miles are difficult," he said, "due to the number of wrecks around Mandalay. Over there, under the far bank, there are 96. Downstream there are many more, several hundred in this stretch of river alone. They are buoyed, of course, but still a hazard to shipping."

The author is editor of Great Rivers of the World, *to be published in August by Little, Brown and Company, from which this article is adapted.*

Those sunken vessels, I knew, were nothing less than the mortal remains of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, forerunner of the present outfit, deliberately sunk in 1942 to keep them out of Japanese hands. But now I had heard that plans were afoot to raise some of the wrecks and rebuild them. "It's true," David confirmed. "And such thinking is very Burmese. If you can't afford new ships, then dig up the old ones and put them back to work. Improvise! Improvise! That is our watchword. In Mandalay, you know, we have craftsmen who are building Land Rovers from Seven-Up tins."

The telegraph jangled and the siren gave a stentorian roar. On the prow the flowers trembled as our twin diesels pushed us slowly out into the stream. It was 5:20 and Kipling's dawn, coming up out of China, turned the eastern sky pink and made the river as lustrous as dark silk. We passed Sagaing, a progression of rounded hills crowded with pagodas and once the royal capital. All royal capitals, in fact, were built on the banks of the Irrawaddy. The Burmese kings cherished their river. They processed up and down it in crimson barges shaded by giant silken awnings, their courtiers fawning about the Golden Feet of the royal personage, while their generals and scholars made war and taught the scriptures along its length, and their subjects traded down every mile of it. It was, and is, the artery which nourishes the nation and without it the nation would perish.

With engines geared down, we nosed into a tiny

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With a thatched hut squatting amidships on their bamboo raft, Burmese family drifts downriver toward the Andaman Sea. There they will sell for export hundreds of teak logs that are chained under the raft.

dock to load potatoes and bundles of monks' begging bowls, Sagaing's major manufactured product. We were carrying 240 passengers and 60 tons of cargo: onions, rice, livestock, cheroot wrappers, bales of wet and dry tea leaves and polished teak veneer for temple facings. David, the old riverine mariner, did a few sums in his head and announced that our draught was just over five feet.

We went forward to visit the skipper. He stood contemplatively in the bow with folded arms, reading the water ahead like a musical score. The pilot sat on a small bench behind the wheel, his bare feet resting on the spokes, one hand clasping a truncheon-size cheroot, the other a tin bowl in which to catch his volcanic discharge of ash and sparks. There was little conversation between the two men. "They are listening to the sound of the bow wave," David explained in a low voice. "When it grows soft, it means the water is getting shallow. When it vanishes altogether, you're in trouble. And he is using his feet on the wheel because the steering on these old T-Class ships is so heavy you need the full power of your leg and thigh muscles."

We were motoring past a bamboo raft about an acre in size. A thatched hut stood in the center and, before it, a woman squatted by a fire, preparing breakfast. Two men sat and smoked in the sun nearby; a small girl knelt at the edge, dipped her hands in the river and washed her face. "Teak," said David. "Under the bamboo, hundreds of logs are chained together, and they're drifting down to the sea for export. You also see plenty of jar rafts—bamboo platforms floating on thousands of tall clay cooking jars. The trouble with them is that they have a four-foot draught, and when they go aground the jars break."

The Irrawaddy was beginning to bustle. Old country craft, laden with cargo and driven by ancient, thumping engines, lumbered by, drawing veils of blue fumes behind; a massive pusher tug shoved a barge of crude oil up to Mandalay; a local ferry cut diagonally through the traffic carrying a lorry and two oxen and, all over the place, there were fishing skiffs running before the breeze with patched sails billowing like the wings of exotic butterflies. The breeze was fitful but at any moment could grow into a wind which, howling out of nowhere, would clout us like a 12-inch shell. These high-sided steamers could be turned right over by the impact, so skippers had to keep an eye constantly peeled for telltale spirals of dust approaching cross-country. If you spotted one the rule was simple and inflexible: ring up full speed, run for the nearest bank and get your passengers ashore as fast as they could be urged to jump.

It was growing hot. At the stern there was a food stall run by a handsome woman with fine eyes and a teasing smile. She dispensed the snacks from a splendid antique dresser of oiled teak, worth its weight in rubies at a London auction house. We drank tea, ate delicious little sweet cakes—kept tied, with a plastic bag of sugar, to the ceiling, out of the way of the ants—and tried a savory snack of wet green tea leaves mixed with nuts.

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Ghostly sentinels of Burma's past, the remains of 5,000 pagodas—these are a fleeting portion—stretch for 20 miles along the river below Pagan, the ancient capital and still the spiritual heart of the nation.

The temperature in our cabin was 105 degrees and climbing. On the decks the passengers sprawled listlessly, most sleeping, a few reading the comic books available for hire from the food stall, but all sitting up when we stopped to load and unload people and cargo. If there was no landing stage the captain simply beached the ship, driving it hard up onto the mud beneath the bank; at once, regiments of women with trays of cheroots, sweetmeats, fruit and roasted chickens balanced on their heads (p. 101), clambered aboard like pirates, yelling for customers as they came.

At sunset, miles from anywhere, we ran aground. All at once there was a sustained grinding noise from below. The engines stopped and the *Dark Clouds* began listing from side to side as the deck passengers began moving anxiously about. I recalled that grounded ships often remained stuck for several months, and that the masters were obliged to remain aboard until their vessels had been refloated. (A 19th-century skipper put one of King Mindon's little Italian sternwheelers on a sandbank and was beheaded on his own foredeck.) But our man, prodding at the bottom with a cane, seemed calm enough. He ordered the engines full astern and the steamer trembled violently as a cloud of frothing water, the color of bitter chocolate, streamed away past her bow. Then he rang up full ahead and, with her plates grinding like iron teeth, the ship inched forward. Backward and forward we went, painstakingly digging our own trench and, within half an hour, the skipper got us out of there. It was a performance of consummate skill.

Missing: thousands of purloined pagodas

Before dawn the next morning we pulled away from Pakokku into the deserted gunmetal river and made for the ancient capital of Pagan where, at 7 A.M., we ran up onto the sandy beach to discharge passengers. Running downstream, we saw the 5,000 temples that stretched for 20 miles along the foreshore like a setting for some stupendous Asian opera. The Burmese claim there were once 13,000 pagodas here, and that the missing ones had succumbed to earthquakes, pillaging armies and the ferocious climate. Many were exquisite miniatures the size of wedding cakes and have been carried away to decorate gardens in Frankfurt, Tokyo and certain lordly estates in England. But those 5,000 remain and it takes two hours to sail past a unique perspective of stupas, domes and cupolas, some soaring hundreds of feet into the shimmering air (opposite). Though it is inhabited today by farmers and makers of lacquerware, it remains the spiritual heart of Burma. The country's first king, Anawrahta, was enthroned here in the 11th century. It remained the royal capital for nearly 250 years, only falling when

Cliffside grandstand of Buddhas, carved during era of kings, looms 300 feet above river at Gautama Hill.

an eccentric monarch named Narathihapate, "the swallower of 300 dishes of curry daily," murdered an envoy sent by Kublai Khan and, fearing retribution, abandoned the city and fled away down the Irrawaddy. Pagan was destined to become the most fabulous ghost town on Earth.

The last pagoda vanished around a bend and the *Dark Clouds* steamed on cautiously, still wary of the shallows, though David was confident we would complete the day's run without further mishaps. "The current is faster now and we should be able to jump any sandbars we hit. But on this river, of course, you can never be sure. It changes its configuration all the time, every hour, every day. You might have a 50-foot channel over there at dawn. But by dusk it will be gone, silted up, and a new one will have opened up on the other side. The skippers suffer from frustration and nervous troubles, and are the only masters allowed to have their wives along with them for solace."

David was in high spirits. He rigged up a portable cassette player, powered by a couple of old car batteries, and put on a selection of his favorite tapes, including one by a performing monk who had gone to the top of the Burmese hit parade with a recorded anthology of sermons, songs, homilies and jokes. But, while still enjoying his royalties and his new star status, the monk was murdered by five men who tied him to a tree and drove a jeep into him.

Lunch was terrible, a chicken curry consisting of blackened fragments of beak, crop and claw. All day we had been steaming past isolated industrial complexes producing chemicals, concrete, fertilizer and oil and, in most cases, paid for by foreign governments and run by expatriate engineers. We paused at Yenangyaung. It was here, centuries ago, that the Burmese first struck oil. The wells, operated by hand, were

traditionally owned by the same 24 families, who sold their crude up and down the river for preserving wood and lighting lamps. In 1795 a young army officer named Michael Symes, on his way upstream to reestablish British diplomatic relations with the Golden Feet, called at Yenangyaung and was shown a cupful. Symes was astonished. He had never seen oil before but he noted its possibilities and sent urgent dispatches back to HQ in India, insisting that this strange combustible stuff had a significant future. The dispatches were given a cursory reading, then filed.

Under way after a swim—it was like plunging into warm bouillon—we drank neat rum and watched the dusk turn the river into the color of lemons. Trees had begun to appear on either side, misty blue hills loomed out of the eastern horizon. "There used to be monkeys playing along those banks," said David, "but the army shot and ate them all. We lost a ship hereabouts several years ago—a T-Class steamer, just like this one. It was caught in a flooded *chaung*, and that is one of the most terrible things that can happen on the Irrawaddy. It's when a cloudburst causes a flash flood in a dried-up streambed which carries everything before it—trees, animals, even people. Only last year a visiting dance troupe was performing for a village in a dry creek bed when the water caught them. Everyone was washed into the river and, days later, we were still picking up the bodies of the dancers in their bright silks.

"Along the length of the river there are thousands of these *chaungs* and every one is a potential menace," he went on. "It makes a roaring noise when in spate, and that is something a master must always listen for because, if it strikes his ship broadside on, there is nothing he can do. The T-Class we lost was steaming at night. It caught him at 4 A.M. and that ship vanished entirely. We knew where it went down and we even went looking for it with metal detectors, but it was buried under thousands of tons of sand and there wasn't a trace of it."

Talk of the *chaungs* had made David morose. He spoke of a great flood when, since there was no real estate for burials, the dead were wrapped in mats and launched upon the river, bobbing corpses through which he had to navigate his side-paddler. We docked at Magwe and after a dinner ashore prepared by a mad-eyed, bare-chested cook who muttered and sweated into our fish soup, we returned aboard, unrolled our sleeping bags and prepared for bed. But the ship's water bugs were massing to meet us. They seemed as large as lobsters and, wheeling like cavalry, they mounted charge after charge across the deck. David laughed. "The Thais eat those," he said, scornfully, while I took a silent bet that, in their time, they had also eaten a few Thais. Later, squadrons of mosquitoes came banking in off the river to lend air support with some tactical strike work. When the false dawn filled the cabin with murky light they all went away—followed by a plump rat which wandered off through a hole in the bulkhead.

That afternoon, while taking on onions and charcoal at Kama, we struck a storm. All at once the sky turned black and raindrops came whanging down like dumdums. A ferocious wind suddenly sprang up and the skipper shouted at the women loading the cargo to quit the ship. Clouds of dust whirled about us as, with engines full ahead, we ran for open water, the pilot complaining loudly that he had sand in his eyes and couldn't see. Listing heavily, the ship plunged and yawed among the hissing, foam-capped waves. David called the captain a dolt and yelled down to him to get to the bank. He needed no urging and hit it at such speed that he buried his bow deeply in streaming red earth. Then, as abruptly as it had come, the storm receded, leaving behind it the washed pink skies of evening.

The river: a boy's dream, a mother's nightmare

We made good time to Prome, and as we steamed along, David talked with a particular intensity about his relationship with the river. He had run away to it as a child, signing up as a ship's boy and when, soon afterwards, his elder brother drowned in it, his mother's dislike of the Irrawaddy became implacable. His wife had gone into labor aboard one of David's own steamers and their first son, after a difficult delivery in the forward cabin, was stillborn. Lots of babies, he added, were lost off the ships; carelessly positioned by their parents at night, they rolled under the guardrail while they slept. "In an emergency," he said, "we must cope by ourselves because these vessels are not equipped with radio. If something goes wrong it can

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be as much as two or three days before help arrives."

At the People's Hotel in Prome we made our way upstairs to small, squalid, windowless cubicles with graffiti-covered walls and unwashed concrete floors. Aboard the ship my feet had begun to swell (David had diagnosed water-bug bites) and now the size and circumference of pink footballs, they were starting to ache; also, a fever was coming on.

The following afternoon we boarded the *Taing Kyo Saung*, or *Patriot*. She was a T-Class too, but her cabin had been spruced up and the floor dusted with anti-vermin powder. It worked a treat, but my enlarged feet left prints in it the size of rhino spoor.

We sailed soon after dawn. One of the wonders of the river was soon to come. Gautama Hill is a 300-foot-high cliff extending for one and a half miles and, cut into its entire length, are hundreds of images of the Buddha. Some are done in relief, others are busts inhabiting niches, many are painted and gilded (p. 107). They had been commissioned by devout local monarchs. At the time of the kings this was known as Tax Point and ships were obliged to pay a toll before being allowed to proceed.

The first day's run was quiet. At the stops we swam, noting that the current was more vigorous than ever. Entering lower Burma, the river now seemed to feel the distant tug of the sea. We were now in the area alleged to breed the world's largest mosquito and that night, when they arrived and began bleeding me, sleep became difficult. I rose, lit a candle and settled down to work on my notes, but fleas began dancing on the page so I closed the book and gave up.

Daylight brought changes. The river flowed majestically between high, commanding banks, the pilot doing a sedate slalom around the sandbars. The countryside looked lush and prosperous; even the bamboo groves had a special sheen to them, and there were flights of mallard all over the place. In the afternoon an old scholar joined us. He was bound for the city and wore, in the buttonholes of his white silk shirt, rubies the size of chick peas. He sipped tea impassively while abeam of us 100 yards of riverbank suddenly split off and fell into the water. Perhaps 1,000 tons of earth vanished beneath the boiling surface, but it was such a commonplace happening that our friend didn't even give it a second glance; each year whole villages vanished, victims of erosion. We had heard the rumbles and seen the splashes of collapsing banks all the way down as the river steadily devoured the countryside and flushed it away to the Bay of Bengal.

That evening the sun sank without its customary flourish, slipping unnoted behind massing banks of cumuli. The rains were clearly imminent, and not a moment too soon. The eastern sky flickered with red light: Burma was burning. Was it crops? Stubble? Villages? We asked the pilot, who shrugged, neither knowing nor caring. Soon afterward we left the Irrawaddy, turning left into the Twante Canal, an artificial cut that links it with the Rangoon tributary. Our great waterway now lay astern, preparing to enter the vast, creek-veined tidal swamp that is her delta.

The lights of Rangoon shone blearily through the murk. We docked at 4 A.M. and, truth to tell, I was glad to be off the river. My feet still hurt, the fever persisted and I had lost 14 pounds. But now, back in London, I keep seeing, in my mind's eye, a terrific opaline sweep of water backed by a lovely early morning sky and, all at once, I feel a sustained and oddly acute sense of loss.

At Rangoon's Shwe Dagon pagoda, greatest in Burma, young boys undergo their initiation as novice monks.

Local fishing skiffs run "before the breeze with patched sails billowing like the wings of exotic butterflies."

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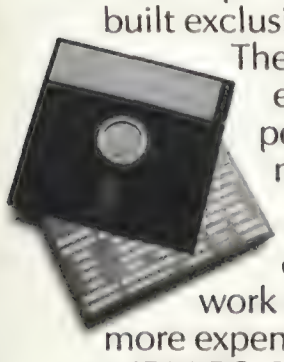

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By Phil Patton

A profitable search among the debris of a grandiose age

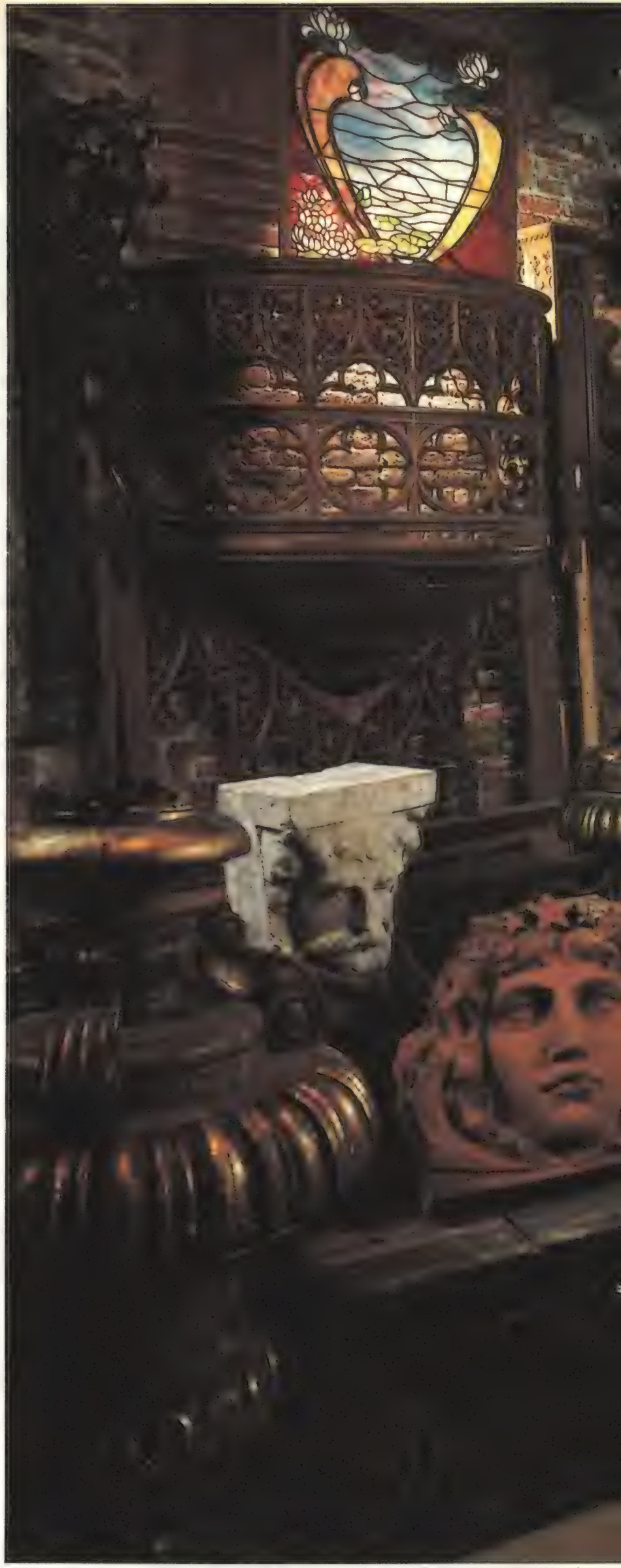
There are treasures to be found in the wake of the wrecker's ball, and a new breed of recyclers is finding a ready market for them

"You're standing in Jack Warner's fireplace," said Evan Blum.

The huge cedar fireplace loomed cold and dark, filled only with the memory of ancient fires at which Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney and George Raft might have warmed themselves, each striking his toughest face for the approval of the film magnate. Once in Warner's mansion in Rye, New York, it now stood in Blum's warehouse, near Manhattan's Bowery.

Blum, 29, is the founder and owner of Irreplaceable Artifacts, the self-described "nation's leading source of architectural ornamentation." He rescues such objects—parts of old buildings, stained-glass windows, mantels, bars, cornices, gargoyles, sometimes even entire rooms—for recycling into new buildings, into restaurants and bars, shops and private residences. Today, in the dark building, there are murals from the first-class dining room of the grand ocean liner *Normandie*, rescued before it burned, the clock from the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and two Art Deco metal cutouts of dancing girls from the old New Yorker movie theater. They, like the Warner fireplace, may end up anywhere from a fancy restaurant to a hotel lobby to an oilman's recreation room.

Not long ago, an elderly lady from Chicago called; she had seen one of the quarterly newsletters Blum mails out and wanted to sell him pieces of the old George Pullman mansion. The railway-car baron's home had been torn down in 1922 and the pieces had been in storage ever since. Now they were arriving:



Framed by an Art Nouveau gilded elevator door from New York's St. Regis Hotel, wreckage entrepreneur Evan Blum surveys his domain of reclaimed artifacts.

Amid smorgasbord of flotsam are: to right of Blum, an Art Deco metal cutout of a dancing girl from the old New Yorker movie house; to left of him, an old clock from London's Fleetway House Hotel; above and to the left of him, one of 200 copper faces from the cornice of the old Commodore Hotel.

Photographs by Michael Melford

The search for treasures in the wreckage

Graveyard of architectural pieces is part of seven-acre United Housewrecking, Stamford, Connecticut.

Indefatigable Evan Blum examines, for possible later redemption, facade of an old Brooklyn theater.

into the cavernous elevator went the front doors made of black walnut and sculptured bronze; a fireplace of hand-carved walnut, marble and gilt; and boxes filled with original Italian bathroom tile. Most likely, the Pullman artifacts will be installed in a new casino being planned around "a railway motif."

Blum's is one of the largest and most successful of a whole new group of architectural recycling enterprises, which operate in an odd no-man's-land between the world of art and antiques and that of wreckers and junkyards. At Urban Archaeology, in New York's SoHo area, Lenny Schechter and Gil Shapiro retail a fantastic panoply of old architecture. Schechter got into the business 13 years ago when he saw an elegant public school, along with its decorative carvings, being torn down in his neighborhood. Shapiro was 15 when he bought his first pieces. Walking home from school one day, he came upon an auction of the contents of the old drugstore-ice-cream parlor above which he grew up. He bought the last lot, including 32 Tiffany urns and 12 carved walnut cabinets, for $100, a sum he raised by selling pieces of his parents' furniture. "They bought the furniture back," Shapiro jokes, "and sent me to a shrink." Six years ago he joined forces with Schechter in Urban Archaeology. In other major cities, similar outlets have opened.

Blum has two other showrooms, one on the Bowery proper, a block away, and one uptown. But this is his largest: the old brick building's seven floors are filled with a miscellany of architectural history. In its center, a large elevator the size of a truck bed hauls up the pieces.

Blum also has an office here: a still-bare room containing one table laden with half a dozen phones. On the wall is the take-out menu from a nearby Chinese restaurant—steady fare during the 16-hour days Blum puts in on the phones, searching out rare pieces, mov-

Anonymous Arts Recovery Society, headed by Ivan Karp, was able to save remarkable building carvings.

ing just ahead of the wrecker's ball, placing items before they are even taken down.

A Texas couple, two decorators, unfazed by the indigent men warming themselves by barrel fires down the street, make their way into the huge warehouse. They are about to close a deal to decorate a new restaurant. They pore over Blum's wares, looking for a theme for the new place. "We've got to find a real hook to get this guy excited," says one of the decorators. "Hooks" for public places are the main selling point for Blum's merchandise. The great majority of Irreplaceable Artifacts' customers are the owners or decorators of new restaurants and hotels.

The interest in architectural recycling is part of a wider interest in America today in preserving the past. The movement has, commendably, seen the adaptation of older buildings to new functions. It inspired what can loosely be described as the "historical shopping center": the Rouse Company's developments of Boston's Quincy Market and New York's South Street Seaport, for instance, both enthusiastically received by the public. It dovetails neatly with the interest of Post-Modernist architecture in classical and vernacular elements. At least one of the finest buildings of the past few years has included parts of older buildings. The entrance of the much-praised Best Products headquarters in Richmond, Virginia, is flanked by two Art Deco stone eagles (p. 118) retrieved from the demolished Airlines Terminal Building in New York City.

Architectural recycling stretches uneasily from premium antique dealers to glorified junk dealers and fabricators of fiberglass ornaments. At its best it is collecting of a high order. At its worst it reflects a desire for instant tradition and off-the-shelf ambience: fiberglass columns and composite marble fireplaces, an artificial simulacrum of the past.

From saving and recycling pieces of old architecture to replicating them in new or artificial materials is a short but critical step. At United Housewrecking in Stamford, Connecticut, this procedure has been carried to extremes. United is one of the oldest operations of its type—the pioneer company in the field. Each year it welcomes as many as 400,000 people to its seven acres and four warehouses full of everything from antique stained glass to old seats from Yankee Stadium (now all sold). Begun, as the name suggests, as a wrecking company, it now deals with "pickers" all over the country and employs six full-time buyers. United has also ventured into the less commendable business of replicating some of its prize items.

"This is cast marble dust—more durable than cut marble," says manager Mike Sullo, pointing to a Victorian-style mantel. "It's $850 in polymer and marble dust; in cut marble it would cost $18,000."

The world of the wreckers who provide architectural pieces is a world of conflicting interests and, sometimes, of shady deals and politics. It is a world of controversy, where tradition and innovation fight or adapt to each other. When the Helen Hayes Theatre in New York was torn down recently—after a long and passionate battle by theater people and preservationists to save it—Blum was involved in salvaging the interior. His workmen had to make their way through a hostile demonstration.

"Anything for me?" "Mebbe tomorrow"

Following Blum on his rounds one day recently, I got a sense of the netherworld of the wrecking business, of the destruction—and salvation—that goes on almost unnoticed amid the construction and bustle of everyday life. On his trips, Blum wears a heavy down jacket and carries a camera to record his discoveries in situ. A leather-and-fleece World War II flier's helmet keeps his head warm: practically every place he visits is damp and cold. Fighting our way through heavy midtown Manhattan traffic, we reached a building surrounded by scaffolding. Blum ventured inside.

"Hey, Dom," he called out, "anything for me?"

"Nuttin' today," answered the foreman, who seemed accustomed to Blum's stops. "Mebbe tomorrow."

Blum knows all the wreckers well by now, but he got into the business almost by accident. He had been a collector of miscellaneous items for a long while—Edison wax-cylinder records were an early obsession. His grandfather was a skilled, immigrant stone- and wood-carver, like those who created so many fine architectural details.

Brooklyn author Phil Patton specializes in art and design. He wrote for SMITHSONIAN *on skyscrapers, October 1983, and on carved glass in February 1984.*

Caroline Sheen

Eagle from demolished New York Airlines Terminal Building is now at Best Products, Richmond, Virginia.

Blum's very first items came to him as the result of a fire in a Frank Lloyd Wright house located in Great Neck, where he had grown up. His father is an architect who had been trained in the Wright tradition and was devoted to it. The owners of the burned-out Wright house were less devoted: they were about to throw away pieces of the house when Blum showed up.

When I first met Blum several years ago he was already operating on a large scale: recovering and selling Art Nouveau paneling, old bars, entire glass domes, radiator grilles, hotel doors (by the thousands) and skyscraper ornaments. He was also the owner of the entire cornice of Louis Sullivan's history-making Chicago Stock Exchange Building, the first elevator in Brooklyn, a set of about 200 copper faces from the facade of New York's old Commodore Hotel, and the marquee from Loew's Delancey Theatre on the Lower East Side (p. 121).

Today most of those items have made their way to new installations. An elaborate bar from an old Italian ocean liner, for instance, which Blum had found reinstalled in a watering hole in New Jersey, went for a handsome price to a restaurant in Minnesota.

We moved on to a site a couple of blocks away. In the shadow of skyscrapers occupied by media conglomerates, a couple of the area's last brownstones were rapidly being reduced to rubble. The bulldozers had ripped down the fronts and floors of the buildings, rudely exposing four floors' worth of wooden mantels, neatly stacked above each other on one surviving sidewall. They were nice mantels, nothing extraordinary, but worth a couple of hundred dollars each to the wrecker. Blum tried to negotiate with a helmeted-and-masked man as a huge yellow bulldozer scooped up dusty wreckage from the ground. He wasn't in charge, he said. No, he didn't think anyone would want to sell the mantels; they were in a hurry to finish, he had to get back to work. Dust drifted through the warped air rising from the hot engines. Three minutes later, the mantels had joined the rubble pile.

It was small buildings like these that got architectural recycling in New York City going, back in the 1950s. Interest began among a small number of art professionals and has only recently established itself as a taste of the wider public. Frederick Fried, an art historian and collector, became fascinated with architectural ornament as early as the late '40s. Fried would show up at demolition sites at five in the morning to save key pieces. "Most of the demolition workers then were Polish," Fried says, "and since my parents were Polish also, I knew enough of the language to argue with them."

To save four baroque atlantes from the old Lurcy mansion, Fried resorted to another technique. With the assistance of a bottle of red wine, he found out the name of the demolition crew's foreman—Di Napoli. Taking license with the facts for art's sake, Fried convinced the man that the sculptor of the atlantes shared his name. Soon he had Di Napoli vowing to do away with any of his workers "who scratched one single piece that was made by my family."

Enlightenment comes to the wreckers

In the mid-'50s, Ivan Karp, the eclectic owner of the O. K. Harris Gallery in New York's SoHo, began collecting miscellaneous keystones, gargoyles and the like from New York wrecking sites. Together with a number of friends, he formed the Anonymous Arts Recovery Society. The Society's efforts are credited with helping to enlighten professional wreckers about the value of some of the pieces they might destroy—and of the tax benefits offered by donating them to institutions. By the mid-'60s the Brooklyn Museum had assembled contributions from Fried, Karp, the Society and others in its Frieda Schiff Warburg Memorial Garden (SMITHSONIAN, March 1981), where lyrical Athenas, playful cherubs and a Dantean host of grotesque keystones preside over outdoor concerts and poetry readings. For a while, says curator Barbara Head Millstein, the museum would get items "left on the doorstep like a baby in a basket."

In fact, the cities of New York and Baltimore have established nonprofit "foundling" homes—salvage warehouses—for architectural elements. Some collectors, dismayed by the commercial side of architectural recycling, would like to see this public system

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THE ONE TO WATCH

The search for treasures in the wreckage

Smiling logo of Coney Island's Steeplechase Park masks rescuer Fred Fried, art historian and collector.

proliferate. "But any means of preservation," argues Fred Fried, "is better than letting pieces be reduced to rubble." Barbara Millstein agrees. "Commercial recyclers," she adds, "have created an economic atmosphere of value and have further sensitized the demolition people to that value. But it's a mixed blessing."

At the same time, a vigorous black market developed in architectural relics. The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission estimates that a considerable percentage of the market in pieces of architecture is illegal, and authorities in other cities echo that estimate.

"But you can always tell the stolen stuff," Blum says. "It has crowbar marks on it, and the people who bring it in can't tell you what kind of building it came from, what street it was on, even what neighborhood."

We pulled up to Christ Episcopal Church at Broadway and 71st Street, where the wreckers were well along with their task. The church was being demolished to make way, almost certainly, for another high-rise apartment tower. Men were working with a complex system of hoists to tug the stained-glass windows —which Blum had bought—out of their frames and lower them to the floor. There was much calling of Careful! Easy! Watch out!

Like archaeologists or paleontologists, the architectural recycler is necessarily disappointed in most of his searches. The reward for patience is the sudden, stunning discovery. Blum made one such discovery not long ago when a man from Brooklyn called him. Blum agreed to meet the man and together they opened up an 1890s drugstore that had been shuttered and locked for years. It was like opening up an Egyptian tomb: each thick-necked bottle, each old retort, stood in its dusty place, untouched since the day the owner retired.

Sometimes the junk is worthless

But more often, the search is frustrating. The woman from the Jewish community center, farther up on the West Side, had got Blum's name out of the Yellow Pages. The Art Deco center had been built in 1927; now its constituency had shrunk and it was closed. While there were a few good pieces, Blum had to tell the woman gently that most of the place was junk—painted plaster that wasn't worth moving.

Our last stop was on West 42nd Street, where Blum inspected the cornice of the Candler Building, a 1912 office tower, high above the row of raunchy theaters, the succession of their marquees blaring titles of pornographic and martial-arts movies. "See," he said, "way up there? The terra-cotta cornice is loose and in danger of falling. So now they are taking it down."

On the 23rd floor, the recovered terra-cotta pieces of the griffins that made up the cornice were laid out, a

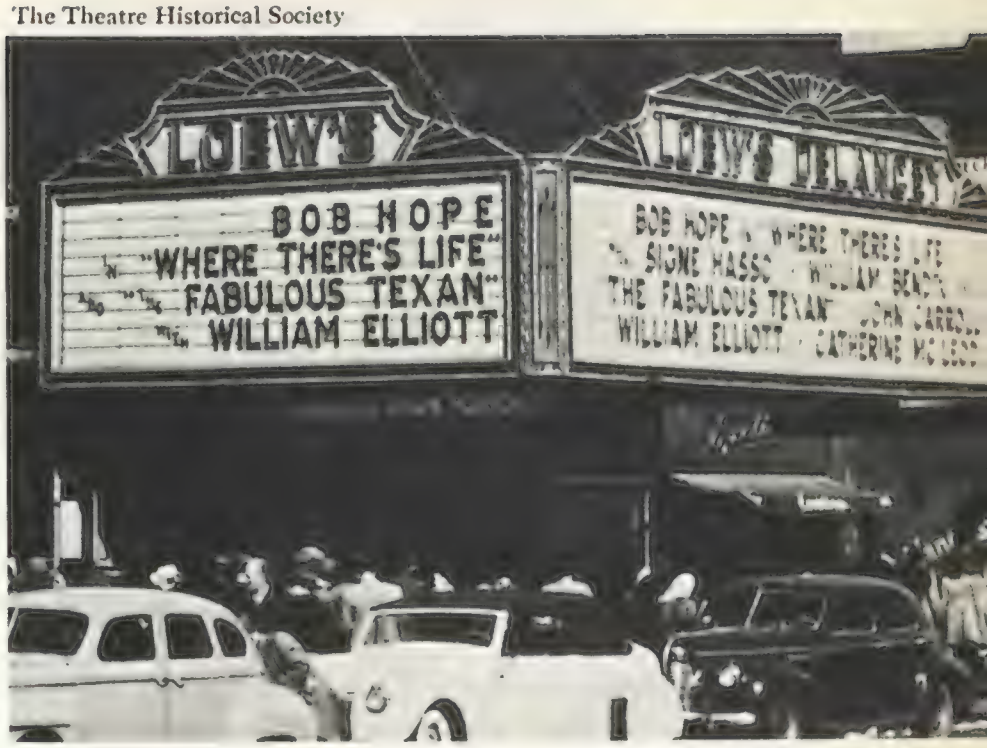
whole flock of the creatures rescued with Carborundum-bladed saw, hammer and muscle power.

Two of the workers who were taking the griffins out rode down in the elevator with us. In the lobby, we stopped to admire a series of old sepia photographs of the building during construction. Each picture showed its thick walls and sturdy frame climbing higher, as the movie advertisements on the adjoining theaters—much milder titles then—kept changing.

The old photographs, oddly enough, seemed to make the workmen feel something in common with their predecessors, the builders who, a lifetime ago, had raised the griffins in the first place. I thought of a film run backward—destruction, then construction—common processes, common jobs.

"Boy," said one of the men, "they sure did build this thing solid."

The Theatre Historical Society



Loew's Delancey Theatre marquee once graced New York's Lower East Side (above), now it is a smash hit and centerpiece of the Century Café, West 43rd Street.

By Michael Parfit

Mapmaker who charts our hidden mental demons

Map in Golledge's office inverts standard world views: his native Australia is at top, Alaska "down under."

Geographer Reginald Golledge discovers the maps that we keep in our heads, and how we distort them with likes and dislikes

If Reginald Golledge has his way, we may someday find ourselves putting sea serpents, dragons or their modern equivalents back in the maps of our world.

Golledge is a burly, friendly, transplanted Australian who likes to wear a shirt with a bear stitched on it—no skinny alligators for him. He is a geographer, but within the profession, too, he's of a different breed. He is interested not only in how the Earth looks to surveyors and aerial photographers, but also how it appears to people who travel across it every day, lost, found or bewildered. He knows from experience that the world looks different to a man born in the Hunter River Valley in New South Wales whose father worked the railroad, from the way it does to a farmer's son from Iowa. He is unsatisfied with the way others of his profession describe the space around us using photographs, transits and Euclidean geometry—all intended to yield a kind of immutable, rigid schematic of our world that looks exactly the same to all—and has become a leader in a field now known as behavioral geography. In other words, he respects the strange creatures we no longer put on paper but keep alive in our heads. "People don't think in Euclidean geometry," he says. "They still put monsters in their maps."

On the wall of his office at the University of California, Santa Barbara, where he is chairman of the geography department, Golledge has tacked a monstrous map of the Earth. At first it seems to be upside down. When a stranger drops in, Golledge grins as the visitor, twisting around to look at it, finds that the names are all printed right side up on these inverted continents. Nothing's wrong with this map; it is just a Mercator projection of the Earth placed with Australia at the top center (above). The world in an American mind does not look this way, but Golledge is from down under.

Golledge's specialty is the study of cognitive mapmaking. That is, he seeks to describe the curious distortions we all apply to the varied places we live in or visit, in which familiar landmarks loom up out of the skyline like giants, traffic-clogged streets stretch off into the distance for mile after imaginary mile like elastic ribbons, and unfriendly slums get shoved into the next county, which is shrunken into insignificance. He works to find the elusive shape of reality in our views of our surroundings—our cognitive maps—and to record it systematically.

The study of mental maps is a frontier field in which the disciplines of geography, philosophy and psychology mingle with math and statistics. But maps made as much from mental images as from concrete surveys are no new phenomenon. Early maps, which were often imaginary bird's-eye views, reflected not only what explorers saw or feared, but also what they hoped to find. A beautiful, wide, calm, ice-free Northwest Passage appeared on many early maps of the North American continent. A 1651 map of Virginia, drawn by John Ferrar of Little Gidding, showed the colony from considerable altitude close offshore; the lofty position enables one to see the whole of the "Checepiacke" bay and, just past a bonelike ridge of

In unscientific moment, Golledge juggles the sorts of demons no longer on maps, but still in our minds.

Photographs by Chad Slattery

Sally Doherty studies "Californian Perspective Map," a somewhat self-inflated view of the United States.

mountains, the Pacific. The map reflected Ferrar's belief that those "happy shoers" could be reached "in ten dayes march with 30 foote and 30 horsmen from the head of Jeames River." Nor are some of the views expressed by those old maps entirely out of date: many New Yorkers today would be quite satisfied with a map of North America drawn in 1656, on which Florida is very large and attractively close to the Northeast while California is a distant island (p. 126).

So the discipline of studying cognitive maps is not in recognizing that people think of their surroundings in very nongeometrical ways—we all know that intuitively—but in figuring out how to record and interpret subjective viewpoints in a consistent and useful way.

Practically, the discipline sheds light on decisions people make about their surroundings that might otherwise be hard to understand. Why do inner-city residents so often refuse to take available jobs in suburbs that are only minutes away by bus? Why do people shop three miles from home when identical facilities are available two blocks away? Why do they visit the Ohio Historical Society Building in Columbus only once every five years?

"We wondered why people pass up opportunities that any rational spatial or economic model would tell you should be selected," Golledge said one afternoon in his office. "We didn't simply want to put it down to perversity." What he eventually put it down to was something not unlike the dragons and sea serpents that once lurked on the edges of those old maps. What looked irrational made perfect sense given the perspective of the maps we have in our heads.

Our monsters—the places we avoid with determination—are no longer dragons. Depending on our orientation, they are ghettos, traffic courts, decaying downtowns or neighborhoods occupied by mothers-in-law and difficult bosses. Often they are simply unfamiliar places in which we fear getting lost. But on the maps Golledge made they emerge from our subconsciousness as dramatically as the old sea monsters themselves.

Mapping a mentally crumpled Columbus

In Columbus, Golledge asked a group of 128 participants in one of his experiments not to draw maps—which would have determined only who the best artists were—but to pair off places in the city that were close to one another. Next, using a computerized system called multidimensional scaling, he turned those pairs of places into interpretations of where the landmarks seemed to be. He then drew grids of what a standard map of Columbus would look like if it were crumpled so that the landmarks were where the people said they were (p.128).

He came up with a lot of bent, folded and even

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This map of the New World was published by French mapmaker Nicolas Sanson in *Cartes générales,* 1656. California, thought to be an island, was drawn considerably enlarged, the way Californians still see it.

mutilated maps. To people who lived on the west side, the east side was wadded up into half its size, while the easterners did the same violence to the west. Roads from the suburbs into the downtown area—apparently a lair of monsters to some—were stretched, while roads leading outward to pleasant shopping malls shrank. In a companion study of the stress associated with certain areas of the city, Golledge and others found that the black area of town—often shoved off to one side in the distorted maps—was a source of high stress to residents of the affluent neighborhoods, while the residents of the inner city had similar feelings about the suburbs.

"Apparently there are both low-income black beasties and high-income white beasties," Golledge said. "Both are equally powerful in terms of warping the maps. People actually *push* those places away from them in their minds."

Sometimes they just cast places loose to drift. The Historical Society Building, for instance, a significant landmark, was thought to be all over the city. "We called it our wandering cue," Golledge said with a laugh. "Everyone knew of it, but very few people knew where it was, particularly in relation to other things." Even though the city's standard maps clearly placed the building at a highly visible site near the state fairgrounds, most of those 128 people thought it was somewhere else. Whose maps were more real?

To Golledge, the answer was that for these people reality itself changed. It was not an answer he came by easily. "We had been working for a long time on the idea of mental mapping," he said. Golledge always talks in the first person plural, usually in reference to himself and students, "and we had hit a position where we kept asking ourselves, How can we do this? What's the philosophical and conceptual base? What 'reality' are we dealing with? We spent a year reading everything we could from Einstein to William James and existential literature. That coalesced our thoughts on the importance of interaction between people and their surroundings in the acquisition of knowledge."

Golledge came to believe that our knowledge of our surroundings is affected by a lot of subjective shadings, including such things as beliefs, which are not a part of the physical world at all. We start applying those perceptions to a place—like Columbus—from the moment we first arrive, although in the beginning we're not sure where anything is. "Newcomers' first

Michael Parfit, a California-based free-lance writer, last wrote for SMITHSONIAN *in the March 1983 issue on the management of ground-water resources.*

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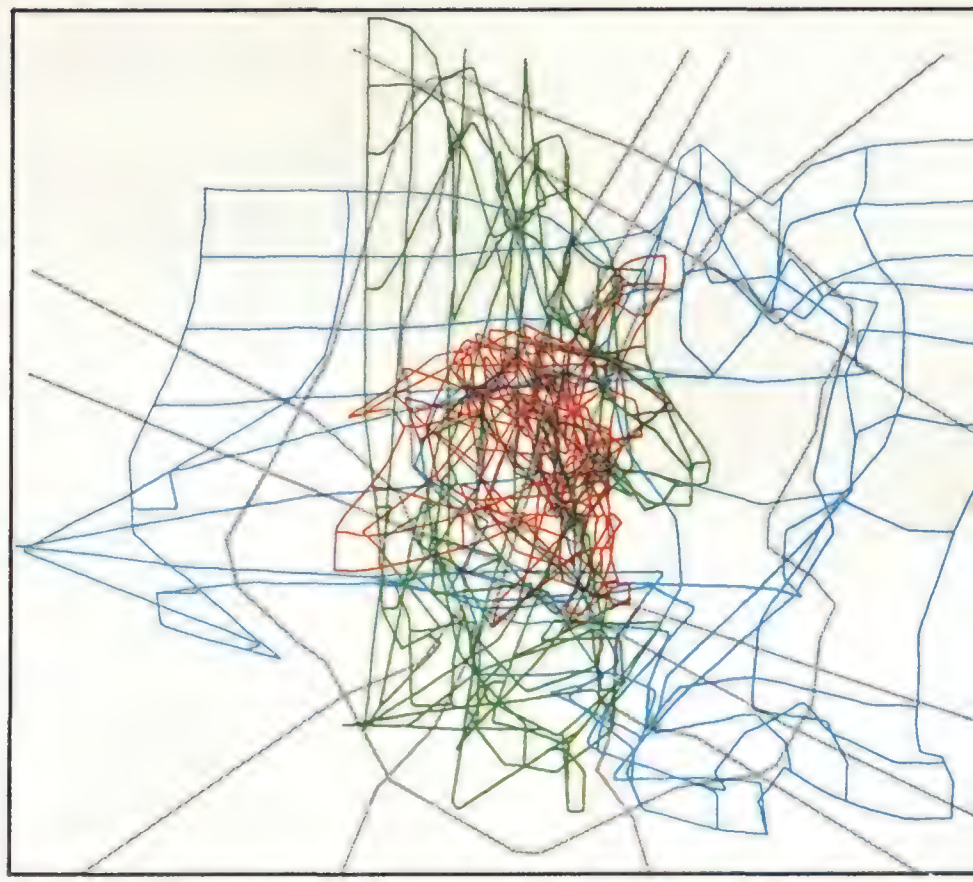


Four overlaid maps of Columbus show contours of city in standard street map (gray); view of a newcomer (red); of new resident who has already learned a route to work (green); and of longtime resident (blue).

maps are just spaghetti," Golledge said with a grin. "Entering a new environment is like turning the clock back to when you're six to ten years old."

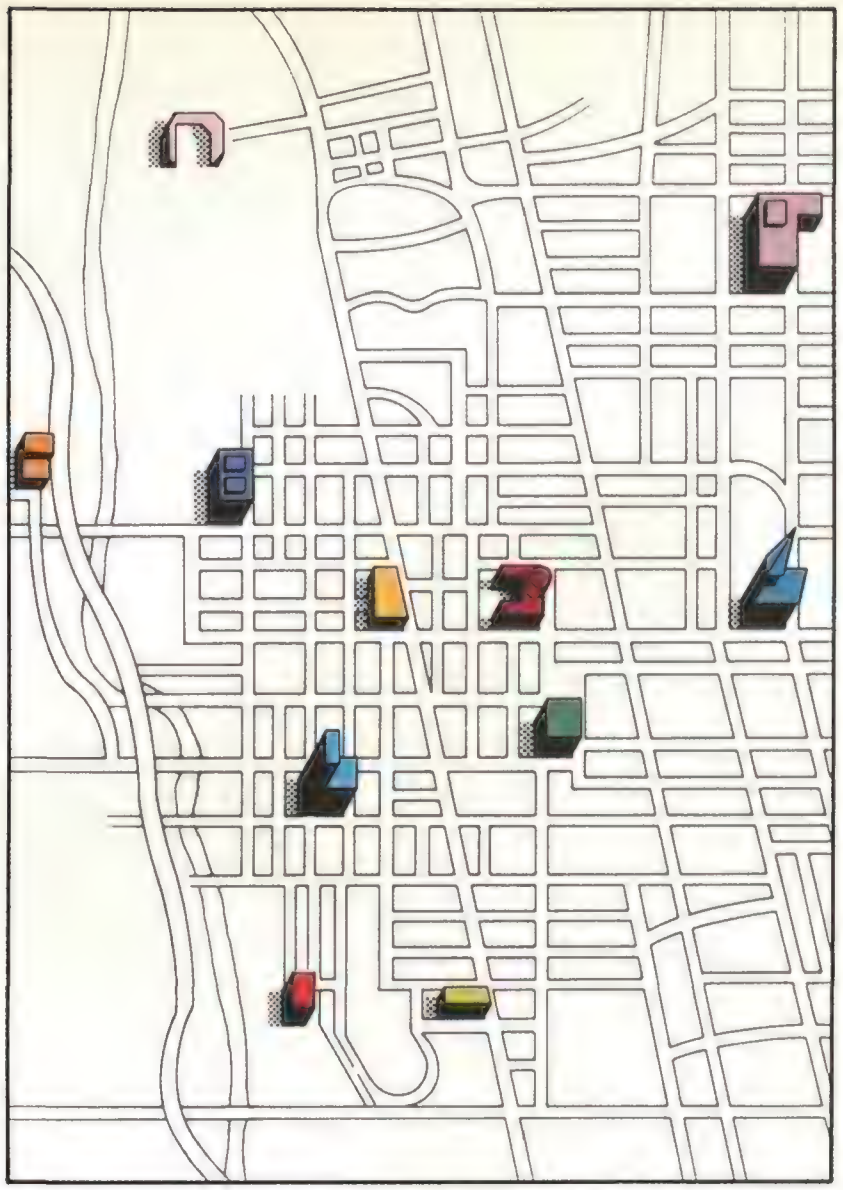
The newcomers appear to deal first with major landmarks and the routes that connect them. They figure out how to get from home to work and then to the shops they need. How that knowledge fits into the overall picture does not yet impinge upon their minds, which initially sort out the basic set of places and routes to avoid bewilderment. In this early period people tend to set up a series of landmarks—what Golledge calls anchor points—that continue to define the shape of their environment as they learn more about it. Eventually, large groups of people share the same landmarks, which makes it possible for one person to say to a stranger, "You know the courthouse? Go two blocks past it and turn left."

Interestingly, this accumulation of information seems to level off after about six months in a place, and there is actually a period of decline in one's total knowledge. Golledge calls it a consolidation, in which the newcomer sorts out the important landmarks from the mass and starts to organize second- and third-level anchor points into his mental map. Then the picture expands again, and somewhere along the line everything is no longer linear, and the newcomer begins to see his home as part of the broader picture. At last he can fit his landmarks more neatly into that harder-edged reality of a map.

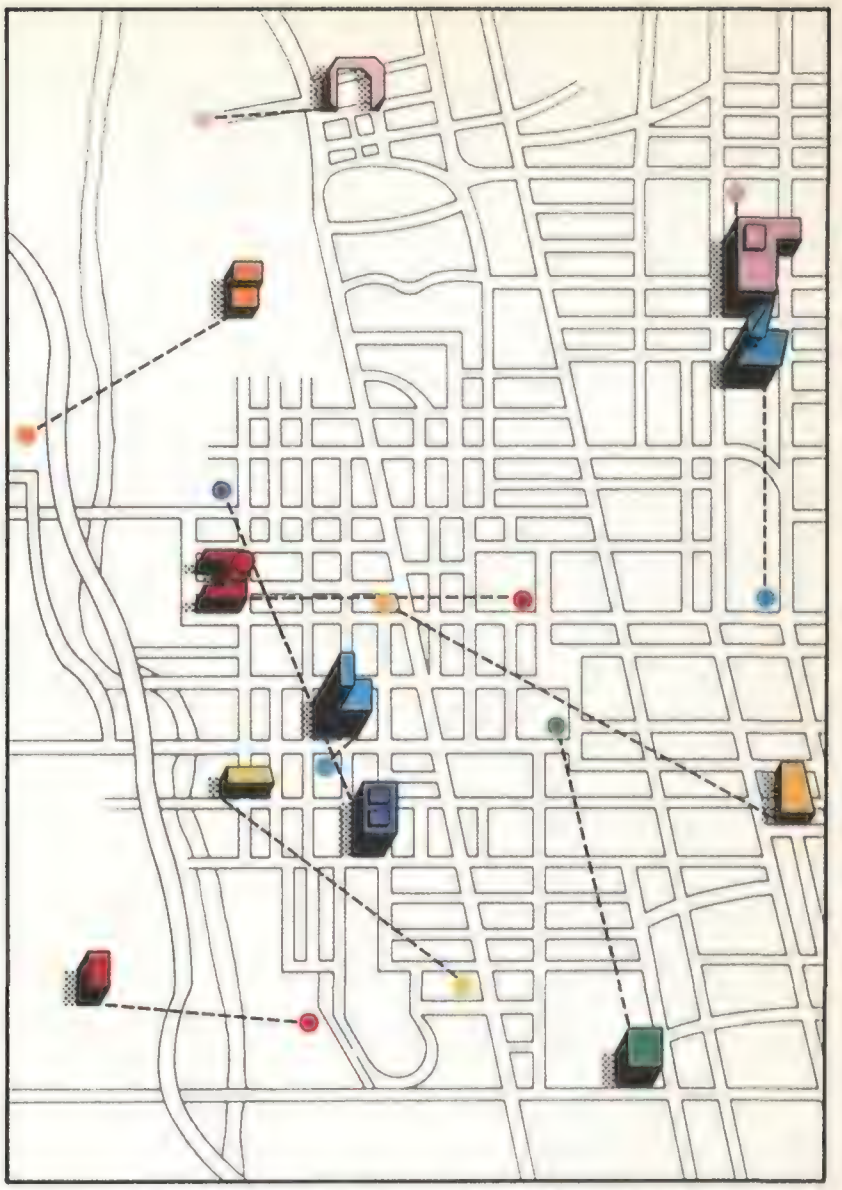
This nice progression is not, however, uniform. Landmarks vary from group to group. Presbyterians may have different anchor points from Mormons, as may Veterans of Foreign Wars, automobile-company executives or criminals. One's ability to view one's surroundings may depend on whether one is driving the car through them or just riding as a passenger. Men and women may notice different things: during a recent experiment carried out in Santa Barbara, one of Golledge's students walked a young brother and sister through a neighborhood, taking notes. The boy noticed cars, fences and dogs. The girl picked out differences in the houses, and one of her anchor points was a birdbath on which blue ceramic birds played.

But Golledge wants to find the ideas of place that we all share. "We argue that these common perceptions, places of common knowledge, are the really key things in the environment. When you talk about the Eiffel Tower, you start thinking about Paris, not Sydney." The Eiffel Tower is almost a misleading example, however, because of its dramatic prominence. In most cities, Golledge added, the places everyone uses for landmarks are often indistinguishable physically from other such places—they might be key intersections or an unimposing central building. Often they are made special by some extra shared knowledge that exists only in the minds of the people, in the same way that everyone used to know the one tree among thousands that was used for hangings.

"Those things tie down your image of the place," Golledge said. "You give order to the information that you have with respect to those things." And if we can know just what it is that builds a great city in the mind, or tears one apart, such knowledge can help us make the cities of the future work. That depends on

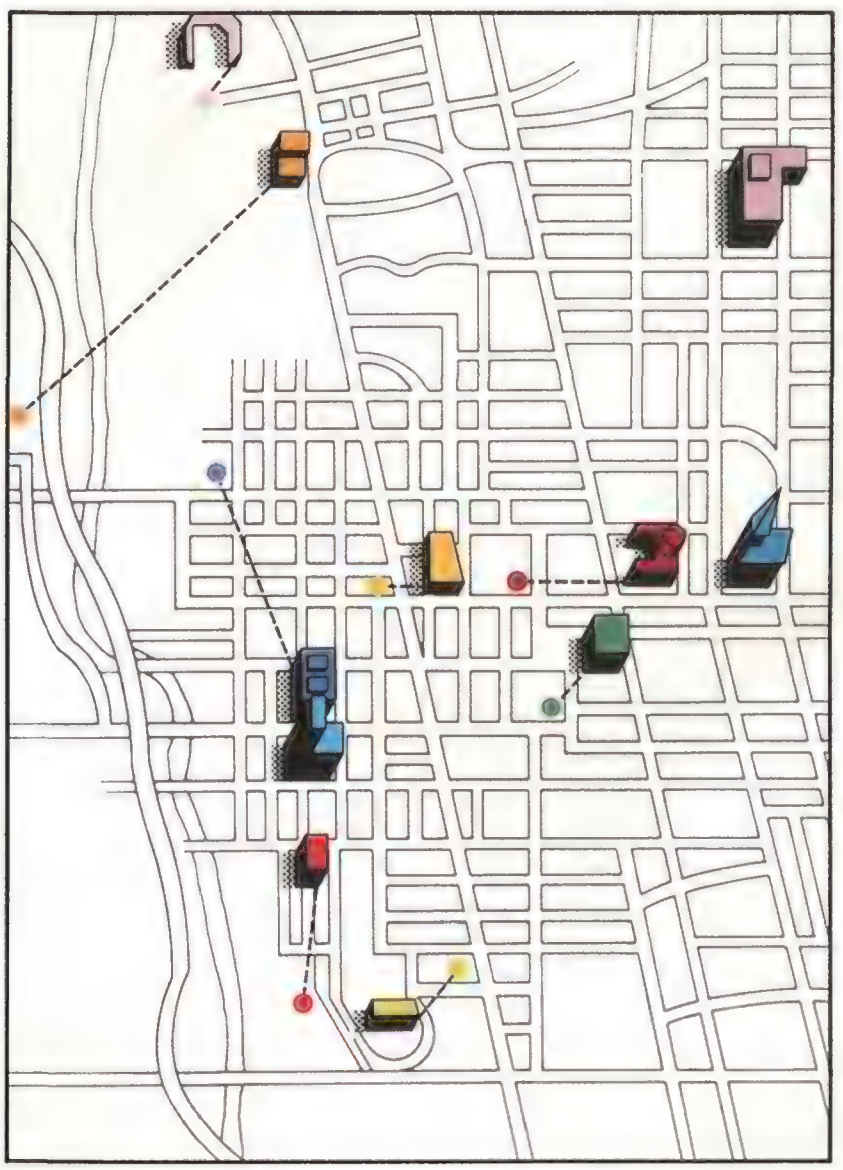


Landmarks on real Columbus map (above) reappear in same color, but relocated, on other "mental" maps.

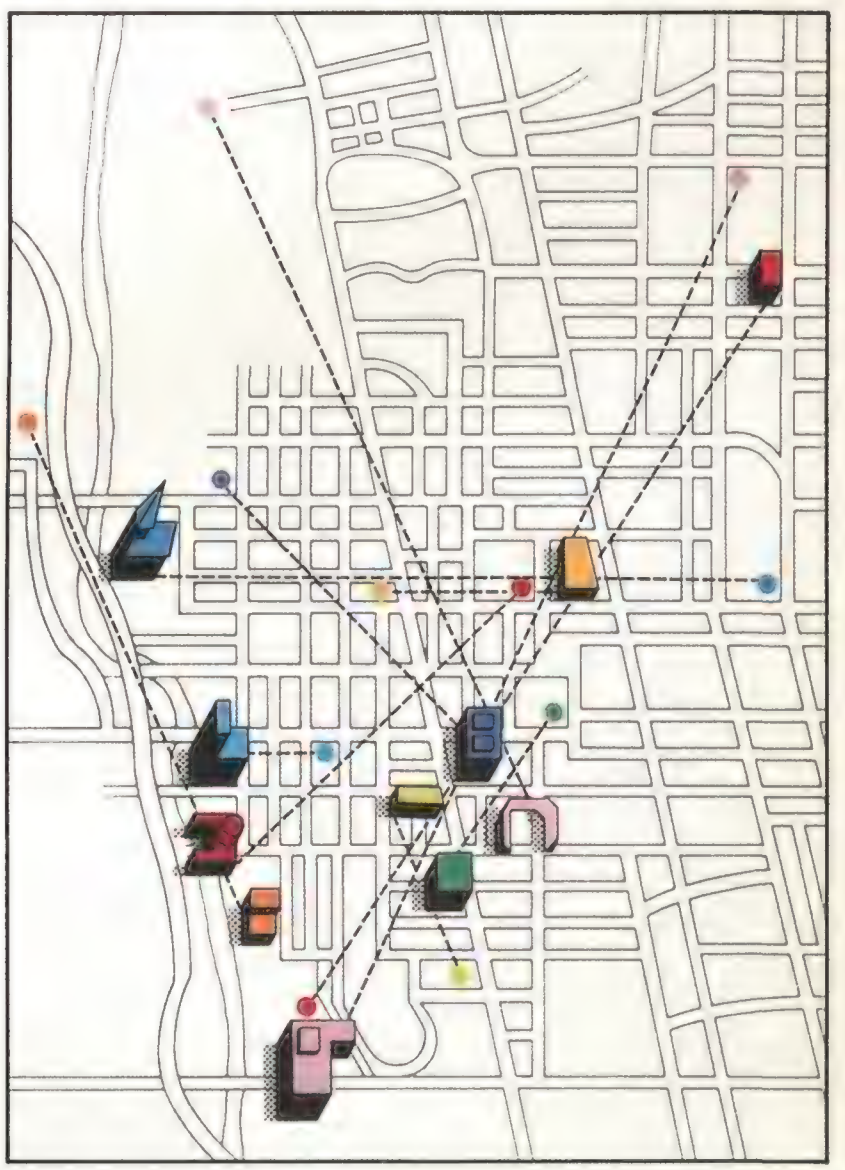


Poor resident's mental map shows how far buildings are moved from colored dots indicating real locations.

A middle-income suburban housewife's map of same landmarks shows least distortion of all three maps.



Large location errors are evident in retarded resident's map of banks, churches, groceries and other sites.



how much attention those who design cities pay to the way we map things in our heads.

One study in which he was involved tried to find out what kinds of city layouts are easiest to use. It looked at three cities: Marion, Ohio, arranged concentrically, in which different types of use—commercial, residential and so on—were set in rings around a core; Newark, Ohio, arranged in sectors like pie wedges; and Columbus, arranged more randomly, around several separate centers. It turned out that the people he and colleagues tested preferred the city of sectors because each wedge of industry, housing or retail stores was easy to identify. Once you were in a sector, Golledge said, you had the monsters under control; you knew what you were going to find. "You think: 'Aha! There'll be a shopping center here soon.' "

Preference for the "sector" city seemed universal, but in other things the differences between groups of people are sometimes dramatic. In Columbus, for instance, Golledge and others studied traffic monsters—the presence or lack of stress on various routes. One group of residents, new in town, saw hobgoblins on high-speed, smooth-flowing streets and was less afraid where the stoplights tamed traffic; while another, made up of longer-term residents, was comfortable rushing along in fast-moving heavy traffic but grew fearful in the stop-and-go.

Even more significant differences can be found among some of the largest subgroups of the population: the disadvantaged, the aged and the retarded. Golledge has conducted several experiments with the last group. "One school of thought holds that retarded individuals pass through the same development stage as others, only more slowly," he said. "Our hypothesis was that they wouldn't do that in a spatial context."

And that's how it turned out. He outlined a rudimentary map on a board "table," then inserted photographs of familiar places in clips to hold them upright and asked his subjects to place the pictures on the map where they belonged. They couldn't. "We found that they had good, competent one-dimensional linear and sequential knowledge—they could reconstruct a route with all the proper cues in sequence. But we couldn't get the kind of spatial reasoning needed to understand a map at all."

This new understanding could obviously affect the way other people help the retarded get around. First, the research indicated that tests to determine whether or not the institutionalized retarded are ready to make their own way in the world should include evaluations of how well they are able to navigate "off campus." Second, although the work showed that maps would be of little help, it also indicated that a maplike linear sequence of photographs of landmarks and turning points might be far more effective. "Then you open up new worlds for the borderline retarded people to explore," Golledge said.

He is not the only researcher working on cognitive mapping. Others have recently studied cognitive maps of such issues as racial and class inequalities in America and England; the desirability of different parts of the United States as places to live, as seen from students' eyes in California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Alabama; the rural mental maps of the residents of an Israeli kibbutz; and even the cognitive maps of five foxes in France that were released in an unfamiliar forest and learned a "network of preferred pathways." The field is still subject to criticism, too. Recently a noted professor emeritus of geography, asked to comment on cognitive mapping, observed gently that it's interesting to know how far you think it is across Niagara Falls, but if you are under the impression that it's narrow enough to jump, you need to have someone around to tell you the facts.

Turning common sense into hard science

Part of the problem of getting people to take cognitive mapping seriously is that it seems to be going over ground that we know intuitively. That, of course, is one of the things that actually makes the work so hard. As it often is when you rigorously try to extract analytical information from ideas that have immediate commonsense appeal, the process of reconstructing cognitive maps has sometimes been excruciatingly difficult. Things that are quite easy to imagine suddenly become hard to grasp. "You can't run around saying all I have to do is sit a kid down and have him draw a sketch and I know what's in his mind," Golledge said. "That's pretty shallow."

Recently, Golledge, co-workers Terry Smith and Jim Pellegrino, and a group of his students gathered

around a television monitor to try to figure out what they could learn from videotapes of the 30 hours that one of them—Sally Doherty, a graduate student—had spent walking back and forth repeatedly along a set route with an 11-year-old boy. Doherty had managed to analyze the way the 11-year-old had slowly organized information in his mind about trees, mailboxes and odd things like a car with no rear axle so that he could find his way. Interestingly, the boy and other children she studied noticed street signposts—but never read them. Obviously, it is not going to do these youngsters much good to have traditional maps in their hands. What should we give them?

One of the most intriguing aspects of all of this work is the suggestion that we simply need new kinds of maps. For many that would be a great relief. Such maps would have to be designed for specific groups: the borderline retarded might have turning points presented in sequence—for example, in a flip-book or fold-out; landmarks for children would be different from those for adults (no street names? lots of pictures of mailboxes?); and newcomers to an area could receive maps that identified landmarks and key routes, perhaps customized by computer for each individual's likely patterns of travel between work, home and store.

Simplified maps are already in use, a few going back to the old bird's-eye view, with its illustrations of buildings, trees and people—stylized maps of ski slopes, for example. The value of these maps can be remarkable, although simplification is such powerful medicine that it sometimes has unexpected side effects: Golledge recalls that when one city published a simplified tourist's map showing only the best routes, the muggers used it to prey more efficiently on out-of-towners. The map had to be discontinued; instead of vanquishing monsters, it lured them.

And simplified maps might be the long-awaited answer to finding our way for the many of us to whom traditional street maps themselves are monstrous cross-hatchings of unintelligible lines and numbers. "It's amazing the number of people who say to me 'I just can't read maps,' " Golledge notes. "There's got to be some way to take all this mystery away from cartography; to present the essence of what people want to know without the intermediate clutter. That's what we're doing: trying to find out what's really important and what is insignificant." He grins. "Then, if you want, you can fill in the blanks with dragons."

In fish-eye lens' view of Santa Barbara, California, framing Golledge, distortion reflects how mental maps alter reality to suit us: the familiar is close by and large, but forbidding, unknown peaks are remote.

At 6:30 A.M., on June 6, 1944, American infantry, shoulder-deep in the sea, wade ahead of landing craft.

Beyond is the heavily defended beach, all but obscured by the smoke from a predawn naval bombardment.

By Thomas H. Wolf

D Day remembered: 'a brief afterglow of battle survived'

An American correspondent recreates the greatest invasion in history, seen from a U.S. destroyer firing off Utah Beach

5 JUN '44—1345 HOURS
TO: ALL SHIPS—ALL TROOPS
FROM: COMTASKFOR 125
THE GREATEST INVASION IN HISTORY IS UNDER WAY X WE ARE HONORED TO BE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF IT X SOON WE WILL MEET THE ENEMY IN THE MOST VITAL BATTLE IN MODERN TIMES AND WE WILL DEFEAT HIM X VICTORY AWAITS US AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL X PUT HOME THAT ARMY TOUCHDOWN X GOD SPEED AND GOD BLESS ALL OF YOU

D Day—the time when the free world hurled its might, its treasure and the lives of its young men and women against the most powerful fortress ever erected: *Festung Europa*. Everyone knows the big picture. This is the little picture.

I was a correspondent aboard the destroyer USS *Herndon* when Rear Adm. Don Pardee Moon's fight signal was distributed to "all ships" of Assault Force U (for Utah), somewhere in the English Channel a few hours before H Hour. The D Day I remember 40 years later seems much like the admiral's message, comic in its way, but inspiring—and very American. On the flickering screen of memory, images of valor and magnificent achievement share a place with groveling fear and glorious snafu.

For me, D Day really begins in a small office in London's West End on the last day of May 1944. There are three correspondents present, and the officer

who tells us where we're going really does say, "OK, fellows, this is it." What "it" means to me is the start of a fear-filled eternity that is to last until I am back in London. Like everyone to whom I spoke during the next two weeks, half the time I was certain I was destined to die.

The inevitability of that fate becomes clear next morning. We are flown to Belfast in Northern Ireland to board ships of the Assault Force's Bombardment Group, and our captains invite us to attend a briefing aboard the USS *Tuscaloosa*. Most of the 18 ships present are American, but there are four British cruisers and a Dutch gunboat. The biggest is the U.S. battleship *Nevada* (p. 137), the smallest, two American destroyer escorts. The *Herndon* is one of eight destroyers.

Arrows indicate the Anglo-American beaches; destroyer *Herndon* was between Utah and Omaha.

The first thing to greet the 50-odd officers and three correspondents entering the briefing room is a huge map on the wall. There, snuggled right up against the coast of Normandy, with no room between them and the shore, are 18 numbered ships—us.

During the hour-long briefing, not even the sound of breathing can be heard as the senior officers are told about Operation Overlord. Our role is simply to sail to within a few thousand yards of occupied Europe's vaunted "Atlantic Wall," silence its guns and then support with artillery from the sea the Allied troops storming their way ashore. As for the *Herndon* herself, she is to have the honor of being the first Allied fighting ship into the Bay of the Seine. When she reaches her position, she will be midway between two beaches labeled "Omaha" and "Utah" on the wall map.

Work table, mess table, operating table

Afterward, questions are asked and answered—sometimes not very convincingly. I remember phrases like "We have every reason to believe" and "Our intelligence tells us . . ." punctuated now and then with a simple "We really don't know." Back aboard the *Herndon*, the skipper, Lt. Comdr. Granville A. Moore, USN, walks into the small wardroom and breaks up the joshing and awed speculation by snapping "Let's stop this bull session and start the big one."

In the middle of the wardroom is the object I remember best about the *Herndon*: a huge table covered in green baize which serves as work table, mess table and, in battle, operating table for the wounded. Now as the men crowd around, on it are placed the orders for Operation Overlord—22 sections and three amendments. The thoroughness with which these monographs describe enemy positions is still amazing to me. (By then I already knew something about the detail of our operational planning. An example: for the Rhine River crossing projected for spring 1945, our Services of Supply were working on a plan to round up enough German police bitches so that a full platoon of them would be in heat, all with a view of distracting the dogs guarding the historic river.)

Herndon weighs 1,650 tons and is only one of 4,000 ships taking part in the largest cross-water assault in history. Yet the information which the planners believed it pertinent for the ship to know is as thick as a Manhattan phone directory. My notes do not record the number of pages, but I did copy the description of just one of the five enemy positions our guns were supposed to "silence":

Orderly columns of troop-carrying LCIs, towing barrage balloons to discourage low-level air attack, head toward France. Along with smaller LCVPs, each LCI carried about 200 infantrymen to the beaches.

> Coordinates 155G, 25000. Originally open emplacements, heavily earth-banked. Four casemates u/c [uncovered]. Range falls approximately 2,000 yards short of Iles St. Marcouf [where detachments of the 4th and 24th Cavalry squadrons are scheduled to clamber ashore] and north limit of beach [Utah], but covers swept area for gunfire-support ships [e.g., the *Herndon*]. Casemate construction started in March, laid out radially facing bearing 347 degrees. . . . It is possible that even though four guns may be placed in the casemates before they are finished, the two remaining guns may be maintained in their original emplacements for all-around fire.

The *Herndon*'s job is to take out five such positions. One has three pillboxes, a casemate, three shelters. Another is a wired and mined infantry position. A third, two 105-millimeter guns. Altogether, we are assigned nine pillboxes.

Pinned on the bulkhead of the wardroom is a photograph of Grandcamp-les-Bains, directly in front of which we will be stationed. Without even the trace of a smirk, a crewman says, "Looks just like my home town." The next day seems peaceful, all right, but it turns out to be the worst day I had yet lived through. It is only 24 hours until we sail, but for many of us there is nothing to do but think about the coming dangers. We are anchored in Belfast Lough. How near and yet (quarantined) how far! "We'll be twice as near when it's for real—in baldheaded row," the executive officer remarks, combining visions of German shore batteries and the chorus line at Minsky's.

Heavy German gun emplacement, put out of action by naval fire during the D Day operation, was typical of the solid defenses that the Nazis had spent years building for protection of the French coastline.

Lumbering pontoon ferries, known as Rhinos, carried tanks and bulldozers from heavy ships to the shore.

Today, 40 years later, it's hard to remember how formidable Hitler's Europe then seemed. It was all very well to tell yourself that at least part of the Atlantic Wall was built of Goebbels' propaganda. But you couldn't help wondering. Aboard *Herndon*, we wonder. Each member of the crew has his own notion of what horror lies ahead. Some fear mines most. Others, shore batteries. Still others the Luftwaffe, with its screaming dive-bombers. Many believe that Hitler has been saving poison gas for just this moment. My own thoughts turn to a sea of fire, fueled by tons of oil —the greeting Britain had thought of preparing for the Nazis in 1940-41 when the invasion shoe had been on the other foot. (After the war, Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison would write that "casualties from mine explosions exceeded those from all other causes.") A whale boat from our sister ship, USS *Corry*, pulls alongside and we are offered bets at ten-to-one we won't make it back. One wit, a *Herndon* officer, thinks we won't even make it there.

How each man handles fear varies with his personality. I take to my bunk and lie there for long periods, sweat streaming from every pore. My notes show an attempt to sort out my feelings: "Everybody knows we'll be lucky to bring the ship back. Is this feeling shared by all seamen on eve of battle? . . . Mentally enjoy courage and boldness of invasion plan, but that doesn't ease knot in stomach. . . . Hope our bombers do their stuff. Also that they don't bomb short!"

That night there are Confederate flags on deck and in the wardroom. The movie is *Roxie Hart*, with Ginger Rogers. My notes add: "Prep school atmosphere."

Saturday, June 3. I mark it "D Minus Two," and note "0930-1030. In wardroom, an argument about British navy. How good is it really?"I am not a naval expert but I know of engagements during this war in which the Germans have turned tail rather than trying to find the answer to that question. The next argument concerns why we fight. M. says: "Politics. Foresee Anglo-Russian postwar war." And I write: "All wonder about Russia and how postwar peace may be keepable." Discussions continue in a less philosophical vein. I note: "Guys seem to be thinking up things to take on camping trip next summer—'after war's over.' "

Throughout the day I do everything I can to forget where I am. But there is no forgetting: "1445. Test-fire machine guns." And we are reminded all day and all night by the pinging of the sonar searching for German U-boats, which have wrought such havoc in this very sea. Today I am hesitant to reveal what I wrote: "Pinging sounds like lost child's prolonged wail as it disappears, vibrating down the steel companionways into some hellish eternity."

Sunday, June 4. "D Minus One."

On *Herndon*'s bridge the growing tension is compounded by the need to thread our way through the giant armada now beginning to assemble along the south coast of England. There are battleships, troopships, tank ships, weapons ships, personnel carriers, all manner of landing craft: LCTs, LSTs, LCVPs, LCPs, LCMs, LCIs, LCCs, LCEs. Ships of every imaginable size and shape—and some of a size and shape no one has ever imagined before, like the Gooseberries, Rhinos and Mulberries—the latter, giant concrete floating piers that will be yoked together as artificial harbors to make it possible for big ships to unload on the beaches instead of only in harbors.

The Mulberries are being towed, most of their mass hidden underwater. It is an eerie sight to look into the middle distance and see a group of tents sitting on top of the waves. It's not until you are right on top of them that you can see the platforms they are pitched on.

"0730. Day gray. Channel rough. Backtrack!"

It was not until I got off the ship that I learned bad weather had forced General Eisenhower to put D Day on hold. All we knew then was that we had been ordered to turn around and retrace our course. On *Herndon* rumors are wild, all the way up to and including: "Have Germans surrendered?" My notes go on: "It's funny to feel relief when whatever is sparing us may mean snafu of civilization for 1,000 years."

On this day, which turned out to be D Minus Two, rather than D Minus One, the notes contain only one

Mr. Wolf, now in his 50th year in journalism, was a Scripps Howard reporter in World War II. He is a former vice president of ABC News.

further item of interest: "1930 hours—Jack Benny." It would take more than the greatest invasion in history to silence Jack Benny on a Sunday night.

Monday, June 5. D Minus One (for real). I spend part of this morning "sitting in sun by forward turret" chatting with a gunner. He isn't thinking about tomorrow. "I just hope we don't make the same mistakes after the war," he says. But he says it matter-of-factly. One reason for the calm is that *Herndon*'s crew had their baptism of fire the year before. During the invasion of Sicily, "all seemed snafu, yet it worked OK." They are counting on nothing worse tomorrow. At noon I get my first indication of war at sea. A destroyer escort nearby drops a depth charge and our ship shudders. The radio in the wardroom is playing "After you've gone, and left me crying. . . ."

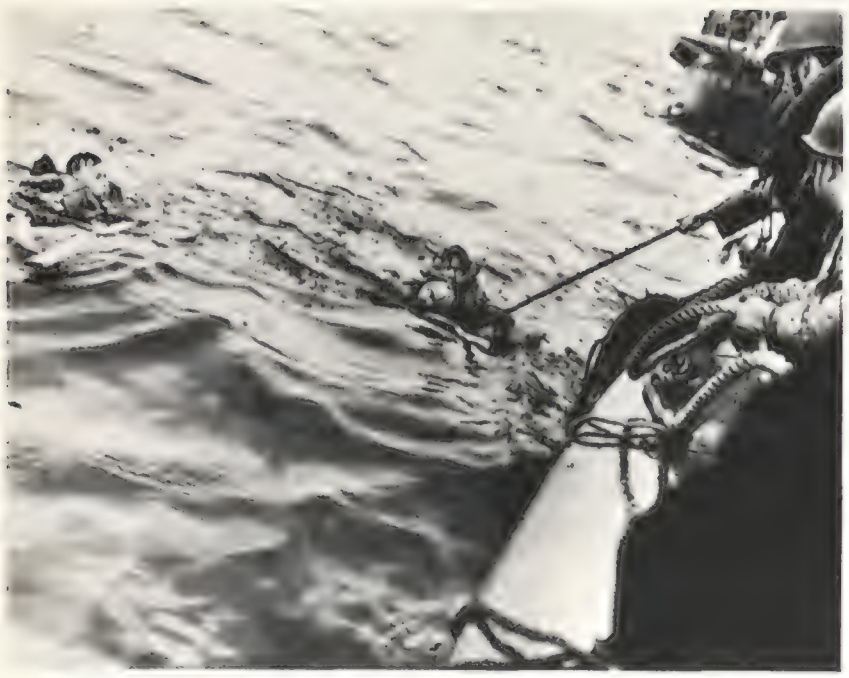
By now the Channel is so full it looks as if you could walk from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, stepping from ship to ship. "*Nevada* looks like a pincushion, guns everywhere." To port "dozens of LSTs." To starboard there is a miniature armada. "So many ships, looks like skyline of city on horizon." As we pass still another covey of heavily laden LSTs, someone yells out: "Good luck, you poor bastards!" After a second he adds: "They're probably saying the same thing about us."

At 1750, Assault Force U's Bombardment Group (that's us) enters "Swept Channel 1," heading straight for Fortress Europe. Tonight there is "steak for dinner." Afterward in the wardroom, "couple of guys snoozing on couches beneath picture landing beach. Radio reports yesterday's Dodger-Cubs game. Dixie Walker got five hits in double-header, boosting his early batting average to .426."

Suddenly, General Quarters! But in half an hour we are secured from General Quarters and go on Condition Two—half-crews man all guns. "Low clouds hover over calm sea. Hope they won't get in way of bombers or paratroops."

June 6, 1944. D Day. Ham sandwiches and hot coffee in the wardroom, shortly after midnight. "Beats the hell out of the Army heading into battle." Back on the bridge in the darkness I become aware that we are sailing down the middle of a marked highway. Minesweepers have somehow miraculously anchored dan buoys (temporary markers) all the way across the English Channel. They are so dim that you have to be right on top of these cat's eyes to make them out, but they're there, marking the center and the edges of this

Shells from *Nevada* (above), five more battleships, 60 destroyers and 23 cruisers pounded the shore.



Off the invasion beaches, waterlogged men are rescued by the Coast Guard after their own vessel was sunk.

ocean road. I will see nothing during my days aboard the *Herndon* that better illustrates the planning that contributed so mightily to the invasion's success.

0100—Floating mines close.

0140—C-47s (paratroops) low overhead. One flashes green light under wing: dit-dit-dit-dah—V for Victory. On the bridge, radar has picked up the coast of France.

0300—Anchor. It's still dark. We're ready, but we're too early.

0331—Under way in direction of beaches. It feels almost good.

Official H Hour—the moment of the first landing—is 0630. The plan is for the main batteries of the *Nevada* and *Quincy* to begin pasting the Nazi gun positions behind the beaches for 40 minutes before the first troops land; in the last ten minutes the batteries are targeted on the beach. Because the swept channels are so narrow, this firing will be done while at anchor.

What actually happens my notes do not make completely clear, for when it begins—slightly ahead of schedule—there is so much noise and smoke and confusion that, standing on deck, I cannot jot everything down. As the shells and bombs strike the beaches 5,000 yards away, the concussion that is hurled back to us is so great that my hands are literally shaken and my writing becomes all but undecipherable. Here is what I can make out: "Rocket ships open up on beaches. Looks as if someone has turned up jets on huge gas stove . . . gardens of lethal flowers bloom . . . bombs shaking us."

At 0547 *Herndon* opens fire. The sun will not rise for another ten minutes, but rather stagily I scribble: "A magnificent morning has dawned on the Continent of Europe."

Now everything is happening so fast and in so many directions that for me the first few hours of D Day are a jumble of disconnected images. "On shore I can see a church. Looks just like intelligence photo . . . dive-bombing beaches . . . more rockets . . . tympani crescendo . . . 'Not going to be any beach to land on,' a sailor says. During first hour we fire more than 200 rounds of five-inch . . . Our bombers roaming sky unchallenged." But then comes a cryptic "plane = pink cloud." The bomber and the young men flying it have been transmuted into a puff of beautiful white smoke, tinted pink by the sunrise. I write "Feel no emotion."

A moment later: "Six LCVPs, low in water, go in. Poor bastards." Those whom you actually see you can feel for. Shortly afterward we fish a dead G.I. out of the water. My notes indicate that a smoke screen is being blown over the landing craft, but by whom or how I have no notion. And soon the haze—compounded of rocket trails, bombs, guns and smoke—blots out the shore entirely. "Can see nothing . . . this is ringside seat?"

Just before the curtain falls, the *Corry*, our sister ship, is rocked by a huge explosion and sinks half an hour later. The awful truth aboard the *Herndon* is that there is one thought greater than sorrow for lost comrades: "All hope to God Navy won't announce 'Destroyer sunk' until name her; many families know their sons aboard *Herndon* must be in this battle.

"By 1000 clouds of smoke blown away, revealing avenue of ships going in, avenue lined with festive-looking, zebra-striped landing craft." Offshore, the guns of Navy support ships "belch like circus fire-eaters. All unrealistic until concussion and boom smack already-deafened ears.

"Gliders silhouetted against sunset"

"1102. Secure from General Quarters. Condition Two. The skies are ours. Early phase at beach too good to be true. All tense over lack of opposition. This is Fortress Europe? 'We'll get it tonight' is general consensus. Still have two-thirds ammo unused. Must shoot it all before we leave."

At 1300 the *Herndon* is relieved in the Fire Support Station by the USS *Barton* and ordered to make a course for the Transport Area to help protect other ships from E-boats and U-boats. This evening more "gliders sail overhead, silhouetted against sunset . . . severe ack-ack on beach toward Cherbourg. Theirs? Ours? All so tired could sleep on feet."

At 0355 the next day a bomb or mine drops near our starboard side and we go to General Quarters. An hour later all ships are put on alert for E-boats in the area. It turns out to be a beautiful sunny day with almost no action, and in the afternoon I go back to the fantail,

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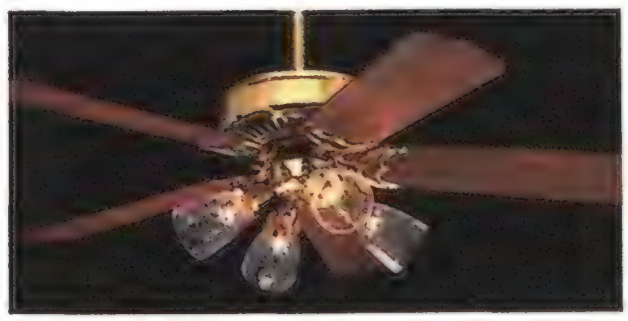

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Plunging toward land, exhausted infantrymen of the U.S. 16th Division struggle past floating wreckage and knocked-out vehicles to the beaches threatened by accurate and deadly German machine-gun fire.

take off my shirt and lie in the warm June sun. "Just like the French Riviera," I note.

For the *Herndon* the real battle takes place on D plus Two. Shortly after sunrise we are ordered back to the fire-support lanes.

"1305. Contacted Shore Fire Control Party No. 33 (1st Bn, 22 RCT, 4th Inf. Div.) which has landed on Utah beach. I go into CIC [Combat Information Center], crowded with men and every conceivable piece of radio equipment. Room shakes with noise—cross talk from other ships communicating with their shore parties; feedback; static. Almost impossible hear our RCT." What I can hear goes like this:

Army: Raise 100. Right 100. Keep pouring it in.
Herndon: We're not too low for you?
Army: No. No. Keep it up. Keep it up. That's the most beautiful fire I ever saw.
Herndon: We see bursts. We're high enough?
Army: Never mind. We're moving forward. We've got them on the run. Up 100. One minute rapid fire, please.
Herndon: We've completed one minute rapid. How does it look now?
Army: Wonderful. We're moving up right under it. (The voice is panting; speaking with difficulty.) Up 100. Rapid fire one minute.
(The ship fires briefly and stops.)
Herndon: We've got to slow up. Guns are too hot.
Army: Can you give us fire in 15-second intervals? Now that you're zeroed in here, we'd hate to lose you. Can you move another ship in? We've absolutely got to have you.
Herndon: We're resuming fire in 15 seconds.
Army: Good boy. Good boy. Go to it.
(We slow our fire to every 20 seconds. We're using up ammo fast. But ashore they're moving fast, too. We can actually hear the radiomen gasping for breath as they plunge forward.)
Herndon: Is our fire effective?
Army: It certainly is. It certainly is. Keep it up.
(We slow fire to every 30 seconds.)
Herndon: We've got to slow it down. Is this OK?
Army: Slow down if you've got to. You haven't wasted a shot. (Overcome with excitement, one of the *Herndon*'s officers yells: "Damn, this is better than sleeping!")
Herndon: How are you making out?
Army: It's plenty damn warm, but we're still making out, thanks to you. Hold on, please. We may need you again.

But we can wait no longer. The Nazi shore batteries are beginning to find our range. Splashes on either side of us are getting closer. I am scared to death: "Wonder why skipper not get hell out here." A moment later he does. "As we head toward main channel, mine sweepers set off mine very near our bow. Forward guns being hosed down. Guns' paint blistering off from heat." We are "getting it." But not very long. At 1500 we are secured from General Quarters.

Supporting the Army is why we are here. But at dusk we are ordered back to the screen protecting the invasion fleet. The Luftwaffe, scoured from the skies by day, now makes a desperate effort by night. "0146. Blue flash as ?? drops into water close astern. Probably glider-bomb." Moments later it hits USS *Meredith* amidships. We go to her aid and pick up several seamen who had been in her engine room when her boilers burst. In the wardroom the *Herndon*'s medical

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officer cuts strips of flesh hanging off what's left of the arms of a youngster who looks in his early teens. "Seems oblivious to pain," I note. "Talking, laughing, joking." Later Doc tells me the kid is in shock and feels no pain. If the shock is too deep, he won't live. "0409. Transfer injured to Hospital LST 284."

As the Nazi planes step up their action, we are ordered to lay down a blanket smoke screen to help cover the anchored troopships and cargo vessels around us. The order is passed from the speaking tube on the bridge down to the engine room five decks below. Promptly from our twin stacks two giant columns rise in air. For the briefest instant, long tongues of fire precede the smoke which quickly shrouds much of the area we are assigned to protect.

We stay in the Bay of the Seine until the next morning, but there are no further incidents. Then, as we start back to England, the degaussing equipment—our protection against magnetic mines—conks out. I return from D Day as I started out: scared to death.

At the time, I had no notion of the effect of the *Herndon*'s presence off the coast of Normandy on those warm June days in 1944. Only recently have I found out. First, from Admiral Morison's history of the invasion: "Three times between 0655 and 0815 (on D Day morning) the *Herndon* blasted and silenced batteries near Grandcamp-les-Bains."

And second, in the Operational Archives of the Naval Historical Center in Washington, D.C. There, in a history of the USS *Herndon* (DD638), are the details, such as they are, of the mission in support of 1st Bn, 22 RCT, 4th Inf. Div.:

> 1305. Contacted Shore Fire Control Party No. 33. Fire on Target No. T-3—a concrete gun emplacement 1 mi. SE town of Fontenay-sur-Mer. Shore Fire Control Party reported excellent results from fire and that our troops are advancing. Kept pillbox under fire and dislodged enemy personnel from it. Following directions of Shore Fire Control Party, this unit fired air bursts at enemy personnel, dislodged and dispersed them.

Anyone looking back on World War II, even as an observer, is likely to recall the brief, euphoric afterglow of any battle survived. For a moment life seems totally without guilt—or responsibility. All debts are paid. The simple fact that you are alive is all that matters. I've often wondered if these glimpses of perfect blessedness may not help explain the inexplicable: the fact that men go on accepting the agony of war.

Only a few days after the landing, beach is choked with ships and supplies for army already well inland.

National Gallery of Art, Washington

Snow in New York, 1902, was the kind of painting
Henri's genteel contemporaries thought utterly ugly.

By Avis Berman

An artist like 'a rock ripping bolts of lace'

A sweeping exhibit of Robert Henri's work, from street scenes to stylish portraits, shows both his iconoclasm and his elegance

The very model of a young artist, Henri is seen at age 30 in his Walnut Street studio, Philadelphia.

To the plushy, blushy art custodians of the Gilded Age, the entrance of Robert Henri into their sacrosanct preserves was, according to his colleague Guy Pène du Bois, like "a rock dashed, ripping and tearing, through bolts of patiently prepared lace." Henri's great friend John Sloan called him "the emancipator."

His appraisal was not exaggeration. Artist, teacher and activist, the dark and dashing Henri was squarely a product and reflection of the progressive era. As one of the first limners in America of drab, unidealized city scenes, his espousal of realism paralleled the introduction of squalid aspects of urban life into American literature by Stephen Crane and Theodore Dreiser. As the leader of the movement to be independent of tightly controlled exhibitions, he was the Teddy Roosevelt of American art, the trustbuster who wrenched power from the entrenched combines of closed juries and academies. As a teacher, he captivated two generations of students. Edward Hopper, Stuart Davis, George Bellows, Rockwell Kent, Patrick Henry Bruce, Man Ray, Guy Pène du Bois, Morgan Russell, Niles Spencer, William Gropper and Yasuo Kuniyoshi counted themselves among his devoted protégés. Other Henri pupils who went on to different callings were Clifton Webb, Ariel Durant and Leon Trotsky. By the time Henri died in 1929 at the age of 64, his great success as a force for change and his merit as a painter were overshadowed by the Modern movement. Of this Henri was keenly aware. "I would like to be known for my paintings," he confided, "but I'm afraid I may be longer remembered as a teacher."

As a corrective to this imbalance, the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington has organized "Robert Henri: Painter," an exhibition of 100 works on view May 4-June 24. The retrospective, the first comprehensive museum show since a memorial for him in 1931, should do much to reestablish Henri as an artist of variety, sympathy and passion. It will travel to the Pennsylvania State University Museum, the Cincinnati Art Museum, the Phoenix Art Museum and the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. Being published concurrently with the Delaware exhibition is *Robert Henri: His Life and Art* by Bennard B. Perlman, on whose work much of this article is based.

Henri, born in 1865, grew up in the West as Robert Henry Cozad, one of two sons of Theresa and John Jackson Cozad. His father was a flamboyant character who slipped in and out of careers as a professional gambler and real estate speculator. The family was living in Denver in late 1882 when Cozad fatally shot a man in the course of an argument. Fearing he would not be exonerated, the family left Colorado for the

Milwaukee Art Museum

The Art Student, 1906, depicts Josephine Nivison, who married another Henri student, Edward Hopper.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

The Masquerade Dress: Portrait of Mrs. Robert Henri is of the red-haired Marjorie Organ, his second wife.

comparative anonymity of Atlantic City, New Jersey. The senior Cozads changed their names and the boys moved in with them in the guise of foster brothers and adopted sons. Robert became Robert Henri, Anglicized in pronunciation to Hen-rye. He went to his grave suppressing the particulars of his first 17 years.

Young Henri displayed a talent for sketching, and an acquaintance advised that he be sent to art school. The august Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in nearby Philadelphia was the obvious choice. He enrolled in October 1886 and stayed for two years.

For young Americans of the day, study abroad was essential. Paris and Rome held the galleries, schools and prizes indispensable to knowledge and future sales. In 1888 Henri sailed for France, eager to revel in *la vie de bohème*. A fifth-floor garret shared with four other Pennsylvania Academy chums, and classes at the Académie Julian, a feeder to the more rigorous Ecole des Beaux-Arts, filled the bill. At Julian's he was tutored in Academic art, *Minerva Goes to Vulcan to Demand of Him an Armor for Achilles* and the like.

Impressionism was the liberation of Henri's potential as a brushman. It also marked the beginning of his trust in his own sensations. But it was during subsequent trips to Europe throughout the '90s that Henri would discover his true gods—Velázquez, Hals, Goya and Manet. By 1897 he would choose the firm structure, fluid sweeps of the brush and the abrupt and

Avis Berman, a New York writer on art, is at work on a book about the Whitney Museum. She wrote about Marisol in the February issue of SMITHSONIAN.

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alan D. Levy

Spanish Dancer, Sevilliana, 1904, shows influence of Velázquez and Manet, special favorites of Henri.

National Gallery of Art, Washington

Young Woman in White, 1904, was posed for by model Eugenie Stein, also known as "Zenka of Bohemia."

arbitrary contrasts of dark and light perfected by his new masters over the small touches and pure spectral colors of Impressionism. In time he would be referred to as "blackest Henri."

Above all he enthroned Manet. The Frenchman, like Henri, absorbed from Velázquez and Hals the power and appeal of juicy blacks against creamy white and flesh tones. Both men enjoyed announcing that paint was paint, decisively applied by an individual hand. But Manet also embodied a welcome manifesto for the idealist Henri. As the paradigm of the vanguard artist scorned during his lifetime but ultimately vindicated, Manet was the license for taking an "interest in the wrong side of things." Henri extolled Manet because he "did not do the expected. He was a pioneer. He followed his individual whim. Told the public what he wanted it to know, not the time-worn things the public already knew and thought it wanted to hear again." This, of course, was the sort of bold eminence to which Henri aspired.

In 1892 Henri was back in Philadelphia and found new friendships. Foremost among them were the alliances cemented with John Sloan, William Glackens, Everett Shinn and George Luks. All four were employed as artist-reporters on city newspapers, their careers as painters some years in the future. By virtue of his familiarity with the Old Masters and modern experiments, the pile of canvases to his credit and air of venerability (he had acquired the nickname "The Old Man" when he was 19), Henri emerged as the leader of the coterie. Tuesday nights in Henri's studio at 806 Walnut Street were open house. Intellectual

Wichita Art Museum

Henri liked to paint children, had full respect for their individuality. This is *Eva Green*, 1907.

discussions of art, literature and philosophy alternated with poker games and amateur theatricals. The 806 troupe's apotheosis was "Twillbe," a burlesque of George du Maurier's 1894 best-seller *Trilby*, a tale about an innocent artist's model who falls into the clutches of the evil Svengali. Featured were Henri as the villain, Shinn as the expatriate painter James McNails Whiskers, and Glackens as Gecko, "a fiddling genius." Sloan, starring as the beleaguered Twillbe, jumped on the table after spying a mouse. "This violent action caused my busts to fall out," he reminisced years later. Henri "kicked them into the wings with a serene and magnificent gesture I shall never forget."

Such authoritative poise had not gone unnoticed by Philadelphia at large. The year he returned he was asked to teach portraiture, composition and drawing from the antique at the School of Design for Women (now Moore College of Art). This inaugurated a career in art education that would span 35 years. Bachelor Henri, tall and sophisticated, was an immediate favorite at the school: 77 women signed up for the first class he taught. The instructor himself had a taste for redheads and he found a congenial one in a student named Linda Craige. They were married in 1898 and left for a two-year stay in Europe.

On French soil Henri first matured as an artist. He painted his neighborhood on the Left Bank. Among his best work of this period is *La Neige*, a wintry street scene notable for its solidity and creation of mood.

La Neige was one of four Henri canvases accepted for the Salon of 1899; in June it was purchased by the Musée du Luxembourg. The important sale confirmed the direction Henri was to take, but he chose to pursue it in America. In 1900 he and Linda decided to make their home in Manhattan, where Glackens, Luks and Shinn and several other members of the old crowd had already migrated.

Henri's first New York studio was on East 58th Street, overlooking the East River. There he painted aerial views of fog-choked avenues highlighted by specks of passing figures or streetlamps giving off a yellow glow. He registered the grime and raw industrial bulk of the metropolis.

At the same time, he was becoming known for his talent with full- and half-length portraits, which were daring for their time. If to our eyes some of his portraits bear a superficial resemblance to those of William Merritt Chase and Sargent, the closeness is probably attributable to the strong grip Velázquez, Hals and Manet exerted on all three and to inevitable similarities of pose, hairstyle and costume. It is more instructive to consider the distinctions between Henri and those two American emperors of the swagger portrait. Henri made far fewer concessions to his sitters' taste, borne out by the small number of commissions he received. In general, his fellow artists, professional models and persons invited in from the street posed for him. Linda was naturally a favorite model, but her health was poor and she could not always hold a pose. She died in 1905.

Henri scorned to fill his backgrounds with a profusion of furnishings, bibelots and other tokens of status. In the manner of Manet and Eakins, he placed his subject in a rich envelope of ambient air. Henri believed that a composition stood or fell on the essen-

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University of New Mexico Art Museum, Albuquerque

Henri made many painting trips to the Southwest, where he found a subject for *Ricardo* in 1916.

tial personality and deportment of the figure before him. He was adamant about suiting posture, lighting and approach to the energies of the model, and not letting a bravura technique become an end in itself. Henri's guiding principle was unstudied animation.

Nowhere does his union of subject and style seem more assured than in his splendid characterization, *The Art Student* (p. 146). The model was Josephine Nivison, a Henri pupil at the New York School of Art and the future Mrs. Edward Hopper. The intensity and edginess that reminded Henri of "a little human question mark" are initially communicated by the fixed gaze, set of the mouth, hand gripping the paintbrushes and the weight of the foot and body as they are projected firmly in our direction. The impression is reinforced by Henri's compelling stenography of brushstrokes, itself an artifact of his own concentration and nervous force.

Henri was also an outstanding painter of children. Compared to other artists, his rapid modeling and striving for dynamic movement must have been a boon to active youngsters who hated to hold still. Furthermore, he did not patronize children. A child "lives in a world he has made, and in it there is no tying down to literal facts," Henri observed. "Paint with respect for him. . . . The child lives in his world. It is nothing to you, but it is just as big as yours."

New York as Henri found it in 1900 was a sordid, lively and extravagantly vulgar city. The majority of the art-conscious public liked their paintings and sculptures sugarcoated. Too many artists complied. They lapsed into debased classicism or they dallied too long, as one critic said, "on the sunny side of the hedge." Enlightened collectors and critics were so rare that Sloan, who was reviled as "psychopathic" by a reactionary journalist, had cause to remark, "We always regarded contemporary success as artistic failure."

Decorum and noble sentiment were the watchwords of artists with ensconced reputations. Henri and his companions were having none of it. Henri risked his career to redefine the realm of subject matter fit for art; unlike most of his followers, he had something to lose. Museums were beginning to buy his pictures. The painter Arthur B. Davies introduced him to William Macbeth, the only dealer specializing in the work of living American artists. Macbeth agreed to represent Henri. The influential William Merritt Chase saw Henri's first exhibition, organized by the Pennsylvania Academy in 1897, and borrowed paintings to display in New York.

In 1902 Chase asked Henri to join him on the faculty of the New York School of Art. Ultimate prestige became his when the National Academy of Design, arbiter of artists' fates because of its stranglehold on invitations to important exhibitions and commissions, elected him an associate member in 1905. Elevation to full academician followed a year later.

Nevertheless, Henri's outraged sense of justice mattered more to him than his own security. Indeed, his very niche within a conservative system made him—even more than his painting—an effective fighter. By no means lacking in frankness, his works were far more ingratiating than canvases by Sloan, who depicted prostitutes and blowsy women in dishabille, or those by Luks, who took a crude pleasure in twisting the collective Academy nose further out of joint with his Bowery bums and pigs feeding at the trough.

From rejections, a historic show

In March 1907 Henri was furnished indisputable proof that the Academy's dictatorial policies had worsened. He had attempted to get works by Glackens, Sloan, Luks, Shinn, Rockwell Kent and Carl Sprinchorn into the spring annual. When the jury and hanging committee rejected the lot, Henri disgustedly withdrew two of his own submissions. One month later Davies was blackballed for membership and the campaign was on. As the Impressionists had done 33 years before, the new band of *refusés* united to hold their own show without benefit of juries or prizes. Davies secured space at the Macbeth Gallery for two weeks the following February—the genesis of the historic exhibi-

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Nebraska Art Association, Lincoln

One of a band of renegade artists, The Eight, William Glackens posed for Henri, a close friend, in 1904.

tion of The Eight, the opening wedge in the struggle to decentralize and democratize the process by which artists put their work before the public.

The Eight consisted of Henri, Davies, Glackens, Luks, Prendergast, Shinn, Sloan and the landscapist Ernest Lawson, who was rejected for Academy membership along with Davies. Five of the artists could be termed "New York Realists," but it was their association with Henri and kindred belief in nonconformism that brought the group together. The breach with the Academy—and the exhibition scheme—drew headlines just days after it was proposed. The critics were divided between praise and brickbats, the latter always more fun to quote ("the apostles of ugliness," slingers of "unadulterated artistic slop"). Despite the notoriety, seven pictures were sold. Four went to Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, who was to found the Whitney Museum; among them was Henri's *Laughing Child.*

The year 1908 was doubly unforgettable for Henri. After the opening of The Eight show, the crowd gathered at Mouquin's restaurant, the favorite artists and writers hangout captured so memorably by Glackens' brush in 1905. Also present was Marjorie Organ, a witty cartoonist for the *New York Journal* and *World*—and a redhead. Henri and Marjorie were married that May, after a courtship kept secret so as not to trigger mass defections among the female students Henri was leading to Spain.

The continued hostility of the conservatives, buttressed by the popularity of The Eight show which 7,000 people crowded in to see, convinced the insurgents that a bigger convocation of unallied artists was necessary. Henri, Sloan, Davies and Walt Kuhn formulated plans for what would be known as the 1910 Exhibition of Independent Artists, the first invitational show of its kind in the country. Nearly 80 artists were invited. All of The Eight—except Luks—plus Jerome Myers, Glenn O. Coleman, Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, Kent and Kuhn participated; 2,500 spectators strained to be admitted on the first evening.

"We are all the 'tail of his kite' "

Most of the publicity surrounding the event accrued to Henri, much to the irritation of Davies and Kuhn. The two then hatched their own proposal for an even grander display of all progressive currents in American and European art. Because their maneuvers sprang from jealousy as well as a desire to defuse the Academy, the backers excluded Henri from anything but a peripheral role until it was too late. "Going into a show with Henri," Kuhn declared, "we are all the 'tail of his kite.' " Henri, who did not like being in on affairs unless he was overseeing them, stayed clear of the preparations (but he did agree to take part and had five works in the show). A diary entry for 1912 reads, "They are in slight prospect of doing anything. Not practical." What Henri dismissed were the infant stirrings of the Armory Show.

The epochal Armory Show of 1913 heralded the arrival of Modernism so strongly that America could not ignore it. Precisely because the European avant-garde had such an overwhelming impact on the art

community, the Armory Show signaled the waning of Henri's influence and the loss of his place at the barricades. As he knew, esthetic revolutions take place when "feeling drops out of the work and it must fight to get back in again." Feeling now flooded back into art and threatened to sweep him away in its wake. Ironically, Henri's very advocacy of all open forums made him a past participle in a movement that he had helped to create.

But Henri being Henri, he kept busy. He taught at the Modern School of the Ferrer Society at the request of its director, Emma Goldman. She, like his other cherished friends Isadora Duncan and John Butler Yeats, represented for Henri the unshackled Whitmanesque spirit he had always championed. He and Marjorie began spending the summer months in Ireland. Later they journeyed to California and New Mexico, where he painted Indians, Mexicans and Chinese-Americans.

In 1921 Margery Ryerson, a Henri student at the Art Students League, asked permission to collect for publication Henri's class instructions, letters of criticism, magazine articles and other documents that explained his credo. Together, she and Henri toiled over the volume, which appeared as *The Art Spirit*.

On the first page of the book Henri wrote, "When the artist is alive in any person, whatever his kind of work may be, he becomes an inventive, searching, daring, self-expressing creature. . . . He becomes interesting to other people. He disturbs, upsets, enlightens, and he opens ways for a better understanding." Henri himself did all these things. His metamorphosis into an elder statesman of American culture acknowledged more than a widespread adoption of his once-novel demands. It also confirmed him as one of a handful of men who, as Henry Adams said, "counted as force even in the mental inertia of sixty or eighty million people."

Henri began painting broadly stroked subjects out in the open air while studying in France. His *Rolling Sea*, a coastal study, was done on a trip to Boothbay Harbor and Monhegan Island, Maine, in 1903.

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Altschul

Jazz pianist Dwike Mitchell (above) and Willie Ruff, on bass, demonstrate joy and concentration in concert.

By William Zinsser

On the road with Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff

Variously wielding a French horn, a bass and a piano, this dedicated duo brings good tidings of great jazz to everybody

They both get lost in their work during dozens of performances every year, but each in a different way.

SUNDAY. Dwike Mitchell, Willie Ruff and I are on a small Mississippi Valley Airlines plane, lurching through a Midwestern winter night. We are bound for Davenport, Iowa, where the two musicians will spend five days as "visiting artists" in the Quad Cities—Davenport, Bettendorf, Moline and Rock Island. The schedule is heavy: it calls for them to give three public concerts at night and to give jazz demonstrations during the day in a wide variety of elementary schools, high schools and colleges, on one TV program and at the Rotary Club's Monday lunch.

Mitchell and Ruff have been going out into America for almost 30 years—since 1955, when they left Lionel Hampton's band and formed the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, "the oldest continuous group in jazz without personnel changes," as Ruff likes to call it. (Ruff plays the bass and the French horn, Mitchell is the pianist.) Teaching is a strong current in the lives of both men. Ruff is based at Yale, where he is a professor of music, and when he and Mitchell perform they seldom play in nightclubs, preferring situations where they can have a transaction with the audience. It was at Ruff's instigation that the Mitchell-Ruff Duo took their jazz to the Soviet Union in 1959 and to China in 1981, Ruff

Photographs by Skip Brown

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As Mitchell watches, Ruff leans on bass and establishes contact with children, explaining where jazz came from and what blues are.

doing the explanations in Russian and Chinese—two of the eight languages he has taught himself.

Now, on the plane, Ruff talks about some of the American campuses that he remembers with particular fondness. Many of them are black colleges (Livingstone, Talladega, LeMoyne-Owen, Tougaloo, Bluefield, Morris Brown), but his list of favorite non-black colleges is just as selective (Catawba, Principia, St. Cloud), and I realize that I've never heard of any of them. I also realize how much of America's educational landscape the two men have touched.

"Last December," Mitchell tells me, "we did a concert at the University of Chicago, and we had a television session scheduled in another part of the city right afterward. It was a tight connection, so somebody hired a limousine to drive us to the TV station. The chauffeur told us he could hardly believe he had the Mitchell-Ruff Duo in his car. He said he had heard us in a concert when he was an undergraduate at Dillard, which is a black college in Louisiana. I looked at this man's hair that was turning gray and I thought, That was a *long* time ago. Hearing us had changed his life, he said. It was his first encounter with a kind of music that has meant a great deal to him ever since. He owns the limousine service now, but when he saw our names on the dispatcher's sheet, he had to take that job himself."

MONDAY. We're staying at the Blackhawk, a gloomy hotel in downtown Davenport that's named for the great Sauk chief. The Quad Cities are bunched together on the banks of the Mississippi River. Their main business is the manufacture of heavy farm

Adapted from Willie and Dwike: An American Profile, *to be published next month by Harper & Row.*

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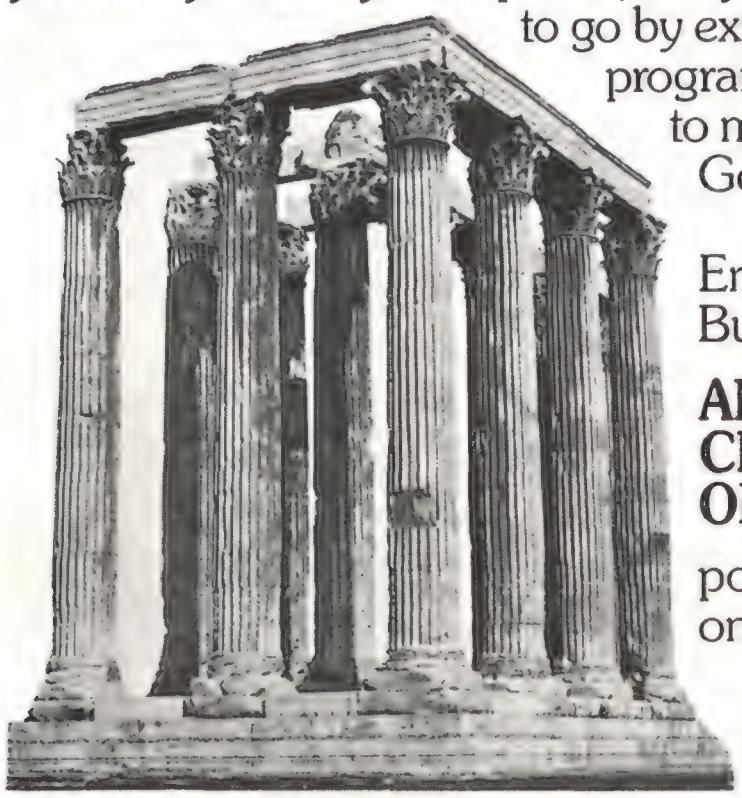

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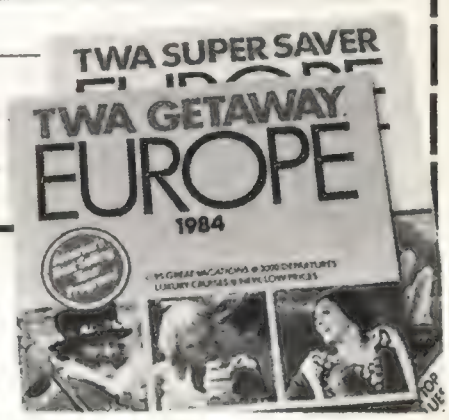

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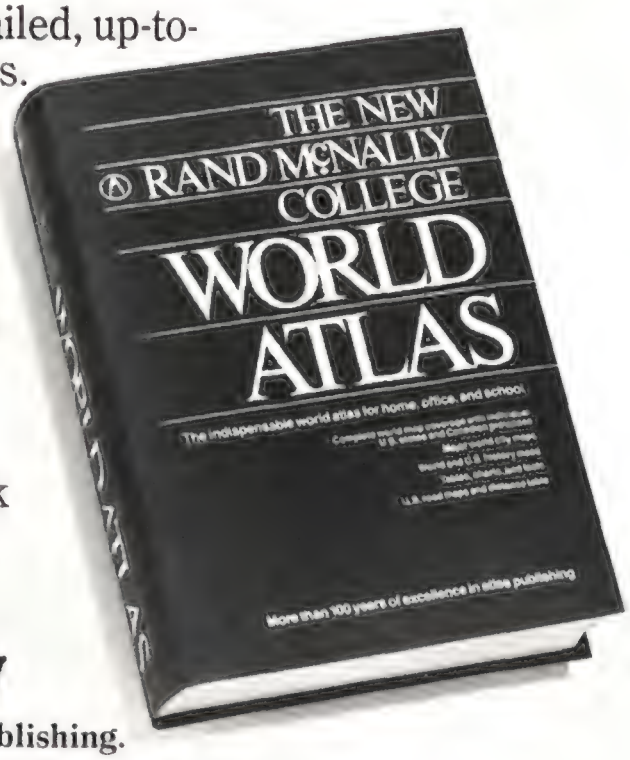

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equipment, but the industry is depressed and unemployment is around 12 percent. They don't look like cities that are on the itineraries of many visiting artists.

At 10 A.M. Mitchell and Ruff head out to Grant Elementary School in Davenport. Three hundred children troop into the gymnasium with their teachers and sit on the floor. Ruff greets them amiably. "First we're going to show you how these instruments sound before we put them together," he says. He holds up his French horn. "The horn wasn't so much invented as it just grew—it grew on animals."

He plays a few hunting calls and bugle calls. What the sound conveys is something very old: the horn as one of Man's earliest senders of messages. Mitchell plays a major scale and a chromatic scale on the upright piano and explains about the half steps. Ruff asks the kids if they can say "improvisation." They can. "To improvise," he says, "means to have fun with something—to change it around and make it different. You all know the major scale that Mr. Mitchell just played. Now we're going to play a piece that we call 'Do-Re-Mi Blues' so you can hear what improvisation is."

Mitchell puts the major scale through various lively incarnations, with Ruff on the bass. The children are delighted by how many forms it can take. "That's called jazz," Ruff says. "Nobody else in the world invented jazz but Americans. It's one of the riches you should be proud of. If you ever travel you'll find that people in other lands know this part of your culture because they enjoy it."

Ruff asks how many children are studying the piano. Many hands go up. "I am *impressed*!" he says. "Is there somebody here who would like to play a melody for us?" A chubby boy named Jerry Boovey comes to the piano. Ruff asks him what he wants to play. Jerry says he's going to play "Cool School." The piece, a pulsing

ELECTRICITY FROM THE ATOM

Are we moving in the right direction?

The value of nuclear power is being questioned these days mainly because of serious financial problems with some plants under construction. What's often overlooked is that with 80 plants operating in the U.S., and over 200 more throughout the world, nuclear-generated electricity is already being used extensively, safely, and economically.

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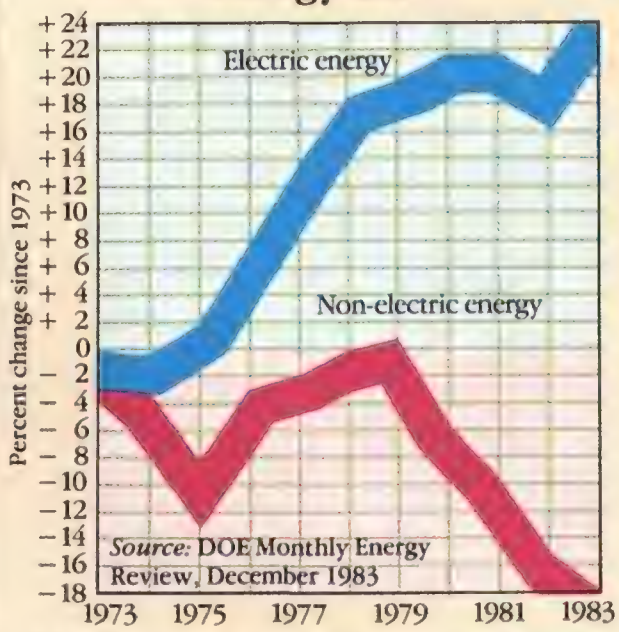
Most of the nuclear plants now operating were built before the years of double-digit inflation and persistently high interest rates—huge factors in the higher cost of the plants now approaching completion. Even so, over their 30- to 40-year lifetimes, these new plants can provide economic benefits because of the lower cost of uranium fuel.

Electric vs. non-electric energy use



While the use of non-electric *energy has declined, U.S. consumption of* electric *energy has increased by over 25% since the Arab oil embargo.*

Renewing the nuclear promise

Utilities have learned to be more realistic about what it takes to construct and run a nuclear plant. They have been beefing up their nuclear engineering staffs and strengthening their operator training programs.

At the same time, the Federal government is moving to reform the nuclear regulation process, which causes needless delays and often adds hundreds of millions of dollars in excessive construction and operating costs.

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melody with a boogie bass, is presumably Jerry's conception of school, if not necessarily his teacher's. Ruff says, "Now Mr. Mitchell is going to take Jerry's piece, 'Cool School,' and make some jazz out of it."

Mitchell separates the song into two parts and plays the boogie bass for Ruff. "He just made an arrangement," Ruff explains. "He wants me to play on my bass what Jerry played with his left hand." The song is duly played and embroidered. The children are caught up in it, clapping in rhythm and laughing at the variations. Ruff then talks about "a wonderful American opera that I hope you'll all hear someday called *Porgy and Bess*, by a great American composer named George Gershwin."

They play some numbers from the wonderful American opera and conclude with a song of Ruff's called "Chou-Chou." Mitchell gets a tremendous rhythm going, playing as hard as I've ever heard him play.

Ruff asks if anyone has any questions. One girl says she plays the cello now but would also like to play the bass. Ruff assures her that she should be able to learn it quite easily. Someone asks Ruff how he learned to play. He says that at their age he was a drummer, but that in the Army he met Mitchell, who taught him to play the bass. "If I played any wrong notes he'd hit me and make me stand in the corner on one leg," Ruff says, "so I made sure I learned fast." A boy raises his hand: "How come the French horn sounds like a moose?" Ruff speculates briefly on this musical phenomenon. "Time for one more question," he says. A small girl has a question, and Ruff leans forward to hear it. "When he hit you," she says, pointing to Mitchell, "did you bleed?"

The principal of the school, Morris Williams, is elated. "I'm glad to see men musicians come to the school," he says. "At this age boys tend to feel if they're not athletic, there's something wrong with them."

We hurry back to the Blackhawk Hotel for the Monday lunch of the Davenport Rotary Club, where Mitchell and Ruff give a 20-minute concert that everybody loves. "It makes a big difference in the week," a Rotarian tells them afterward.

The first public concert is scheduled for Augustana College, in Rock Island. The two men change into their tuxedoes, and Lois Jecklin, director of the Visiting Artist Series, drives us over to Augustana. It turns out to be a Lutheran college with a green-domed stone administration building of the kind that gives every American college of a certain age its character. The auditorium, however, could belong to any state university that expanded in the 1960s; it has 1,600 seats, and as Mitchell tests the piano I stare out over the vast and empty expanse. But husbands, wives and teenagers begin to trickle in—a family audience—and by 8 P.M. they fill more than half the hall.

All of Mitchell and Ruff's concerts have the same format, but no two are alike. After each number Ruff announces what they will play next—a decision that grows out of how they feel at the moment. Ruff takes care of the amenities and keeps his comments brief, identifying the next song and its composer. At some point he also makes a local reference that acknowledges their host. Mitchell doesn't talk; he's locked into his music.

Ruff always plays his bass for the first two or three numbers, setting a jazz rhythm that compensates for the absence of a drum. Then he changes to the French horn and selects a song with a haunting melodic line—Harold Arlen's "Ill Wind," for instance, or Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life"—that the French horn almost seems to have been invented for. Ruff also varies the pace by giving periodic solos to Mitchell, a pianist of awesome range and technique, and as he stands and listens, though he has been listening to Mitchell since 1946, his face takes on the mixture of pleasure and disbelief that marks a Mitchell fan.

In airport lobby Willie greets Dwike with a 54th-birthday bear hug, and a gift.

Now, in Rock Island, all these processes are at work. The Duo begins with an easygoing number—"That was a blues that we just made up," Ruff tells the audience—and they're off. Mitchell does a complex piano solo of Jerome Kern's "Yesterday"; Ruff joins him with the French horn to play a *Porgy and Bess* medley, and then they romp through Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma." After that Ruff remembers Davenport was the birthplace of Bix Beiderbecke, the great white jazz cornetist, and he announces that the next number will be an improvisation called "New Blues for Bix." But first he is diverted by the ghost of Beiderbecke into a brief reminiscence.

"I don't know if young people in this area are as intimidated as I was by growing up in the shadow of a famous person," he says. He explains that Helen Keller came from Tuscumbia, next door to Sheffield, Alabama, where he grew up, and that she was always being cited by schoolteachers impatient with lackadaisical students. "Those teachers would say, 'Aren't you ashamed to be so lazy about reading? Look at that Keller girl.' Helen Keller made book learning even more distasteful than it was."

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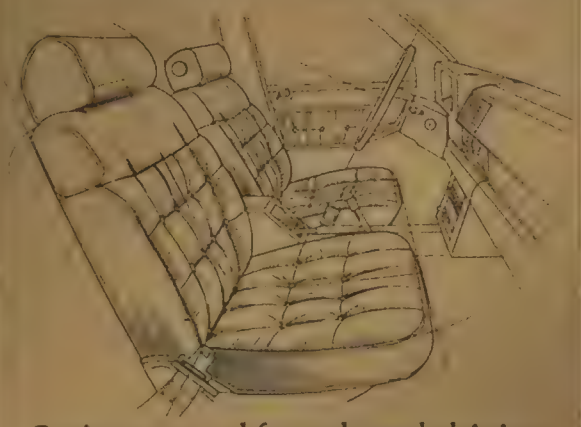

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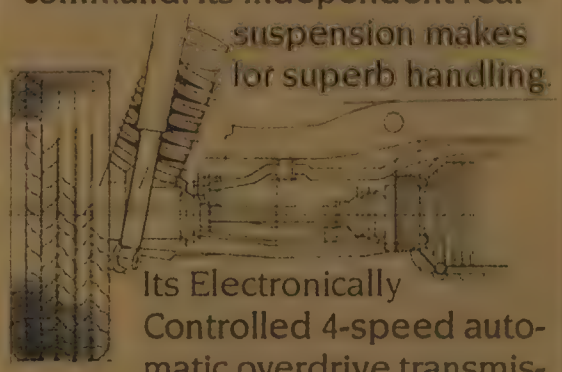

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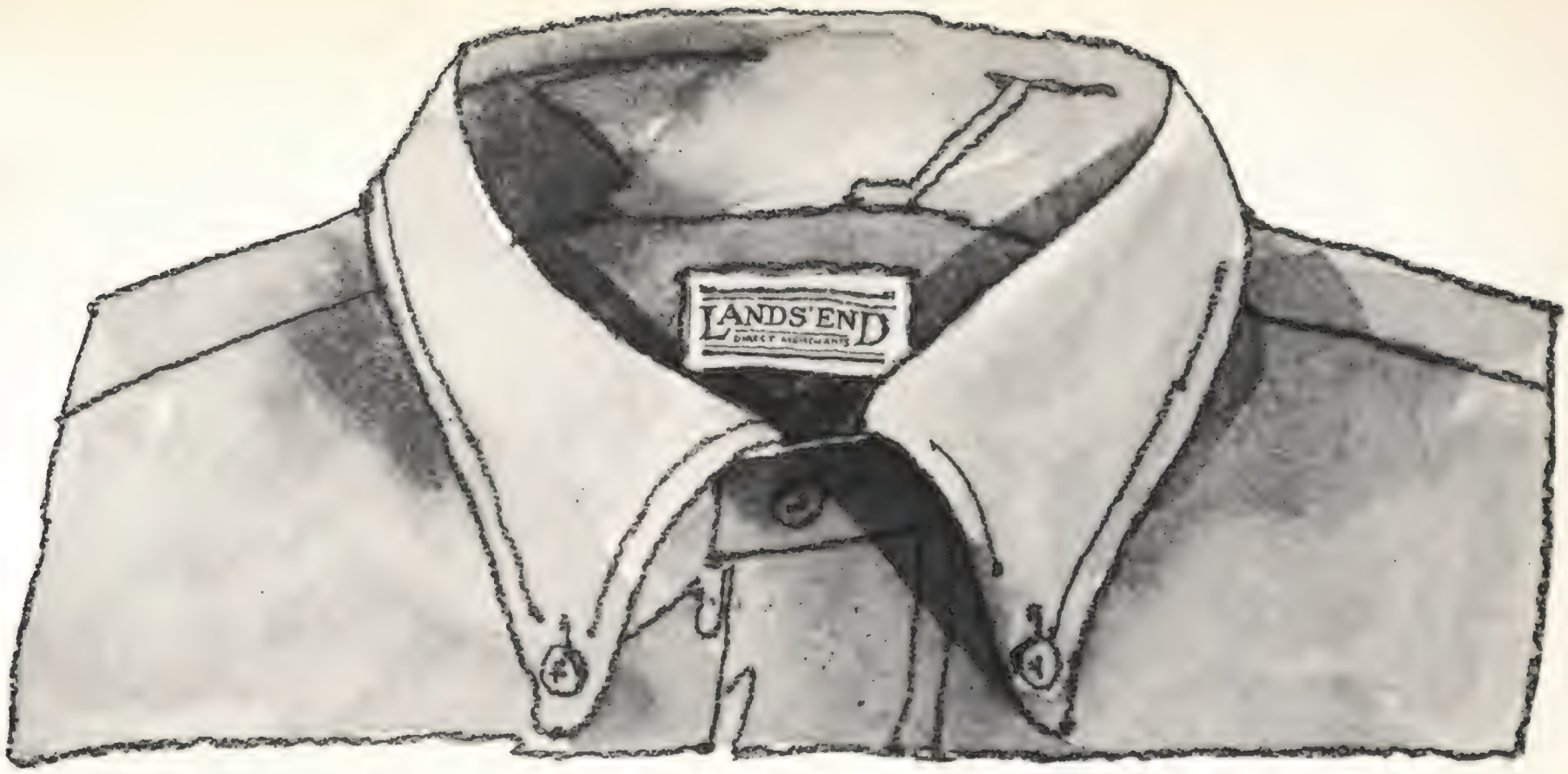
Mitchell and Ruff look on as a famous colleague, the flamboyant bebopper Dizzy Gillespie, swells his cheeks to fill the air with sound.

expected. But there is no time to ponder Helen Keller's demoralizing effect on early education; "New Blues for Bix" is under way, and Mitchell begins to roll. He has told Ruff that he doesn't want to break the momentum with an intermission, and he finally builds to a brilliant treatment of "Autumn Leaves" in three-quarter time. They wrap it up with "My Old Flame" and the audience is on its feet, clapping and shouting.

TUESDAY. Lois Jecklin's father was a superintendent of schools in various parts of Iowa and her mother was a painter. "When I was in second grade," she recalls, "we lived in a very small town called Missouri Valley. To get art you had to go to Omaha. One Saturday my parents took me to the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha to see a loan exhibition from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We went into a huge oval room whose walls were covered in brown silk. Suddenly there was a gigantic painting in front of me—it was Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*—and at that moment I understood the difference between Bonheur and what my mother did."

That story, multiplied many times, is the story of the arts in America. Every community has a Lois Jecklin who is operating out of some early encounter with art or music, or theater or dance, or poetry or fiction, and is trying to weave it into the fabric of her city's life.



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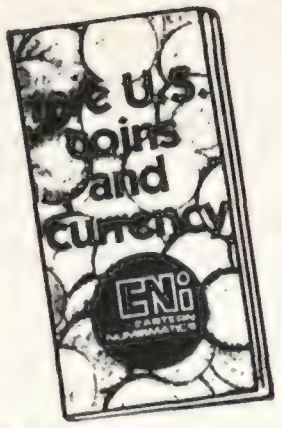

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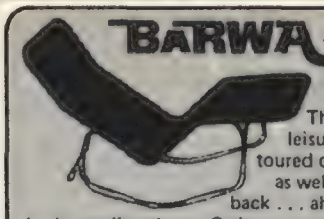

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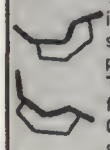

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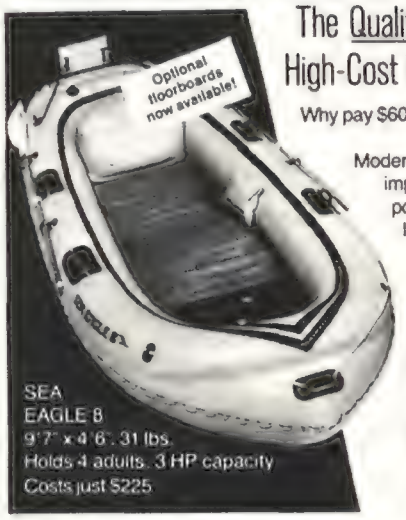

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"The people are beginning to be proud of the program," Lois Jecklin says. One of her main objectives has been to break down the wall that separates Americans from their art. "Over and over, artists and writers and composers and musicians come here and tell about themselves and their lives," she says. "They get directly involved with their audience. People have had art brought to them that they avoided because they thought there was nothing in it for them. Now they're much more adventurous."

Mitchell and Ruff are the first jazz musicians the program has brought to the Quad Cities and they are being thinly spread. This morning we drive to Scott Community College. Mitchell and Ruff are supposed to play in the student center during a brown-bag lunch. The student center is a long and sterile basement room with a low ceiling and tile walls. It has a jukebox, a Ping-Pong table, some video games and several snack and soft-drink machines, all in use. The noise level is high. Students who aren't playing games or getting food are sitting at metal tables, eating or talking or studying.

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Mitchell wonders if the game will stop when he plays. He thinks it probably won't. He tries out the piano and Ruff sets up his bass. They know it's one of those rooms that will never be entirely still, but they don't seem upset; this is where they are booked to play and they go to work.

It's the week of Duke Ellington's birthday, Ruff tells the students, and he launches into "Satin Doll." Students at the near tables stop eating and listen. Ruff stays with Ellington and plays "Caravan." Mitchell gets into a galloping rhythm and the room gets quieter. Picking up momentum, the two men play "The More I See You." Mitchell is working hard at the beat-up piano. He is also playing with great skill—a triumph of art over environment.

Mitchell and Ruff play intently for 45 minutes. They are sweating; the room is hot, the acoustics are bad and there's a lot of coming and going. But the students also know that something of quality is taking place. One woman is wholly absorbed. She is a pianist herself, she says later, desperate for contact with the kind of music she has just heard. "You've made my whole year," she tells Mitchell.

We drive back to Davenport for lunch and then go over to Rock Island, where Mitchell and Ruff are scheduled to hold a master class at Augustana College. About 30 undergraduates turn up. Usually these clinics attract student pianists and instrumentalists who want individual criticism. But today we are in for group therapy: a seven-man college combo is setting up its equipment, much of it electronic, including the piano. They call themselves the Six O'Clock Jazz Ensemble and they want to know how they sound. They play two long numbers with grim determination, reading their music as if decoding the Dead Sea Scrolls. Mitchell and Ruff look almost as glum.

When the music stops, Ruff steps into the uneasy silence. He asks the

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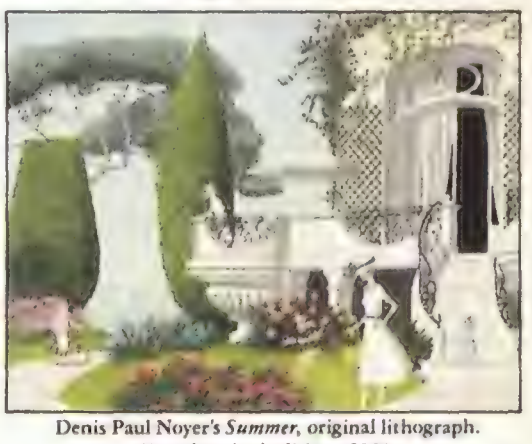

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drummer to try a samba beat and a higher register to give the group more color and contrast. He urges the nonelectrified horn players to think about dynamics and shading. "I'd like you to be more aggressive," he tells the boy with the tenor sax. The boy looks dubious. "Let me hear it again," Ruff says, and the combo plods back into action. The drummer sounds better, but otherwise it's the same old Six O'Clock Jazz Ensemble. After a while Ruff stops them. "I feel that you're holding back," he says. "If you'd dare to be loud and aggressive you'd probably scare yourselves to death." Their faces say that this is unlikely. "Did you ever get in a car and close all the doors and just holler?" Ruff asks. They shake their heads. "It does a world of good in your blues playing."

Ruff and Mitchell play a few numbers and then ask for questions. The students want to know how the two men practice. Ruff says he makes up his own exercises—"a grueling kind of lip calisthenics." Mitchell says he favors Chopin études, and he plays a few passages to demonstrate the kind of intricacy he means. "You can't do anything without technique—that's what opens you up," he tells the boy who was playing the electric keyboard. "I feel that you're too safe." The boy radiates safety. Finally Mitchell says, "Listen, man, the piano just sits there looking at you all day. You've got to put something in it if you want to get something out."

Tonight's concert is at the Deere & Company headquarters, ten miles outside Moline. The building is one of Eero Saarinen's masterpieces, and we go out early to look it over. Its auditorium has the feeling of a small concert hall: handsome but intimate. The piano is an almost-new seven-foot grand, and Mitchell tries it out before he even takes off his coat. It hasn't been tuned. "The piano's got eight A's, all different," he tells me.

The hall begins to fill up. I recognize quite a few who were at last night's concert. Lois Jecklin works the house, greeting new arrivals. They gladly fill out a card with their name and address; in America the arts have one sacred text—the mailing list.

The concert seems sluggish at first. After one or two numbers I hear where the trouble is: the piano is dead. It's a factory lemon from a famous factory. Mitchell is probing its keyboard like a doctor examining a dying patient for some sign of life. He plays at different registers and different volumes, searching for any group of notes where the piano may have some strength or will at least sound

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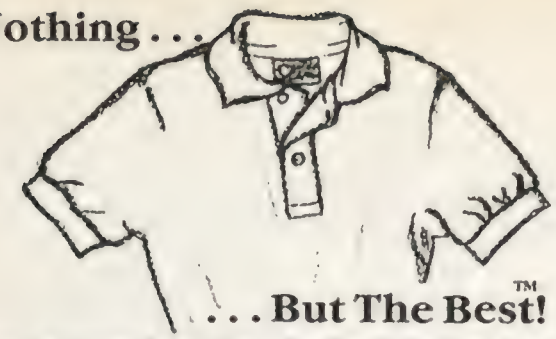

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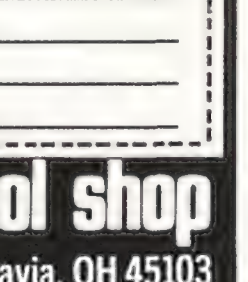

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decent. Eventually he finds it in the octave below middle C. Playing quite softly, in a style that emphasizes chords rather than rhythm, he coaxes a chamber-music effect out of the piano. Ruff, perhaps by intuition, has switched instruments early and is having a fabulous night on the French horn. He plays three plaintive songs—"Last Night When We Were Young," "Lush Life" and "Lazy Afternoon"—with an intensity of emotion that I have rarely heard him bring to a concert. The audience becomes caught up in what he is doing, and even Mitchell claps with admiration. The result is a concert totally different from the one at Augustana. It has a lyrical quality, and the audience, oblivious of the burden that the two men have turned to their advantage, is having a wonderful time.

WEDNESDAY. Lois Jecklin notices the beginning of fatigue and apologizes for booking Mitchell and Ruff so heavily. Today's first event is a workshop at Seton Catholic School in Moline: 125 students of grades six through eight. From there we go to Moline High for an hour-long assembly. Attendance is voluntary, but the huge auditorium is jammed. To amuse 900 teenagers before lunch is no small task, but Ruff has them quieted down from the start. He's not lecturing; he's *talking* to them about music that's important, and when the music is played students know they are being told a serious story.

Afterward, the associate principal, Mary Foster, can hardly believe what has happened. "Did you notice there was no talking or moving around?" she asks. "Mr. Ruff held them with a low volume of sound and a minimum of gestures—which is the antithesis of what today's students are used to. They're constantly exposed to entertainers with medallions and designer jeans who laboriously go after teenagers' approval. Young people are remarkably sensitive to that kind of insincerity—they've had a lot of it

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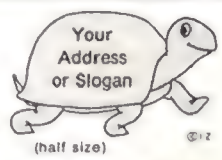

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For small fan, Mitchell demonstrates improvisation with "Do-Re-Mi Blues."

on TV and they've had enough."

Nowhere are the two men more different than in what they do when a performance is over. By metabolism, Mitchell is a purebred artist, acutely tuned to his senses and his body. He lives close to the elemental forces: food, fatigue, sleep, germs, weather, people, the discomforts of travel. He forgets names, places, dates, papers, possessions and other mundane details. "The spirits will take care of it," he says. "If it's meant to happen it will."

Ruff has no such faith in predestination. If it happens it's because he *makes* it happen. Ruff puts every minute to work. On airplanes and in airports he is always reading a book. In his hotel he is the ant laying up provisions for the season ahead; there is nothing of the grasshopper in him. Before breakfast this morning he was up practicing Mozart's Second Concerto for Orchestra and French Horn, which he will play with the Boston Classical Orchestra.

Now, back in his hotel room, Ruff turns into a booking agent, returning

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all the phone calls that came while he was out. Bill Cosby is doing a two-week stand at Las Vegas and wants the Duo to open his act. Ruff likes the idea for practical reasons: the pay and the exposure are good. Mitchell, lying on the bed, dislikes the idea for emotional reasons. Opening Cosby's act would mean doing two 20-minute stints—one early in the evening and one late—and he would have to be "up" from the first chord. He prefers a longer time to build his relationship with the audience. Besides, who needs Las Vegas?

I think of all the rooms where the two men have stayed since they were discovered by the Pryor-Menz Agency in 1955. The agency, which was founded in the 19th century, wanted two personable young musicians who could play and explain jazz on college campuses. Mitchell and Ruff will never forget their first day.

"The Pryor-Menz office was in Council Bluffs, Iowa," Mitchell says, "and we left from there by train with the tickets and the itinerary that the agency had given us. We were going to play at Hays College in Hays, Kansas. The train conductor was a black man, and he looked and looked at our tickets. 'You sure you boys are going to *Hays*?' he asked. We said we were. He said he had been on that railroad line for 33 years and no black people had ever got off at Hays. We told him we were supposed to play at Hays College. 'Well, I'm going to hold the train,' he said, 'until I'm sure you're in the right place. If there's nobody there to meet you at the depot you're going to get back on the train.'

"Well, we got off at Hays and looked around, and that conductor stood right there on the steps of the train watching us. Finally we saw this white man come driving up in a station wagon. It was the president of Hays College and he had come to meet us. The conductor couldn't believe his eyes and he kept the train right there until we got in that station wagon and drove off. As the train pulled out he was still standing there on the steps looking back."

The solicitude of black trainmen was a gift that Ruff still talks about warmly. But before the civil rights movement the biggest problem for black entertainers was where to spend the night. "Pryor-Menz always sent us out with this huge book full of names of people who would give room and board to black musicians," Ruff recalls, "and with lists of hotels where it was OK to eat in the dining room, or where you had to have your meals sent up, or where you couldn't get served at all. The people who put you up in their homes were black doctors and dentists and preachers. We would set out from Pryor-Menz with this book of names and with a fistful of train tickets and a Conoco credit card. If we were going to a town where the trains didn't go, they'd give us a Ford V-8. When we got back to a place that had a railroad, somebody would collect the Ford and drive it back to Council Bluffs."

After lunch we go to St. Katharine's /St. Mark's School, a hundred-year-old private school that occupies an ornate 28-room mansion built by the railroad magnate Joseph Bettendorf on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi. First, Mitchell and Ruff play for the children from kindergarten through sixth grade and explain about jazz. When Ruff asks for a volunteer to play a melody they can improvise on, a boy comes to the piano and plays "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." Mitchell's first chorus comes out sounding like Palestrina, and then he and Ruff take the old nursery song on a meandering journey. Later the kids from grades seven through 12 troop in and a new session begins.

Then it's back to the hotel to change for tonight's concert in Eldridge, Iowa, 20 miles away. A new theater has opened there, and its founders hope to plant the flag of the arts. They think music and theater

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and ballet should be available in rural areas, not just in cities. Tonight's audience, materializing out of a snowstorm, has an enthusiasm that transmits itself to Mitchell and Ruff. They respond warmly, generating a sunny mood and playing for almost two hours.

THURSDAY. On the final day, Mitchell and Ruff are visibly running out of steam when they get into the car that takes us to Grant Elementary School in Rock Island. There is something different about the school that makes its presence felt right away. Rock Island is the most depressed of the Quad Cities and Grant School—largely black—is at the edge of poverty. Budget cuts have eliminated much of the arts program that once gave some margin to the school day.

Now, 500 boys and girls file into the gymnasium and see two visiting artists. They sit on the floor and look up expectantly. Ruff establishes instant contact with his audience—making them laugh, telling them where jazz came from, explaining the structure of the blues, getting them involved in the music they are about to hear. When he and Mitchell start to play, the kids are turned on as if by a switch. Their faces and bodies come alive; there is an intensity in the way they strain forward to listen to Ruff's bass and to watch Mitchell's huge and miraculous hands. Mitchell can feel the energy, though he never looks up. He plays with total commitment. Whatever is happening on the gymnasium floor is connected to the small boy who was Ivory Mitchell jr., in the small town of Dunedin, Florida, in the 1930s.

The session continues for almost an hour, and at the end Mitchell is drained. "I'm turned on emotionally when I play," he explains, "and kids respond to me because of that, whereas with adults you have to build and take them someplace. I play for children the way I'd play for the biggest grown-up audience anywhere. Once you touch on yourself you touch other people. But it has to have fire. It has to have living—all the things that I've gone through and that I'm sure everyone else has."

Back in New Haven, where Ruff (right) is a professor at Yale's School of Music, Dwike and Willie cross the courtyard of Branford College.

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Book reviews

Bernard Shaw created role of Eliza Doolittle for Mrs. Pat when she was 49.

Mrs. Pat: The Life of Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Margot Peters
Knopf, $22.95

In 1928, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, very much a star in decline, agreed to play Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* at London's tiny Gate Theatre as part of the Ibsen Centenary. The play's Oswald was a fellow Briton, young John Gielgud, who remained her friend and admirer for the rest of her life. After her death in 1940, he wrote a letter to the *Times*: "I hope that she will be remembered by the public not only as the legendary figure of comedy—the deep-voiced prima donna uttering brilliant witticisms, and driving authors and managers to despair—but also as the generous, warm-hearted, creative artist, shrewdly critical, passionately fond of beauty and eager to find it wherever she might be." Both of these characters and several others can be found in Margot Peters' fascinating biography, *Mrs. Pat.*

Stella Tanner was a restless and imaginative child and young woman, impulsive and undisciplined, who escaped her family (with whom she remained close) when at 19, pregnant, she married the devoted Patrick Campbell, who, she wrote her sister, "is not a bit what I wished for."

What she wished for, always, was wealth, position, a life of elegance and ease, but she spent her years not simply struggling to maintain a semblance of that wish but to bring her idea of art and beauty to the theater. When Patrick went off to Africa in search of the fortune he always wanted to lay at her feet, she, left with two small children, decided to take to the stage as a way to feed them that would also sustain the esthetic hunger in her. She made her debut as an amateur in 1886, turned professional and, in 1893, was plucked out of her role as the "wicked woman" in an Adelphi melodrama to play the lead in Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* Her performance made her a star.

There has always been a question about stardom: Is popularity the product of personality or of acting skill? Even in the 1890s, when Mrs. Campbell was regularly identified as one of the leading actresses of the English stage, there was doubt about whether her impressive presence in the theater depended on her "'irresistible physical gifts and her cunning eye for surface effects," as Bernard Shaw said, or on her ability to create overpowering characters.

She was remarkably beautiful, celebrated for her crown of black hair, her expressive eyes and an almost incredible voice. Conscious always of the visual effect she created (there is much in this book about the clothes she wore on- and offstage), she used her presence in a restrained way compared to the declamatory actresses who preceded her, and became representative of a new realism in the theater, one that embodied rather than signaled deep emotion. W. B. Yeats

wrote after seeing her in Bjørnson's *Beyond Human Power*, "that is exactly what I am trying to do in writing, to express myself without waste, without emphasis."

Her greatest roles—Paula Tanqueray, Pinero's Mrs. Ebbsmith, Sudermann's Magda, even Maeterlinck's Mélisande—were those in which sensuality shared space with neuroticism, and if a role was not congenial to her she often wrecked it. Her Eliza Doolittle was apparently a fascinating creature, but Shaw so hated what she and Herbert Beerbohm Tree did to his *Pygmalion* that he stayed away from the theater. "If she is *absolutely* fitted in a part, she can wear it—" Pinero said years after her triumph in his plays, "but she can't wear anyone else's."

The impressive thing about Peters' biography is the space she gives to Mrs. Campbell's work in the theater, but she does not neglect the private life. There is much about the actress' social life with the English aristocracy ("she dearly loved a lord," Gielgud once said) and the American very-rich. We see her juggling her marriage to Patrick and her romance with Forbes-Robertson, her manager and co-star; her unconsummated love affair—all words—with Bernard Shaw; her affair with George Cornwallis-West (Winston Churchill's stepfather), who later married and then deserted her. There is a wealth of anecdotes, most of them built around her sharp eye and even sharper tongue. We see her constantly clutching a small dog, a Brussels griffon or a Pekingese, a cartoon grande dame who becomes touchingly heroic when she chooses exile from England rather than put her last Peke in six-month quarantine.

Most of all, and it is what makes the book so moving, we see her self-destructiveness at war with her impulse to survive. She systematically sabotaged plays in which she felt uncomfortable even when she desperately needed the income; she was willing to sacrifice the chance of employment for a good but hurting witticism. Yet, penniless, tired, sometimes ill, she would rally her powers for one more assault on a world that never appreciated her enough, ever ready to trample on the appreciation if it came. Whether or not she was a great actress is still and forever an open question, but—as *Mrs. Pat* makes clear—she was a remarkable woman.

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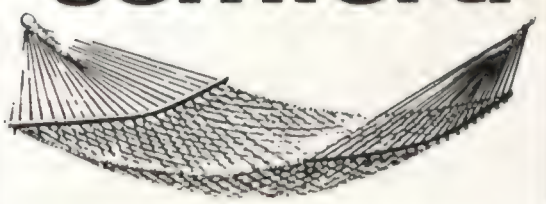

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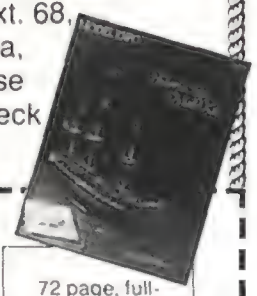

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Picasso: The Last Years, 1963-1973
Gert Schiff
Braziller, $35

Picasso dominated the art of his century as no artist before or since. His early experiments with Cubism, in league with Braque, remain the single greatest esthetic movement of the century, but no less influential were succeeding periods. In his efforts to cut to the heart of artistic form, in painting and sculpture, Picasso continually anticipated the styles and themes which others would find themselves embracing and struggling with years later.

Yet while the world was glad to focus on the early Picasso, Picasso's last period, from 1962 to 1973, the year of his death, has been largely unexplored—an oversight, given his preeminence, that remains puzzling. The common wisdom appears to have "retired" Picasso long before he ceased painting—and he worked until the end. The prodigious number of drawings, paintings and etchings from that time received almost no public exhibition or critical comment beyond Basel's 1981 Kunstmuseum retrospective.

"Picasso: The Last Years, 1963-1973," which opened March 2 at New York's Guggenheim Museum and continues until May 13, comes as a remedy to American neglect of the period.

The show, supplemented by this excellent book, should lay to rest any lingering doubts about the giant of his age having slept at the end of his life. In Professor Gert Schiff's masterly exegesis of the work, organized thematically to ease readers' entry into the rich developments and allusions of the featured paintings, Picasso emerges triumphant once more, and vigorous to the end.

Artist David Hockney has said, "The greatest painting of the Sixties was done in France by one man," and the revelations of these paintings may soon force a reappraisal of American artists' claim to domination of esthetic breakthroughs in post-World-War-II art. Schiff spends minimal time on the events surrounding and prompting Picasso's shift to this new period and each phase within it. Instead, he concentrates our attention on the art itself, analyzing, cross-referring, until even the reader who has never "read" Picasso's work in detail should be able to share the excitement inherent in these last challenges to the limits of the canvas.

Even at the end, Picasso did not go gently. These paintings roar their humanity in exuberant brushwork, depicting men and women engaged in making war, making love, making art. They are full of surprises. Picasso's political sense remained strong into the Sixties; his *Rape of the Sabines*, based on but not confined to Poussin's painting of the same name, makes even his *Guernica* pale. His questioning of the role of artist and model is expanded in a splendid series that creates a new artist-hero-buffoon, the Musketeer, who is master artist and clown, alive to his self-involvement, his creative and sexual powers and his own voyeurism.

Finally, about a decade before critical journals and the art world hit upon the "New Narrative"—the much-vaunted return to subject matter in art—Picasso was already immersed in the process. Speaking of the *La Celestina* series, he said: "I spend hour after hour while I draw, observing my creatures and thinking about the mad things they're up to; basically, it's my way of writing fiction."

And what a story! It's as if, at the end, the master was not content to see life whole, but was inspired to force us to share his vision—not cumulatively, but all at once.

Schiff ends the exhibition, and the commentary, with the final self-portraits: images of Picasso as a spectral force, a humble young painter, a head reduced to skeletal severity—one eye turned inward, one fiercely confronting (below). This last, created nine months before he died, conveys another dimension to Picasso's assertion that his art was for

Picasso did this self-portrait nine months before his death. He considered it "unlike anything I have ever done."

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Lee Fleming
Washington art critic

One Writer's Beginnings
Eudora Welty
Harvard University Press, $10

One Writer's Beginnings (three lectures that inaugurated the William E. Massey series at Harvard in the spring of 1983) is not the first time Eudora Welty has written of her education by her parents and grandparents, her brothers and schoolteachers, the city librarian and the city itself in which she was born and still lives—Jackson, Mississippi.

Years ago she wrote an occasional piece that contained the story of her mother telling the formidable librarian in the adult section of the public library: "Eudora is nine years old and has my permission to read any book she wants from the shelves, children or adult. . . . With the exception of *Elsie Dinsmore*." Now in the first lecture contained in this small volume, she expands upon the anecdote. Her mother thought her so suggestible that she would fall off the piano stool in a faint, as Elsie did, if she were asked to practice too long.

Despite this charming reminiscence, it must be said that Eudora Welty is the least self-revelatory and at the same time the most suggestive of writers. Her work contains a narrator who keeps her careful distance from the stories she tells. Although the tone of voice is usually recognizable as Welty's, her person never intrudes. Nor do we ever have the sense, as we do so often in the work of many contemporary writers, that the story exists primarily to exhibit the author.

For Welty, a story exists because the writer had the ear, the eye and the voice to tell it, to give it verisimilitude to life itself. In these brief, simple, direct lectures, she describes just how she came to possess those vital, trained senses. She listened to the talk of her elders and their neighbors. Most important to her were

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the books at home, the ones she read again and again as a child: ". . . there has never been a line read that I didn't hear," she says in "Listening." She saw whatever there was around her to see, thus giving her a parish for her life's work, and she absorbed all the details of the trips the family took to visit grandparents in West Virginia and in Ohio in the square, upright five-passenger Oakland touring car:

"The trips were wholes unto themselves. They were stories. Not only in form, but in their taking on direction, movement, development, change. They changed something in my life: each trip made its particular revelation. . . ."

From these trips she learned the importance to fiction of the element of sequence. "The events in our lives happen in a sequence in time," she writes, "but in their significance to ourselves they find their own order. . . . The time as we know it is often the chronology that stories and novels follow: it is the continuous thread of revelation."

All of Welty's years of stored wisdom are here, throwing light upon the process of fiction as it begins to develop in a young writer. She recognizes the importance of plot: "Writing a story or a novel is one way of discovering *sequence* in experience, of stumbling upon cause and effect in the happenings of a writer's own life." Life and living persons are her primary concern, and endings a matter of importance: "Writers and travelers are mesmerized alike by knowing of their destinations." But shy as she is, ultimately she recognizes that the portrayal of her teacher Miss Eckhart, in *The Golden Apples*, is derived from what she had learned about herself, not in any autobiographical detail but in the similarity of their aim in life: "What I have put into her is my passion for my own life work, my own art."

In the final sentence of the book, she sums up her life, her passion for her art, the source of its workings: "I am a writer who came of a sheltered life. A sheltered life can be a daring life as well. For all serious daring starts from within."

Doris Grumbach
Novelist and literary critic

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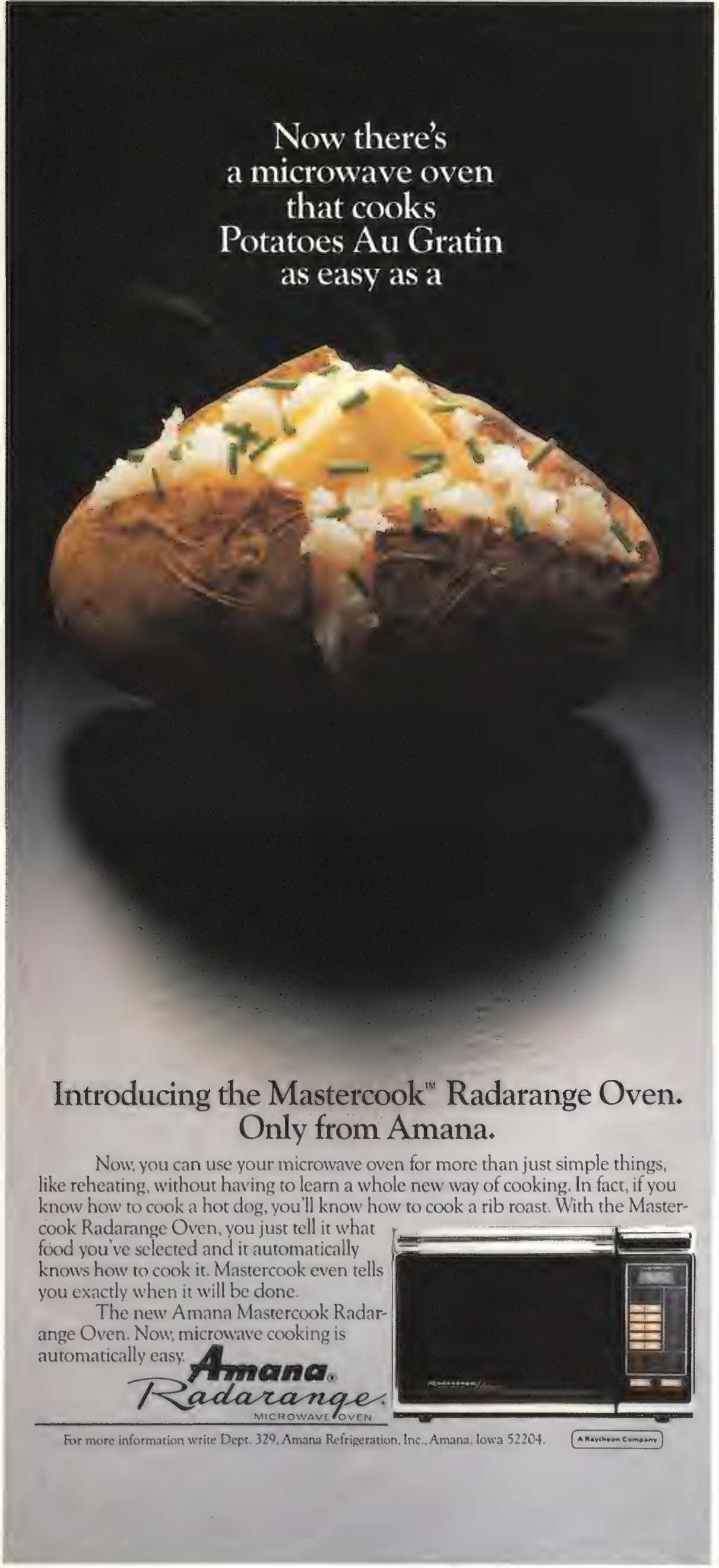
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Additional reading

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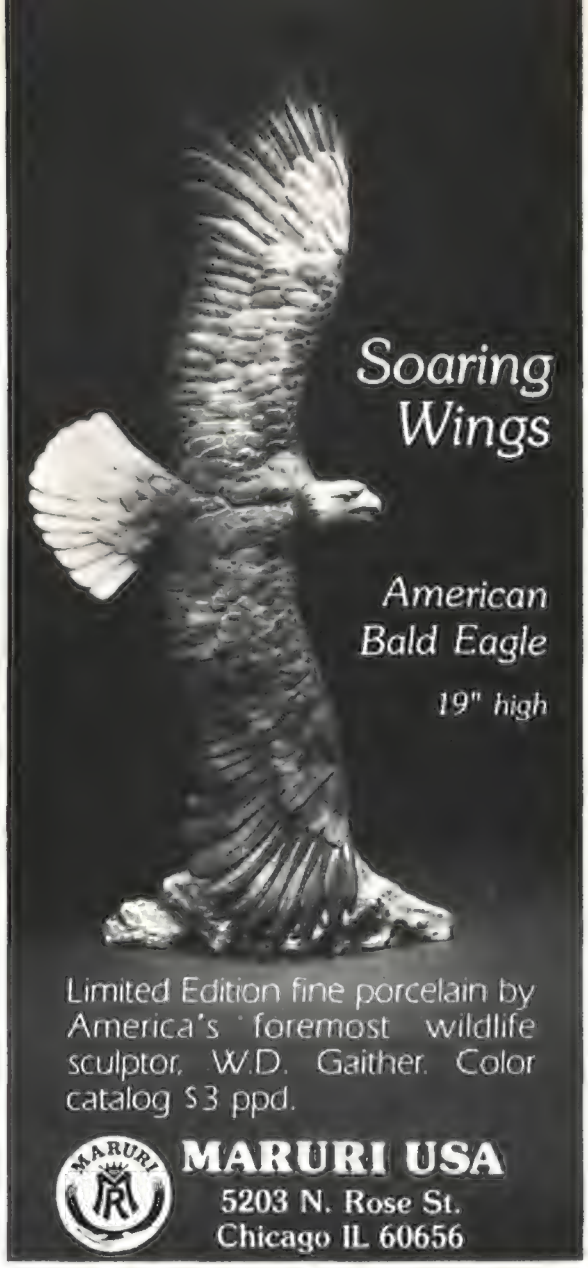

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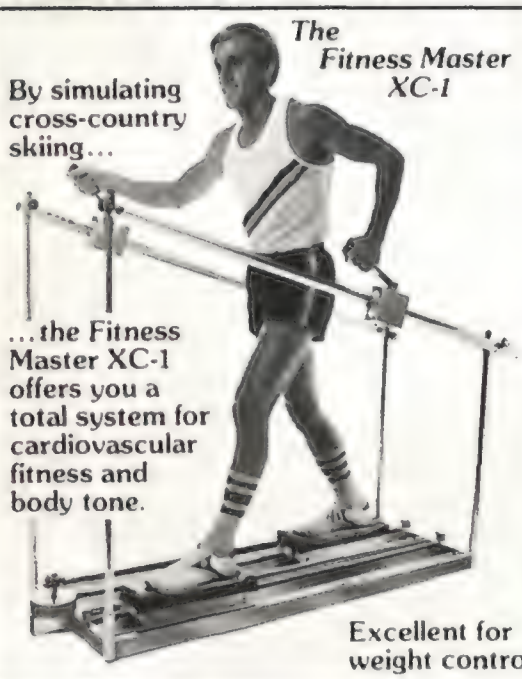
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Smithsonian highlights

The Smithsonian Institution is honoring Roger Tory Peterson on the 50th anniversary of publication of his classic *A Field Guide to the Birds.* A special exhibition of his artwork, including original full-color plates from his field guide series and some recent oil paintings, will be on display in NMNH's Rotunda Gallery through September 3.

On the heels of May, from June 2 through 7, the National Zoo will throw a giant performing-arts party, Summerfest '84. Dozens of groups playing music (jazz, folk, classical, bluegrass), dancing and miming will entertain people and animals throughout the park. The hours will be 1:30 P.M.-8 P.M. on June 2 and 3; and 4:30 P.M.-8 P.M. the last four days. All are invited to this free celebration.

Special May exhibits and events

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
German Expressionist Sculpture (through June 17) More than 120 objects.

Renwick Gallery
Edward Colonna: 1862-1948 (through August 19) Includes 100 examples of furniture, glass, ceramics, jewelry, drawings.
Harvey K. Littleton (through September 3).

Blue Jays is among the works of Roger Tory Peterson on view in NMNH Gallery.

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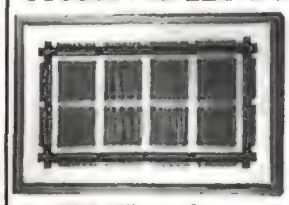
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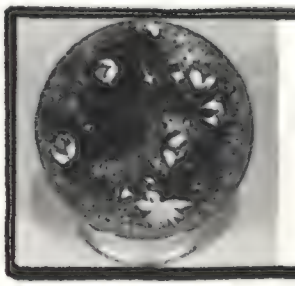

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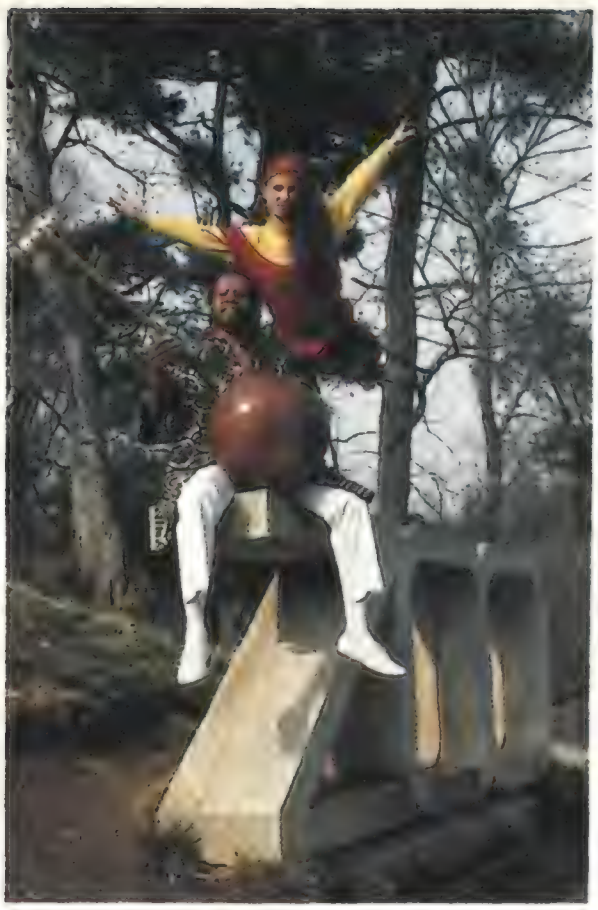

Dancer Michelle Ava, musician Brother Ah will be at Zoo's Summerfest '84.

National Air and Space Museum
Harry S. Truman Centennial: The Berlin Airlift (May 8 through May 1985) Photographs and a film about the airlift.
The Development of the Spitfire (May 17: 8 P.M.) Lecture by Jeffrey Quill.
Captured Stars (May 5; 9 A.M.) Monthly sky lecture.

National Portrait Gallery
Adventurous Pursuits: Americans and the China Trade, 1784-1844 (through July 8) See *Highlights continued.*

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
Drawings by John De Cesare (May 1-August 5) Drawings that translate musical scores into visual images.
Circles of the World: Traditional Art of the Plains Indians (through July 15).

National Museum of American Art
Wood Works: Constructions by Robert Indiana (May 1-September 3) Thirty works made from salvaged materials.
Exposed and Developed: Photography Sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts (May 18-October 8).

Freer Gallery of Art
James McNeill Whistler at the Freer Gallery of Art (May 11-December 1) Major exhibition. See April issue of SMITHSONIAN.
New Light on The Falling Rocket: *Whistler at Cremorne Gardens* (May 15; 8:30 P.M.) Lecture by David Park Curry.

National Museum of African Art
Ethiopia: The Art of a Christian Nation

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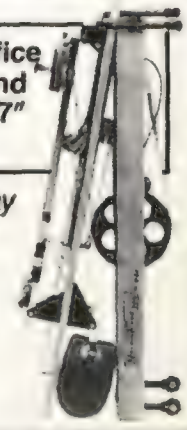

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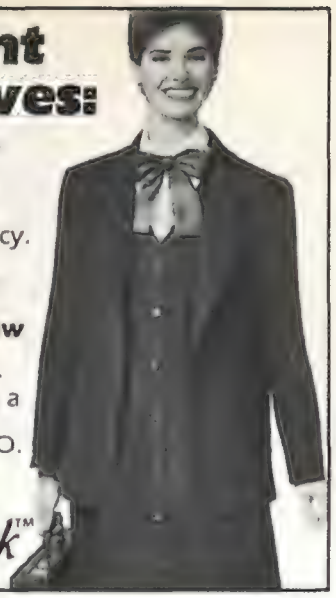

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(May 23-August 5) Wood icons, crowns, incense burners dating from 15th century.

National Museum of American History
Exploring Microspace (through July 15).
Magnetic Earth (May 11; noon; Baird Auditorium) Film about the magnetic field.

Resident Associate Events

To become a Resident Associate, or to find out about the many other activities presented monthly, or for fee and ticket information, call 357-3030. Here are some May events:

Maida Withers and the Dance Construction Company (May 12; 8 P.M.) Program of duets and ensemble pieces.

Denali Wilderness (May 14; 8 P.M.) Film on Alaskan national park.

The Best Years of Our Lives (Four Tuesday evenings beginning May 15; 7 P.M.) Classic films from Truman years.

Leonardo: Renaissance Genius (May 17; 8 P.M.) Lecture by Alice Mary Hilton.

Le Quatre: Brunch Concert (May 20; 11 A.M.) Percussion quartet; optional brunch precedes performance.

Storytelling Festival (May 23; 7 P.M.) Young-adult performance celebrates storytellers of Washington, D.C., area.

Ascent of Annapurna: Women Climbers at the Top (May 24; 8 P.M.) Lecture by Arlene Blum, leader of 1978 expedition.

The Royal Complex at Sigiriya (May 31; 8 P.M.) Lecture on history and preservation of Sri Lanka's royal complex.

Extended summer hours

From Memorial Day weekend (beginning May 26) through Labor Day weekend (ending September 3), most museums on the Mall will have extended hours. NASM will remain open until 9 P.M.; HM&SG, NMAH, NMNH and the castle will be open until 7:30 P.M. Extended hours at the Zoo will continue through October 15 (grounds open until 8 P.M., buildings until 6 P.M.).

Smithsonian on the air

Radio Smithsonian: Features on this weekly half-hour program include rare recordings of Duke Ellington; highlights from a turn-of-the-century morality play; history of musical instruments.

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To find out what stations in your area carry these programs, write: Office of Telecommunications, MNH Room C222B, Washington, D.C. 20560.

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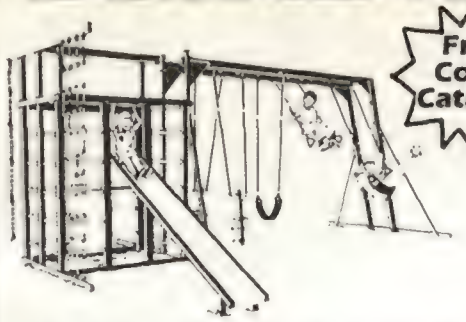

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Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES circulates exhibitions to hundreds of cities outside Washington. To sponsor a show in your community, write: SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some May exhibits:
Jacksonville, Florida (May 12-June 10) *John Singer Sargent: Drawings from the Corcoran Gallery of Art*, Cummer Gallery of Art.
Quincy, Illinois (May 5-June 3) *Studied Beauty: Portraits by Cecil Beaton*, Quincy Art Club.
Lowell, Massachusetts (May 12-June 10) *Lithographs of James McNeill Whistler*, University of Lowell.
Oak Ridge, Tennessee (May 12-June 17) *Kentucky Quilts*, Children's Museum.

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Highlights continued

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The Chinese forbade women altogether. But some, like 20-year-old Harriet Low (below, left), niece of an entrepreneur, went anyway, staying on the nearby Portuguese island of Macao. She stole over to Canton disguised as a boy.

"Adventurous Pursuits: Americans and the China Trade, 1784-1844," on view at the National Portrait Gallery through July 8, brings together portraits and memorabilia of that exotic undertaking. With its handsome catalog, written by exhibition organizer Margaret Christman, it thoroughly documents the era. Harriet Low and others sat for English painter George Chinnery, who had fled to Macao to escape creditors in India. Other portraits, including that of millionaire merchant Houqua (below), are by Chinnery's chief rival—Chinese artist Lamqua.
Constance Bond

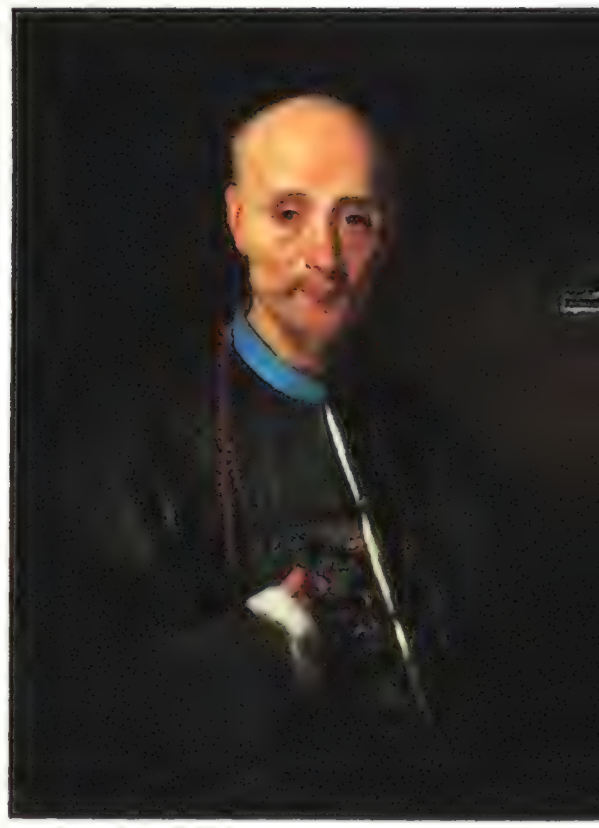
Fun-loving Harriet Low was painted by Chinnery during her four-year stay.

Harriet's visiting-card box was carved in China.

Shipping box, still cradling original silk bolts, was brought back about 1820.

Early 19th-century gouache of Canton porcelain shop is reproduced in catalog.

Portrait of sagacious merchant Houqua is by Lamqua, the rival of Chinnery.



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Treasure-Houses of Early America May 31-June 7: Private tours of historic homes and museums around Wilmington, Delaware.

Connecticut Antiques June 17-24: Tour New England's scenic countryside visiting 18th-century villages, antique collections and private homes.

Family Weekend June 27-July 1: A special program to share the treasures of the Smithsonian and the monuments of the capital with your children ages 7 to 14.

Journey on the Green River July 20-30: Master the skills of white-water river running through Utah's Desolation and Gray Canyons.

Geology in the Colorado Rockies July 29-August 4: Study two billion years of Earth's history in the Pikes Peak area.

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Middle Fork August 5-13: A thrilling white-water raft trip down Idaho's beautiful Salmon River.

Colorado Railroad and Mining History August 10-18: Ride steam trains on scenic mountain railroads, sleep in Victorian inns and explore old mining towns.

Along the Bozeman Trail August 18-25: Trace the history of the Indian wars in Montana and Wyoming.

Grand Canyon August 24-September 3: A sublime spectacle seen on a raft trip down the Colorado River.

Jackson Hole: Cowboy Country August 26-September 2: Visit a working cattle ranch to learn the myth and reality of the American cowboy.

Bryce, Zion and the North Rim September 3-12: Hike canyon trails examining foliage, wildlife and geological history.

New England Seaports September 13-23: Tour New England's coastal towns and villages tracing the legends and learning the history of the great seafaring era.

Coming in the Fall: Explore Pueblo Indian country, September 30-October 8.

Washington "Anytime Weekend": Plan a spring weekend to visit the Smithsonian museums. Package includes hotels, meals and exclusive tour of Smithsonian castle. Reservation and payment must be received at least ten days prior to arrival.

Foreign Study Tours

These tours range in size from small group experiences to charter adventures and vary in price from low-cost to deluxe, depending on the type of travel, destination and length of trip:

People's Republic of China, 1984: Retrace the Silk Route, climb China's sacred peaks, cruise the Grand Canal or Yangtze River, explore back roads, or study decorative arts and antiques. Exclusive tours are led by a Sinologist and include intensive pretour briefing.

History and Romance of the Rhine May 14-29: Following a program in Switzerland, embark on a voyage to the great castles and cathedrals on the mighty Rhine.

Siberia and Beyond June 10-July 3: Take the legendary train across beautiful eastern Siberia followed by a choice of excursions.

Greece June 16-July 1: From Athens travel through magnificent mountains to the sites of ancient civilizations in central Greece and Thessaloniki.

Cotswold Countryside June 24-July 8 or July 8-22: Stay in Cirencester, in the midst of England's ancient green hills.

Iceland July 24-August 7: Travel a rugged terrain of glaciers, hot springs and majestic waterfalls. Visit outpost fishing and farming communities to meet today's pioneers of the Far North.

Island World of Britain July 30-August 13: From Southampton, circumnavigate Great Britain aboard the *Argonaut*.

Scandinavia and the Baltic August 4-18: Begin in Copenhagen, gateway to the Baltic, then board the *Illiria* for port calls at enchanting Baltic islands and the impressive cities of Tallinn, Leningrad, Helsinki and Stockholm.

Kenya August 9-26: Observe wildlife on exciting safari to Masai Mara, Amboseli, Lake Nakuru, Kilaguni and Lewa Downs.

Odyssey of Flight September 4-17: National Air and Space Museum experts lead a grand tour of aviation-related activities in England, Germany and Switzerland. Includes the Farnborough International Aerospace Exhibition.

Gulf Islands September 6-12 and 13-19: Sail from Vancouver to these remote islands rich in natural and Indian history.

Oxford/Smithsonian Seminar September 14-29: Attend classes, lectures and field trips led by Oxford faculty while enjoying the special ambience of this famous university and town.

The Ancient World of Peru September 29-October 14: Visit Lima, Cuzco, Indian markets and amazing Machu Picchu.

Egypt and the Nile September 30-October 19: Voyage from Cairo aboard a chartered riverboat to impressive historic sites.

Canals and Countryside October 1-12: Cruise through English and Welsh countryside on famous canals, experience the working of locks and explore picturesque inland towns and villages.

Rouen and the Norman Countryside October 6-21: The ancient city of Rouen, capital of lush Normandy, provides a superb setting for walking tours, museum visits and special excursions nearby.

Istanbul and Beyond October 7-21: An adventure tour to Istanbul and Asiatic Turkey and a cruise on the Bosporus. Plus excursions to Aegean Turkey, or Anatolia and Cappadocia.

Classical Greece October 13-24: Sail through the Aegean aboard the *Argonaut* to the grand sites of antiquity.

Write National Associates, A&I 1278 Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560 or call (202) 357-2477 for specific tour brochures

in Washington

Selected Studies Seminars

Enjoy the treasures of the Smithsonian in unique, popular programs and special behind-the-scenes tours. Choose from:

In Tucson, Arizona
The New Astronomies May 13-18: Visit the world's greatest concentration of observatories with the directors and scientists who share their latest research.

18th-Century French Art July 15-20: William Kloss lectures on this age of extravagance famous for its splendid art and lavish patronage exercised by the French Court, the nobility and an ever-growing upper middle class. Includes tours of the special exhibition at the National Gallery of Art of the wistfully beautiful art of Watteau, highlighted by the inclusion of his greatest works from France and Germany. Summer hours will allow evening as well as daytime visits.

History of American Architecture September 30-October 5: Experts focus on the diversity of styles of the many gifted architects who have created a unique architectural tradition of great beauty, variety and importance. Highlights include a special all-day trip to Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater.

Digging Up Rome October 14-19: What was it like to live in ancient Rome? Well-known authorities on the art, architecture and fauna of the Classical world use archaeological findings, eyewitness accounts, ancient texts and numerous slides and films to examine the art and daily life of this vibrant city.

Aircraft Restoration: How To October 21-25: The master craftsmen of the National Air and Space Museum share their many techniques in workshops at the Paul E. Garber Facility (Silver Hill, Maryland).

Genealogical Research October 21-26: Taught by Milton Rubincam, Marilyn Duncan and other authorities, participants learn how to conduct research in major genealogical repositories.

Coming in the fall:

Treasures of Chinese Art November 4-9
Golden Age of the Aztecs November 11-16

or (202) 357-2475 for seminar brochures.

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BREAKTIME at Jack Daniel's usually means a round of stories by hands who remember the good old days.

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By Richard Wolkomir

Now let's hear it for the athletic underclass

Look for us at the Los Angeles Olympics this summer—we're the neosports activists and we'll be picketing. You'll see our placards: "Down with Elitist Sports!" "Up with Neosports for the People!"

We're the athletic underclass, the have-nots of the Fitness Age. We're the outfielders in the after-work softball league who are unsure whether the ball will hit us in the head or the glove. We're the puffing joggers whom tots on tricycles speed past. Our golf swing needs work, our tennis serves are bloopy and our ankles wobble when we skate. For us, to ski is to make sitzmarks. We do not attempt the pole vault.

We, the uncoordinated masses, cannot say, with Yankee slugger Mickey Mantle, "All I have is natural ability." We may be crackerjack attorneys or ace electricians, but we still lack the right stuff, which—in this sportophilic society—means being able to hit, run or dribble.

After all, no crowds in bleachers cheer on the high school computer club. No college scouts woo winners of the high school Latin award. No advertising agencies beg CPAs to go on television and laud shaving creams. Now we want *our* share of the adulation and hoopla. We want neosports for the people.

As precedents, we cite former Olympic events, since dropped from the games. Croquet, for instance. We'll never butt helmets with the Dallas Cowboys, but even our peppy Aunt Audrey swings a demon croquet mallet. We say, "Bring back the wickets."

And what about tug-of-war? It caused a brouhaha at the 1908 Olympics, when a British team, all bobbies, pulled on heavy leather boots. In those days, people took their tugs-of-war seriously and other tuggers, feeling stepped on, nearly started an international rumble.

We also feel up to another former Olympic sport, fishing. We see ourselves reeling in a whopper perch to the crowd's huzzahs. Town planning once was an Olympic event. (Contestants submitted designs for things like stadiums, sports centers, city parks.) So, sporadically, were poetry and musical composition!

We aim to revive that athletic golden age, when every average tanglefoot had a chance for high fives. And our movement is spreading.

Consider the International Pancake Race, a competition between the towns of Liberal, Kansas, and Olney, England, held annually for more than 30 years. Competitors run a 415-yard course, carrying a skillet and flipping a pancake en route. And Scottsboro, Alabama, recently held a "Good Ol' Boy No-Run Run," described as "a backlash against all those healthy, ruddy-faced people who are always panting up and down the streets." The 300 contestants spent as much as three hours resting and yawning their way through the 11-yard race. The winner —the one who exhibited the least movement—was a Houston, Texas, resident who never showed up at all. The race was dedicated to Calvin Coolidge, who once said "I do not choose to run."

Certainly not. A shuffle will suffice. No slam dunks or slap shots for us, either, for our days already are chock-a-block with sporty feats that deserve Olympic status. Dog washing, for instance, requires wrestling a slippery, squirming beagle (flyweight division) or Saint Bernard (heavyweight) into a tub while applying antiflea shampoo.

We also envision such events as the pothole swerve and the computer-error-in-your-account rectification race. Rush-hour subway boarding is only for the truly fit, but anyone could compete for gold in the shower-to-ringing-telephone dash, not to mention an event I'd call mosquito slapping in a pitch-black bedroom. Such neosports are the average person's equivalent of banging one out of the park.

Modern packaging alone presents classic Olympic-caliber challenges. Uncapping child-proof bottles of cold tablets is a sport in which competitors must simultaneously press and twist or twist and pull —while sneezing. Even tougher is the extraction of small items of hardware from the plastic in which they now come sheathed. "Uncapping, etc." could be an event that tests manipulation by all ten fingers and the molars as well.

But people's sports have a dark side: inevitably, real athletes must win. Frisbee, for instance, once required no more than a lawn and some spare time. Now, hotdogging Frisbee superstars execute the toss while doing headstands and backflips, throwing the plastic disk so that it skips on the ground like a stone on a pond, zooms up, stalls and wafts down into the catcher's hand. Often as not, the catcher who deftly leaps up and snags the roller-coastering Frisbee turns out to be a well-coordinated golden retriever.

So forget Frisbee, neosports fans. Get set for the pound-the-recalcitrant-ketchup-bottle event. But let's pound fast, before the Los Angeles Raiders get into the act. They pound harder.

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And that's more than we can say for such possible endangered species as today's Mustangs, Cougars, Firebirds, Thunderbirds...

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*Based upon an actuarial analysis of 1981-1982 U.S. Registration Data conducted by Ken Warwick & Associates, Inc. Due to many factors including maintenance, driving conditions and habits, your Volvo may not last as long. Then again, it may last longer. Summary available at your Volvo dealer. © 1984 Volvo of America Corporation.

IN 2000 A.D., WHILE TODAY'S VOLVOS ARE STILL ROAMING THE EARTH, OUR COMPETITION WILL BE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES.